

A New Version
OF THE
PSALMS
OF
DAVID,
Fitted to the TUNES
Used in CHURCHES.

BY
N. TATE and N. BRADY.

L O N D O N :

Printed by *M. Clark* : for the Company
of Stationers. 1696.

THE NEW YORK

LIBRARY

OF THE

CITY OF NEW YORK

AND

LIBRARY OF THE

ALBANY DEPARTMENT

OF THE

NEW YORK STATE

LIBRARY

OF THE

NEW YORK STATE

TO HIS
Most Excellent Majesty
WILLIAM III.
OF
Great-Britain, France,
and Ireland
KING,

Defender of the FAITH, &c.

THIS
NEW VERSION
OF THE
PSALMS of DAVID.

Is most Humbly
DEDICATED,
BY

His MAJESTY'S
Most Obedient
Subjects and Servants

N. Brady, N. Tate.

THE NEW YORK

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

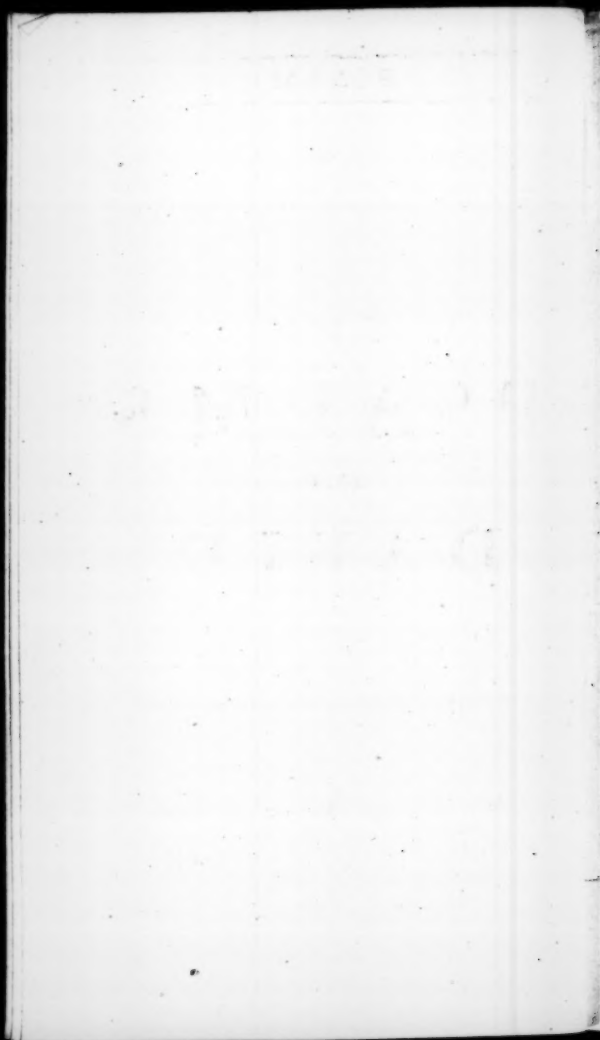
NEW YORK

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

THE
PSALMS
OF
DAVID.

A



A

New Version of the PSALMS, &c.

PSALM I.

1. **H** Appy the Man whom ill Advice
 From Virtue ne'er withdrew,
 Who ne'er with Sinners stood, nor sat
 Amongst the scoffing Crew :
2. But makes the perfect Law of God
 His Bus'ness and Delight ;
 Devoutly reads therein by Day,
 And meditates by Night.
3. He, like a Tree by Rivers fed,
 With timely Fruit shall bend ;
 His Leaf shall flourish, and Success
 All his Designs attend.
4. Ungodly Men and their Attempts
 No lasting Root shall find ;
 Untimely blasted, and dispers'd
 Like Chaff before the Wind.
5. The Wicked therefore shall not stand
 Before their Judge's Face,
 Nor Hypocrites, who pass'd for Saints,
 Amongst the Just take place.
6. God knows the ways of Righteous Men,
 To Happinels they tend ;

A 2

But

But Sinners, and their vain Designs,
Shall both in Ruin end.

PSALM II.

1. **W**ith restless and ungovern'd Rage,
Why do the Heathen storm?
Why in such rash Attempts engage,
As they can ne'er perform?
2. The Great in Counsel and in Might,
Their various Forces bring;
Against the Lord they all unite,
And his anointed King.
3. Must we submit to their Commands?
Puff'd up with Pride, they say;
No, let us break their slavish Bands,
And cast their Chains away.
4. But God, who sits enthron'd on high,
Who all things wisely guides,
Does their conspiring Strength despise,
Their empty Plots derides.
5. Thick Clouds of Wrath divine shall break
On his rebellious Foes;
And in loud Thunder thus he'll speak
To all that dare oppose.
6. "In spite of those who thwart my Will,
"The King that I approve,
"Whose Throne is fix'd on *Sion's* Hill,
"Like that, shall never move.
7. "Listen

PSALM ii, iii.

5

7. Listen, O Earth, whilst I declare,
God's uncontroul'd Decree :
" Thou art my Son, this day my Heir
" Have I begotten thee.
8. " Ask and receive ; thy just Commands
" The Heathen World shall sway,
" The utmost Limits of the Lands
" Shall thy dread Will obey.
9. " Thy pow'rful Sceptre thou shalt shake,
" And crush them every where ;
" As massy Bars of Iron break
" The Potter's brittle Ware.
10. Learn then, ye Princes, and give ear,
Ye Judges of the Earth ;
11. Worship the Lord with holy Fear,
Rejoyce with awful Mirth.
12. Appease the Son with due Respect,
Your humble Homage pay ;
Lest he revenge the bold Neglect,
Incens'd by your Delay :
13. If but in part his Anger rise,
Who can endure its Flame ?
Then blest'd are they whose Hope relies
On his most holy Name.
-

PSALM III.

1. **H**OW num'rous, Lord, of late are grown
The Troublers of my Peace !
And as their Faction Numbers rise,
So does their Rage increase.

A 3

2. In-

2. Insulting, they my Soul upbraid,
And him that I adore ;
The God in whom he trusts, say they,
Shall rescue him no more.
3. But thou, O Lord, art my Defence ;
On thee my Hopes rely ;
Thou art my Glory, and shalt yet
Lift up my Head on high.
4. Since, whensoever in like Distress
To God I made my Pray'r,
He heard me from his holy Hill,
Why should I now despair ?
5. Guarded by him, I laid me down
My sweet Repose to take ;
For I through him securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.
6. No Force nor Fury of my Foes
My Courage shall confound,
Were they as many Hosts as Men,
That have beset me round.
6. Arise, and save me, O my God,
Who oft hast own'd my Cause,
And scatter'd oft these Foes to me,
And to thy righteous Laws.
8. Salvation to the Lord belongs,
He only can defend ;
His Blessings he extends to all
That on his Power depend.

PSALM IV.

1. **O** Lord, that art my righteous Judge,
To my Complaint give ear ;
Thou still redeem'd'st me from Distress,
Have mercy, Lord and hear.
2. How long will ye, O Sons of Men,
To blot my Fame devise ?
How long your vain Designs pursue,
And spread malicious Lies ?
3. Consider, that the righteous Man
Is God's peculiar Choice,
And when to God I make my Pray'r.
He always hears my Voice.
4. Then stand in aw of his Commands,
Flee ev'ry thing that's ill ;
Commune in private with your Hearts,
And bend them to his Will.
5. The place of other Sacrifice
Let Righteousness supply ;
And let your Hope, securely fix'd,
On God alone rely.
6. Whilst wordly Minds impatient grow
More prosp'rous Times to see,
Still let the Glories of thy Face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.
7. So shall my Heart o'erflow with Joy
More lasting and more true,
Than theirs, who stores of Corn and Wine
Successively renew.

-
3. Then down in peace I'll lay my Head,
And take my needful Rest;
No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy Defence possest.
-

PSALM V.

1. **L**ord, hear the voice of my Complaint,
Accept my secret Pray'r;
2. To thee alone, my King my God,
Will I for Help repair.
3. Thou in the Morn my Voice shalt hear;
And with the dawning Day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.
4. For thou the Wrongs that I sustain
Canst never, Lord, approve,
Who from thy sacred Dwelling-place
All Evil dost remove.
5. Not long shall hard'ned Fools remain
Unpunish'd in thy sight.
All such as act unrighteous things
Thy Vengeance shall requite.
6. The sland'ring Tongue, O God of Truth,
By thee shall be destroy'd,
Who hat't alike the Man in Blood
And in Deceit employ'd.
7. But when thy boundless Grace shall me
To thy lov'd Court's restore,
On thee I'll fix my longing Eyes,
And humbly there adore.

8. Conduct me by thy righteous Laws,
For watchful is my Foe :
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way
Wherein I ought to go.
 9. Their Mouth vents nothing but Deceit,
Their Heart is set on Wrong ;
Their Throat is a devouring Grave,
They flatter with their Tongue.
 10. By their own Counsels let them fall,
Oppress'd with Loads of Sin ;
For they against thy righteous Laws
Have harden'd Rebels been.
 11. But let all those who trust in thee,
With Shouts their Joy proclaim ;
Let them rejoyce whom thou preserv'st,
And all that love thy Name.
 12. To righteous Men, the righteous Lord
His Blessings will extend,
And with his Favour, from their Foes,
As with a Shield, defend.
-

PSALM VI.

1. **T**HY dreadful Anger, Lord, restrain,
And spare a Wretch forlorn ;
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath,
Too heavy to be born.
2. Have Mercy, Lord, my Strength decays,
Unable to endure
The Anguish of my aking Bones,
Which thou alone canst cure.

A ;

3. My

3. My tortur'd Flesh infects my Mind,
And fills my Soul with Grief;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
To grant me thy Relief?
4. Thy wonted Goodness, Lord, repeat,
And ease my troubled Soul;
Lord, for thy wond'rous Mercy's sake
Vouchsafe to make me whole.
5. For after death no more can I
Thy glorious Acts proclaim;
No Pris'ner of the silent Grave
Can magnifie thy Name.
6. Quite tir'd with Pain, with Groaning faint,
No hope of Ease I see;
The Night, that quiets common Grievs,
Is spent in Tears by me.
7. My Beauty fades, my Sight grows dim,
My Eyes with Weakness close;
Old Age o'ertakes me, whilst I think
On my insulting Foes.
8. Depart, ye Wicked, in my Harms
Ye shall no more rejoyce;
For God, I find, accepts my Tears,
And listens to my Voice.
- 9, 10. He hears and grants my humble Pray'r,
And they that wish my Fall,
Shall blush and rage, to see that God
Protects me from them all,

P S A L M VII.

1. **O** Lord, my God, as I have plac'd
My Trust alone in Thee,
From all my Persecutors Rage
Do thou deliver me.
2. Save me from my remorseless Foe,
Lord, interpose thy Pow'r ;
Lest, like a salvage Lion, he
My helpless Soul devour.
- 3, 4. If I am guilty, or did e'er
Against his Peace combine ;
Nay, if I have not spar'd his Life,
Who sought unjustly mine ;
5. Let then to persecuting Foes
My Soul become a Prey ;
Let them to Earth tread down my Life,
In dust my Honor lay.
6. Arise, and let thine Anger, Lord,
In my Defence engage ;
Exalt thy self above my Foes,
And their insulting Rage :
Awake, awake in my behalf,
The Judgment to dispence,
Which thou hast righteously ordain'd
For injur'd Innocence.
7. So to thy Throne adoring Crouds
Shall still for Justice fly !
O! therefore for their suff'ring sakes,
Do thou return on high.

8. Impartial

8. Impartial Judge of all the World,
I leave my Cause to thee ;
O! judge me by thy Righteousness,
And Heart's Integrity.
9. Let Wickedness, and wicked Men,
Together be o'erthrown ;
But fix the Just. thou God to whom
The Hearts of both are known.
- 10, 11. God me protects, not only me,
But all of Upright Heart ;
And daily lays up Wrath for those
Who from his Laws depart.
12. If they persist, he whets his Sword,
His Bow stands ready bent ;
13. Ev'n now with swift Destruction wing'd,
His pointed Shafts are sent.
14. Those treach'rous Plots my Foe conceiv'd
Abortive are and vain ;
15. The Pit he digg'd has prov'd a Grave
His Ruines to contain.
- 16 On his own Head his Spite returns,
Whilst I from Harm am free ;
The Violence is fall'n on him,
Which he design'd for me.
17. Therefore of Providence Divine,
The Justice I'll proclaim ;
I'll sing the Praise of God most High,
And celebrate his Name.

PSALM VIII.

1. **O** Thou to whom all Creatures bow
Within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art Thou!
How glorious is thy Name!
In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
2. And yet thou mak'st the Infant Tongue
Thy boundless Praise declare:
Thro thee the Weak confound the Strong,
And crush their haughty Foes;
And so thou quell'st the wicked Throng
That thee and thine oppose.
3. When Heav'n, thy beauteous Work on high,
Employs my wond'ring Sight;
The Moon, that nightly gilds the Skie,
With Stars of feebler Light;
4. Lord, what is Man that still thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind!
Or what his Offspring that thou prov'st
To him so wond'rous kind!
5. Him next in Pow'r thou didst create
To thy celestial Train;
6. Ordain'd with Dignity and State
O'er all thy Works to reign.
7. They jointly own his potent Sway,
The Beasts that prey or graze;
8. The Bird that wings its airy way,
The Fish that cuts the Seas,

9. O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow
Within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art Thou!
How glorious thy Name!

PSALM IX.

1. **T**O celebrate thy Praise, O Lord,
I will my Heart prepare;
To all the list'ning World thy Works,
Thy wond'rous Works declare.
2. The Thought of them shall to my Soul
Exalted Raptures bring;
Whilst to thy Name, O thou most High!
Triumphant Praise I sing.
3. Thou mad'st my haughty Foes to turn
Their backs in shameful Flight;
Struck with thy Presence, down they fell,
They perish'd at thy sight.
4. Against insulting Foes advanc'd,
Thou didst my Cause maintain;
My right asserting from thy Throne,
Where Truth and Justice reign.
5. The Insolence of Heathen Pride
Thou hast reduc'd to Shame;
Their wicked Offspring quite destroy'd,
And blotted out their Name.
6. Mistaken Foes! your Threats and you
Are to a period come:
Our Cities stand, design'd by you
Their slaughter'd Owners Tomb.

7, 8. The

- 7, 8. The Lord endures, who has on high
His righteous Throne prepar'd,
Impartial Justice to dispense,
To punish or reward.
9. His Kindness is a sure Defence
Against oppressing Rage ;
As Troubles rise, his needful Aids
In our behalf engage.
10. All those who have his Goodness prov'd,
Will in his Truth confide ;
Whose Mercy ne'er forsook the Man
That on his Help rely'd.
11. Sing Praises therefore to the Lord,
From *Sion* his abode ;
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World
Confess no other God.

PART II.

12. When he enquiry makes for Blood,
He'll call their Case to mind ;
The injur'd humble Mans Complaint
Relief from him shall find.
13. Compassion on my Troubles take,
That spiteful Foes create,
Thou that hast rescu'd me so oft
From Death's devouring Gate.
14. In *Sion* then I'll sing thy Praise,
To all that love thy Name ;
And with loud Shouts of grateful Joy
Thy saving Pow'r proclaim.

15. Deep in the Pit they digg'd for me,
The Heathen Pride is laid ;
Their guilty Feet to their own Snare
Insensibly betray'd.
16. Thus by the just Returns he makes
The mighty Lord is known ;
While wicked Men by their own Plots
Are shamefully o'erthrown.
17. His injur'd Saints, when most distress'd,
He ne'er forgets to aid ;
Their Expectation shall be crown'd,
Tho for a time delay'd.
18. No single Sinner shall escape
By Privacy obscur'd ;
Nor Nations from his just Revenge
By Numbers be secur'd.
19. Arise, O Lord, assert thy Pow'r,
And let no Man o'ercome ;
Descend to Judgment, and pronounce
The guilty Heathens Doom.
20. Strike Terror through the Nations round,
Till by consenting Fear,
They, to each other and themselves,
But mortal Men appear.

PSALM X.

1. **T**HY presence why withdraw'st thou, Lord?
Why hid'st thou now thy Face ?
When dismal Times of deep Distress
Call for thy wonted Grace.

2. The

2. The Wicked swell'd with lawless Pride,
The Poor their Prey have made,
O! let them fall by those Designs
Which they for others laid.
3. For strait they triumph, if Success
Their thriving Crimes attend ;
And sordid Wretches whom God hates,
In his despite commend.
4. To own a Pow'r above themselves
Their haughty Pride disdains ;
And therefore in their stubborn Mind
No thought of God remains.
5. Oppressive Methods they pursue,
And all their Foes they slight ;
Because thy Judgments, unobserv'd,
Are far above their Sight.
6. They fondly think their prosp'rous State
Shall unmolested be ;
They think their vain Designs shall thrive,
From all Misfortunes free.
7. Vain and deceitful is their Speech,
With Curses fill'd and Lies ;
By which the Mischeif they intend,
They study to disguise.
8. Near publick Roads they lie conceal'd,
And all their Art employ,
The Innocent and Poor at once
To rife and destroy.
9. Not Lions, couching in their Dens,
Surprise their heedless Prey

With

- With greater Cunning, or express
More salvage Rage than they.
10. Sometimes they act the Harmless Man,
And humble Looks they wear ;
That, so deceiv'd, the Poor may less
Their sudden Onset fear.

PART II.

11. For God, they think, no notice takes
Of their unrighteous Deeds ;
He never minds the suff'ring Poor,
Nor their Oppression heeds.
12. But thou, O Lord, at length arise ;
Stretch forth thy mighty Arm ;
And by the Greatness of thy Pow'r
Defend the Poor from Harm.
13. No longer let the Wicked vaunt,
And proudly boasting say,
"Tush, God regards not what we do,
"He never will repay.
14. But sure thou saw'st, and all their Deeds
Impartially dost try ;
The Orphan therefore and the Poor
On thee for Aid rely.
15. Defenceless let the Wicked fall,
Of all their Strength bereft :
Confound, O God, their dark Designs,
Till no Remains are left.
16. Assert thy just Dominion, Lord,
Which shall for ever stand ;
Throug which the Heathen were expell'd
From this thy chosen Land.

17. Thy

-
17. Thy humble Suppliants still thou hear'st,
That to thy Throne repair ;
Thou first prepar'st their Hearts to pray,
And then accept'st their Pray'r.
18. Thou, in thy righteous Judgment, weigh'st
The Fatherless and Poor ;
That so the Tyrants of the Earth
May persecute no more.
-

PSALM XI.

1. **S**ince I in God have plac'd my Trust,
A Refuge always nigh,
Why should I, like a tim'rous Bird,
To distant Mountains fly ?
2. Behold, the Wicked bend their Bow,
And ready fix their Dart :
Lurking in ambush to destroy
The Man of upright Heart.
3. When once the firm Assurance fails
Which publick Faith imparts,
'Tis time for innocence to fly
From such deceitful Arts.
4. The Lord has both a Temple here,
And righteous Throne above ;
Whence he surveys the Sons of Men,
And how their Counsels move.
5. If God, the Righteous whom he loves
For Trial does correct ;
What must the Sons of Violence,
Whom he abhors, expect ?
6. Snares,

6. Snares, Fire, and Brimstone on their Heads
Shall in one Tempest show'r ;
This dreadful Mixture his Revenge
Into their Cup shall pour.
7. The righteous Lord will righteous Deeds
With signal Favour grace ;
And on the upright Man reflect
The brightness of his Face.

PSALM XII

1. **S**ince Godly Men decay, O Lord,
Do thou my Cause defend ;
For scarce these wretched times afford
One just and faithful Friend.
2. One Neighbour now can scarce believe
What t'other does impart ;
With flatt'ring Lips they all deceive,
And with a double Heart.
3. But Lips that with Deceit abound
Can never prosper long ;
God's righteous Vengeance will confound
The proud blaspheming Tongue.
4. In vain those foolish Boasters say,
" Our Tongues are sure our own ;
" With doubtful Words we'll still betray ;
" And be controul'd by none.
5. For God, who hears the Poor oppress'd,
And all their Sufferings knows,
Will soon arise and give them rest,
In spight of all their Foes.

6. The

6. The Word of God shall still abide,
And void of Falshood be :
As is the Silver sev'n times try'd
From drossy Mixture free.
7. The Promise of his aiding Grace
Shall reach its purpos'd End ;
His Servants from his faithless Race
He ever shall defend.
8. Then shall the wicked be perplex'd,
Nor know which way to fly ;
When those whom they despis'd and vex'd
Shall be advanc'd on high.

P S A L M XIII.

1. **H**OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord ?
Must I for ever mourn ?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me ?
Oh ! never to return !
2. How long shall anxious Thoughts my Soul,
And Grief my Heart oppress ?
How long my Enemies insult,
And I have no Redress ?
3. O hear ! and to my longing Eyes
Restore thy wonted Light ;
And suddenly, or I shall sleep
In everlasting Night.
4. Restore me, lest they proudly boast
'Twas their own Strength o'ercame ;
Permit not them that vex my Soul
To triumph in my Shame,

5. Since

5. Since I have always plac'd my trust
 Beneath thy Mercy's Wing,
 Thy saving Health will come, and then
 My Heart with Joy shall spring,
6. Then shall my Song, with Praise inspir'd,
 To thee my God ascend ;
 Who to thy Servant in Distress
 Such Bounry didst extend.

P S A L M XIV.

1. **S**ure wicked Fools must needs suppose
 That God is nothing but a Name,
 Corrupt and lewd their Practice grows ;
 No Beast is warm'd with holy Flame.
2. The Lord look'd down from Heaven's high
 And did the race of Mankind view; (Tow'r,
 To see if any own'd his Pow'r,
 * If any Truth or Justice knew.
3. But all, he saw, were gone aside,
 All were degen'rate grown and base ;
 None took Religion for their guide,
 Not one of all the sinful Race.
4. But can these Workers of Deceit
 Be all so dull and senseless grown ?
 That they, like Bread, my People eat,
 And God's Almighty Pow'r disown ?
5. How will they tremble then for Fear,
 When his just Wrath shall them o'ertake ?
 For to the righteous, God is near,
 And never will their Cause forsake.

6. In vain ungodly Men expose
Those Methods which the Just pursue;
Since God a Refuge is for those
Whom his just Eyes with Favour view.
7. Would he his saving Pow'r employ.
To break his People's servile Band!
Then Shouts of universal Joy
Should loudly echo through the Land.

PSALM XV.

1. **L**Ord, who's the happy Man that may
To thy blest Courts repair?
Not, Stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?
2. 'Tis he whose ev'ry Thought and Deed
By Rules of Virtue moves;
Whose gen'rous Tongue disdains to speak
The thing his Heart disproves.
3. Who never did a Slander forge
His Neighbour's Fame to wound;
Nor hearkens to a false Report,
By Malice whisper'd round.
4. Who Vice, in all its Pomp and Pow'r,
Can treat with just Neglect;
And Piety, tho cloath'd in Rags,
Religiously respect.
Who to his plighted Vows and Trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And tho he promise to his Loss,
He makes the Promise good,

5. Whose

5. Whose Soul in Usury disdains
 His Treasure to employ;
 Whom no Rewards could ever bribe,
 The Guiltless to destroy.
- The Man, who, by his steady Course,
 Has Happiness ensur'd,
 When Earth's Foundations shake, shall stand,
 By Providence secur'd.

P S A L M XVI.

1. **P**rotect me from my cruel Foes,
 And shield me, Lord, from Harm;
 Because my Trust I still repose
 On thy Almighty Arm.
2. My Soul, all Help but thine does slight,
 All Gods but thee disown;
 Yet can no Deeds of mine requite
 The Goodness thou hast shown.
3. But those that are of vertuous Note,
 Who love the thing that's right,
 To favour always and promote
 Shall be my chief Delight.
4. How shall their Sorrows be increas'd,
 Who other Gods adore?
 Their bloody Off'rings I detest,
 Their very Names abhor.
7. My Lot is fall'n in the blest Land
 Where God is purely serv'd;
 He fills my Cup with lib'ral hand;
 My Right's by him preserv'd.

6. In Nature's most delightful Scene
My happy Portion lies ;
The place of my appointed Reign
All other Lands outvies.
7. Therefore my Soul shall bleſs the Lord,
Whose Word's my Guide and Light ;
Who private Counsel does afford,
In dark Afflictions Night.
8. Nothing, I know, can lie conceal'd
From his All-ſeeing Eye ;
And my firm Hope has never fail'd,
Because he ſtill is nigh.
9. Therefore my Heart all Grief deſies,
My Glory does rejoice ;
My Fleſh ſhall reſt, in hope to riſe,
Wak'd by his pow'rful Voice.
10. Thou, Lord, when I reſign my Breath,
My Soul from Hell wilt free ;
Nor let thy Holy One in death
The leaſt Corruption ſee.
11. Thou ſhalt the Paths of Life diſplay,
Which to thy preſence lead ;
Where Pleaſures dwell without allay,
And Joys that never fade.

P S A L M XVII.

1. **T**O my juſt Plea, my ſad Complaint
Attend, O Righteous Lord,
And to my Pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
A gracious Ear afford.

B

2. As

2. As in thy Presence I'm approv'd,
So let my Sentence be ;
And with impartial Eyes, O Lord,
My upright Dealing see.
3. For thou hast prov'd my Heart by day,
And visited by Night ;
And on the strictest Tryal found
Its secret Motions right.
Nor shall thy Justice, Lord, alone
My Heart's Designs acquit;
For I have purpos'd that my Tongue
Shall no Offence commit.
4. I know, what wicked Men would do,
Their Safety to maintain ;
But me thy just and mild Commands
From bloody Paths restrain.
5. That I may still, in spite of Wrongs,
My Innocence secure ;
O! Guide me in thy righteous Ways,
And make my Footsteps sure.
6. Since heretofore I ne'er in vain
To thee my Pray'r address'd ;
O! now, my God, incline thine Ear
To this my just request.
7. The Wonders of thy Love and Care
In my Defence engage,
Thou, whose right Hand preserves thy Saints
From their Oppressors Rage.

P A R T II.

- 8, 9. O! keep me in thy tend'rest Care,
With shelt'ring Wings stretch'd out,
From

- From cruel and oppressing Foes,
That compass me about.
10. O'ergrown with Luxury, enclos'd
In their own Fat they lie ;
And with a proud blaspheming Mouth
Both God and Man defie.
11. Well, may they boast ; for they have now
My Path encompass'd round ;
Their Eyes at Watch, their Bodies bow'd,
And couching to the Ground.
12. In Posture of a Lion set,
When greedy of his Prey ;
Or a young Lion, when he lurks
Within a Covert Way.
13. Arise, O Lord, defeat their Plots,
Their swelling Rage controul ;
From the ungodly Man, thy Sword,
Deliver thou my Soul.
14. From worldly Men, thy sharpest Scourge,
Whose Portion's here below ;
Who, fill'd with earthly Stores, aspire
No other Bliss to know ;
15. Pleas'd with a num'rous Race, to share
Their Substance while they live ;
Successive Heirs, to whom they may
The vast Remainder give.
16. But, Lord, for me, I only crave
The Treasure of thy Grace ?
And waking in my Soul to find
The Image of thy Face.

PSALM XVIII.

- 1, 2. **N**O Change of Times shall ever shock
My firm Affection, Lord, to thee?
For thou hast always been a Rock,
A Fortrefs and Defence to me.
Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God ;
My Trust is in thy mighty Pow'r ;
Thou art my Shield from Foes abroad,
At home my Safeguard and my Tow'r.
3. To thee I'll still address my Pray'r,
(To whom all Praise we justly owe ;)
So shall I, by thy watchful Care,
Be guarded from my Treach'rous Foe.
- 4, 5. By Floods of wicked Men distress'd,
With deadly Sorrows compass'd round,
With dire infernal Pangs oppress'd,
In Death's unwieldy Fetters bound.
6. To Heav'n I made my mournful Pray'r,
To God address'd my humble Moan ;
Who graciously inclin'd his Ear,
And heard me from his lofty Throne.

PART II.

7. When God arose to take my part,
The trembling Earth did quake for fear ;
From their firm Posts the Hills did start,
Nor durst his dreadful Fury bear.
8. Thick Clouds of Smoak disperit abroad,
Ensigns of Wrath, before him came ;
Devouring

Devouring Fire around him glow'd,
That Coals were kindled at its Flame.

9. He left the beauteous Realms of Light,
Whilst Heav'n bow'd down its awful head;
Beneath his feet, substantial Night
Was, like a sable Carpet, spread.
10. The Chariot of the King of Kings,
Which Troops of harness'd Angels drew,
On a strong Tempest's rapid Wings
With most amazing Swiftness flew.
- 11, 12. Black wat'ry Mists and Clouds conspir'd
With thickest Shades his Face to veil;
But at his Brightness soon retir'd,
And fell in show'rs of Fire and Hail.
13. Thro' Heav'n's wide Arch a thundring Peal,
God's angry Voice did loudly roar;
While Earth's sad Face, with heaps of Hail
And flakes of Fire, was cover'd o'er.
14. His sharpen'd Arrows round he threw,
Which made his scatter'd Foes retreat;
Like Darts, his nimble Lightnings flew,
And quickly finish'd their Defeat.
15. The Deep its secret Stores disclos'd;
The World's Foundations naked lay;
By his avenging Wrath expos'd,
Which fiercely rag'd, that dreadful Day.

PART III.

16. The Lord did on my side engage,
From Heav'n (his Throne) my Cause up-
held;

B 3

And

- And snatch'd me from the furious Rage
Of threat'ning Waves that proudly swell'd.
17. God his resiftless Pow'r employ'd,
My strongest Foes Attempts to break ;
Who else with ease had soon destroy'd
The Weak defence that I could make.
18. Their subtle Rage had near prevail'd,
When I distress'd and friendless lay ;
But still when other Succours fail'd,
God was my firm Support and Stay.
19. From Dangers that enclos'd me round,
He brought me forth, and set me free ;
For some just cause his Goodness found,
That mov'd him to delight in me.
20. Because in me no Guilt remains,
God does his gracious Help extend ;
My Hands are free from bloody Stains,
Therefore the Lord is still my Friend.
- 21, 22. For I his Judgments kept in sight ;
In his just Ways I always trod ;
I never did his Statutes slight,
Nor vainly wander'd from my God.
- 23, 24. But still my Soul sincere and pure,
Did ev'n from darling Sins refrain ;
His Favours therefore yet endure,
Because my Heart and Hands are clean.

PART IV.

- 25, 26. Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous Ways
To various Paths of Human-kind ;
They

- They who for Mercy merit Praise,
With thee shall wond'rous Mercy find.
Thou to the Just shalt Justice shew.
The Pure thy Purity shall see ;
Such as perversly chuse to go,
Shall meet perverse Returns from Thee.
- 27, 28. That he the humble Soul will save,
And crush the Haughtry's boasted Might.
In me the Lord an Instance gave,
Whose Darknes he has turn'd to Light.
29. On his firm Succour I rely'd,
And did o'er num'rous Foes prevail ;
Nor fear'd, whilst he was on my side,
The best defended Walls to scale.
30. For Gods Designs shall still succeed ;
His Word will bear the strictest Test :
He's a strong Shield to all that need,
And on his sure Protection rest.
31. Who then deserves to be ador'd,
But God, on whom my Hopes depend ?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless Pow'r defend ?

P A R T V.

- 32, 33. 'Tis God that girds my Armour on,
And all my just Designs fulfills ;
Through him my Feet can swiftly run,
And nimbly climb the steepest Hills.
34. Lessons of War from him I take,
And manly Weapons learn to wield ;

- Strong Bows of Steel with ease I break,
Forc'd, by my stronger Arms, to yield.
35. The Buckler of his Saving Health
Protects me from assaultring Foes ;
His Hand sustains me still ; my Wealth
And Greatness from his Bounty flows.
36. My Goings he enlarg'd abroad,
Till then to narrow Paths confin'd ;
And when in slipp'ry ways I trod,
The Method of my Steps design'd.
37. Through him I num'rous Foes defeat,
And flying Squadrons captive make ;
Nor from my fierce Pursuit retreat,
Till full Revenge of all I take.
38. Cover'd with Wounds, in vain they try
Their vanquish'd Heads again to rear ;
Spight of their boasted Strength they lie
Beneath my Feet, and grovel there.
39. God, when fierce Armies take the field,
Recruits my Strength, my Courage warms ;
He makes my strong Opposers yield,
Subdu'd by my prevailing Arms.
40. Through him the Necks of prostrate Foes
My conqu'ring Feet in Triumph press ;
Aided by him, I root out those
Who hate and envy my Success.
41. With loud Complaints all Friends they try'd,
But none was able to defend ;
At length to God for Succour cry'd,
But God would no Assistance lend.
42. Like flying Dust which Winds pursue,
Their broken Troops were scatter'd round :
Their

Their baffled Numbers forth I threw,
Like loathsome Dust that clogs the Ground.

PART VI.

43. Our Factious Tribes, at Strife till now,
At God's Appointment me obey;
The Heathen to my Sceptre bow,
And Foreign Nations own my Sway.
44. Remotest Realms their Homage send,
When my successful Name they hear;
Strangers for my Commands attend,
Charm'd with Respect, or aw'd by Fear.
45. All to my Summons tamely yield,
Or soon in Battel are dismay'd;
For stronger holds they quit the Field,
And still in strongest Holds afraid.
46. Let the Eternal Lord be prais'd!
The Rock on whose Defence I rest;
O'er highest Heav'ns his Name be rais'd,
Who me with his Salvation blest'd!
47. 'Tis God that still supports my Right,
His just Revenge my Foes pursues;
'Tis he, that with resistless Might,
Fierce Nations to my Yoke subdues.
48. My universal Safe-guard, He!
From whom my lasting Honours flow;
He made me Great, and set me free
From my remorseless bloody Foe.
49. Therefore to celebrate his Fame,
My grateful Voice to Heav'n I'll raise;
And Nations, Strangers to his Name,
Shall thus be taught to sing his Praise;

B 5,

"God:

50. " God to his King Deliv'rance sends ;
 " Shews his Anointed signal Grace ?
 " His Mercy evermore extends
 " To *David*, and his promis'd Race.

PSALM XIX.

1. **T**HE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
 Which that alone can fill ;
 The Firmament and Stars express
 Their great Creator's Skill.
2. Revolving Days, with ev'ry Dawn,
 Fresh Beams of Knowledge bring ;
 From darkest Nights successive Rounds
 Divine Instructions spring.
3. Their pow'rful Language to no Realm
 Or Region is confin'd ;
 'Tis Nature's Voice, and understood
 Alike by all Mankind.
4. Their Doctrines sacred Sense itself
 Through Earth's extent displays ;
 Whose bright Contents the circ'ling Sun
 Around the World conveys.
5. No Bridegroom, for his Nuptials drest,
 Has such a cheerful Face ;
 No Giant does like him rejoice,
 To run his glorious Race.
6. From East to West from West to East,
 His restless Circuit goes ;
 And through his Progress cheerful Light
 And vital Warmth bestows.

PART

P A R T II.

7. God's perfect Law converts the Souf,
Reclaims from false Desires;
With sacred Wisdom his sure Word
The Ignorant inspires.
8. The Statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere Delight;
His pure Commands, in search of Truth,
Assist the feeblest Sight.
9. His Fear is clean, his Worship fix'd
For ever to abide;
His equal Judgments in the scale
Of Truth and Justice try'd.
10. Of more esteem than Golden Mines,
Or Gold refin'd with skill;
More sweet than Honey, or the Drops
That from the Comb distil.
11. My trusty Counsellours they are,
And friendly Warnings give:
Divine Rewards attend on those
Who by thy Precepts live.
12. But what frail Man observes, how oft
He does from Vertue fall?
O cleanse me from my secret Faults,
Thou God who know'st them all.
13. Let no presumptuous Sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That by thy Grace preserv'd, I may
The great Transgression flee.

14. So

14. So shall my Pray'r and Praises be
With thy Acceptance blest ;
And I, secure, on thy Defence,
My Strength and Saviour, rest.

PSALM XX.

1. **T**HE Lord to thy Request attend,
And hear thee in Distress ;
The Name of *Jacob's* God defend,
And grant thy Arms Success.
2. To aid thee from on high repair,
And Strength from *Sion* give ;
Remember all thy Offerings there,
Thy Sacrifice receive.
3. To compass thy own Heart's Desire
Thy Counsels still direct ;
Make kindly all Events conspire
To bring them to effect.
4. To thy Salvation, Lord, for Aid
We'll cheerfully repair,
With Banners in thy Name display'd :
The Lord accept thy Pray'r.
5. Our Hopes are now confirm'd, the Lord
Will by our Sov'reign stand ;
From Heav'n the saving Strength afford
Of his resistless Hand.
6. Some trust in Steeds for War design'd,
On Chariots some rely ;
Against them all, we'll call to mind
The Name of God most High.

7. But

7. But from their Steeds and Chariots thrown,
Behold them through the Plain,
Disorder'd, broke, and trampled down,
Whilst firm our Troops remain.
 8. Still save us, Lord, and still proceed
Our rightful Cause to bless ;
Hear, King of Heav'n, in times of need
The Pray'rs that we address.
-

PSALM XXI.

1. **T**HE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praise
Shall in thy Strength rejoice ;
With thy Salvation glad shall raise
To Heav'n his cheerful Voice,
2. For thou whate'r his Lips request
Not only didst impart,
But hast with thy Acceptance blest
The Wishes of his Heart.
3. Thy Goodness and thy tender Care
Have ev'n his Hopes out-gone ;
A Crown of Gold thou mak'it him wear
And sett'it it firmly on.
4. He pray'd for Life, and thou, O Lord,
Didst his short span extend ;
And graciously to him afford
A Life that ne'er shall end.
5. Thy sure Defence to Nations round
Has spread his glorious Name ;
And his successful Actions crown'd
With Majesty and Fame.

6. Eternal

6. Eternal Blessings thou bestow'st,
And mak'st his Joy encrease,
Whilst thou to him unclouded show'st
The Brightness of thy Face.

PART II.

7. Because the King on God alone
For timely Aid relies,
His Mercy still supports his Throne,
And all his Needs supplies.
8. But, righteous Lord, thy stubborn Foes
Shall feel thy heavy Hand;
Thy vengeful Arm shall find out those
That hate thy mild Command.
9. When thou against them dost engage,
Thy just but dreadful Doom
Shall like a glowing Oven's Rage,
Their Hopes and them consume.
10. Nor shall thy furious Anger cease,
Or with their Ruine end;
But ravage all their guilty Race,
And to their Seed descend.
11. For all their Thoughts were set on ill,
Their Hearts on Malice bent,
(Though thou with watchful care didst still
The ill Effects prevent.)
12. In vain by shameful flight they'll try
To scape thy dreaded Might;
While thy swift Darts shall faster fly,
And gaul them in their Flight.

13. Thus

-
13. Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous Strength disclose,
 And thus exalt thy Name;
 Whilst we loud Songs of Joy compose,
 And make thy Pow'r the Theme.
-

PSALM XXII.

1. **M**Y God, my God, why leav'st thou me
 When I with Anguish faint?
 O why so far from me remov'd,
 And from my loud Complaint.
2. All day, but all the day unheard,
 To thee do I complain;
 With Cries implore Relief all night,
 But cry all night in vain.
3. But thou art still the righteous Judge
 Of Innocence oppress'd,
 And therefore *Israel's* Praises are
 Of right to Thee address'd.
- 4, 5. On Thee our Ancestors rely'd,
 And thy Deliv'rance found;
 With pious Confidence they pray'd
 And with Success were crown'd.
6. But I am treated as a Worm,
 Like none of Woman born:
 Not only by the Great revil'd,
 But made the Rabble's Scorn.
7. With Laughter all the gazing Crowd
 My Agonies survey.
 They shoot the Lip, they shake the Head,
 And thus, deriding, say,

"In

8. " In God he trusted, boasting oft
" That he was Heaven's Delight ;
" Let God come down to own him now,
" And save his Favourite.

P A R T II.

9. Thou mad'st my teeming Mother's Womb
A living Offspring bear ;
When but a Suckling at the Breast,
I was th' Almighty's Care.
10. My Guardian thou didst shield from Wrongs
My helpless Infant days ;
Up from my Birth my God and Guide,
Through Life's bewilder'd ways.
11. Withdraw not then so far from me
When Trouble is so nigh :
O send me Help ! thy Help, on which
I only can rely.
12. High pamper'd Bulls, a frowning Herd,
From *Basan* Forests met,
With Strength proportion'd to their Rage,
Have me around beset.
13. They gape on me and every Mouth
A yawning Grave appears ;
The rav'ning Lion's loudest Roar
Less dreadful is than theirs.

P A R T III.

14. My Blood like Water's spill'd, my Joints
Distorted out of Frame ;
My Heart dissolves within my Breast,
Like Wax before the Flame.
15. My

15. My Strength like Potter's Earth is parch'd,
My thirsty Tongue and Breath
From Complaints restrain'd ; my Life reduc'd
Ev'n to the Gates of Death.
16. Like Blood-hounds to surround me, they
In pack'd Assemblies meet ;
They pierc'd my inoffensive Hands,
They pierc'd my harmless Feet.
17. My Body's rack'd till all my Bones
Distinctly may be told :
Yet such a Spectacle of Woe
As Pastime they behold.
18. As Spoil my Garments they divide,
Lots for my Vesture cast ;
Therefore approach, O Lord, my Strength,
And to my Succour haste.
19. Deliver from their Sword my Soul,
(Of all but Life bereft !)
Nor let my Darling in the Pow'r
Of cruel Dogs be left.
20. Retrieve me from the Lion's Jaws
As from the brandish'd Horns
Thou rescued'st me, and from the Hoofs
Of trampling Unicorns.
21. Then to my Brethren I'll declare
The Triumphs of thy Name,
In Presence of assembled Saints
Thy Glory thus proclaim,
22. " Ye Worshipers of Jacob's God,
" All you of Israel's Line,

" O praise the Lord, and to your Praise
" Sincere Obedience join.

24. He ne'er disdain'd on low Distress

" To cast a gracious Eye ;
" Nor turn'd from Poverty his Face,
But hears its humble Cry.

P A R T IV.

25. Thus in thy Courts Religious Throng
My Thanks I will express,
In presence of thy Saints perform
The Vows of my Distress.

26. The Meek Companions of my Grief
Shall find my Table spread,
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With Joys immortal fed.

27. Then shall the Universe, convinc'd,
To God their Homage pay ;
And scatter'd Nations of the Earth
One Sov'reign Lord obey.

28. 'Tis his supream Prerogative
O'er Subject-Kings to reign,
'Tis just that he should rule the World,
Who does the World sustain

29. The Rich, who are with Plenty fed,
His Bounty must confess ;
The Sons of Want, by him reliev'd,
Their gen'rous Patron bless.
With humble Worship, to his Throne
They all for Aid resort
That Power which first their Beings gave,
Can only them support.

- 30, 31. Then shall a chosen spotless Race
Devoted to his Name,
To their admiring Heirs his Truth
And glorious Acts proclaim.

PSALM XXIII.

1. **S**ince God does me, his worthless Charge,
Protect with tender Care,
As watchful Shepherds guard their Flocks,
What can I want or fear?
2. In shady Pastures fresh and green
He makes me feed and lie;
Then leads me on to silver Streams,
That gently murmur by.
3. My wand'ring Soul, by him restor'd,
To his immortal Praise,
He taught with humble Zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.
4. Tho' through Death's gloomy Vale I march,
Yet safe and undismaid;
His Presence cheers, his Rod and Staff
Afford me constant Aid.
5. By him, in sight of all my Foes,
My Table's richly spread,
My Cup o'erflows with gen'rous Wine,
With precious Oyls my Head.
6. Since God thus shews his wond'rous Love
Through all my Life's extent,
My time to come shall, in his House,
In Pray'r and Praise be spent.

PSALM

P S A L M XXIV.

1. **T**His spacious Earth is all the Lord's,
The Lord's her Fulness is ;
The World and its Inhabitants
By sov'reign Right are his.
2. He fram'd and fix'd it on the Seas,
And with Almighty Hand
Upon inconstant Floods he made
Her stable Fabrick stand.
3. But for himself this Lord of All
One chosen Seat design'd ;
O who shall to that Sacred Hill
Deserv'd Admittance find ?
4. The Man whose Hands and Heart are pure,
Whose Thoughts were never vain,
Had rather live despis'd and poor,
Than thrive by perjur'd Gain.
5. This, this is He on whom the Lord
Shall show'r his Blessings down,
Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe
With Righteousness to crown.
6. Such is the Race of Saints, by whom
Thy sacred Courts are trod ;
And such the Profelytes that seek
The face of *Jacob's* God.
7. Erect your Heads, eternal Gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory : see he comes
With his celestial Train,
8. Who

8. Who is this King of Glory ? who ?
The Lord for Strength renown'd,
In Battel mighty, o'er his Foes
Eternal Victor crown'd.
 9. Erect your Heads, ye Gates, unfold
In state to entertain
The King of Glory : see he comes
With all his shining Train.
 10. Who is this King of Glory ? who ?
The Lord of Hosts renown'd :
Of Glory He alone is King,
Who is with Glory crown'd.
-

PSALM XXV.

- 1, 2. **T**O thee, the God in whom I trust
I lift my Heart and Voice;
O let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my Foes rejoice.
3. Those who on Thee for Succour wait
Let no Disgrace attend.
Be that the shameful Lot of such
As wilfully offend.
- 4, 5. Thy Paths disclose, thy Truth impart
And lead me in thy way,
For thou art he that brings me Help,
On Thee I wait all day.
6. Thy Mercies and thy tender Love,
O Lord, recall to mind,
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever kind.

7. Let

7. Let all my early youthful Crimes
Be blotted out by thee ;
And for thy wond'rous Goodness sake
In Mercy think on me.
8. His Mercy and his Justice both
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring Sinners-home
And teaching them his ways.
9. All those in Judgment shall he guide
Who his Direction seek ;
And in his sacred Paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.
10. Through all the equal ways of God
Both Truth and Mercy shine,
Tow'rds them, that with religious Hearts
To his blest Will incline.

P A R T II.

11. Since Mercy is thy darling Grace,
And most exalts thy Fame,
Forgive my heinous Sin, O Lord,
And so advance thy Name.
12. Whoe'er to God with holy Fear
His humble Duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide
In all his righteous Ways.
13. His quiet Soul with inward Peace
Shall be for ever blest,
And by his num'rous Race the Land
Successively possessest.

14. For

14. For God to such as fear his Name,
His secret Will imparts,
And does his gracious Cov'nant write
In their obedient Hearts.
15. To him I still will lift my Eyes,
And wait his timely Aid,
Who breaks the strong and treach'rous snare
Which for my Feet was laid.
16. O turn again, and all my Griefs
In mercy, Lord, redress;
For I am compass'd round with Woes,
And plung'd in deep Distress.
17. The Sorrows of my pensive Heart
To mighty Sums increase;
O from this dark and dismal state
My troubled Soul release!
18. With tender Eyes and pitying Looks
My sad Afflictions see;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my Guilt,
Intirely set me free.
19. Consider, Lord, my cruel Foes,
How fast their Numbers grow!
What lawless Force and Rage they use,
What boundless Hate they show!
20. O guard my life, and set my Soul
From their fierce Malice free;
Nor let me, Lord, be sham'd, who place
My steadfast Trust in thee.
21. Let all my just and righteous Acts
To full Perfection rise,

Because

Because my firm and constant Hope
On thee alone relies.

12. To *Israel*, Lord, thy chosen Race,
Continue ever kind;
And in the midst of all their Wants
Let them thy Succour find.

PSALM XXVL

1. Judge me, O Lord, for I the Paths
Of Righteousness have trod;
I cannot fail, who all my Trust
Repose on thee, my God.
- 2, 3. Search, prove my Heart, whose Innocence
Will shine the more 'tis try'd;
For I have kept thy Grace in view,
Thy Truth my constant Guide.
4. I never for Companions took
The Idle or Prophane,
No Hypocrite with all his Arts
My Friendship e'er could gain.
5. I hate the Factious Plotting Crew
Who make distracted Times.
No more would share their Company,
Than I'd partake their Crimes.
6. I'll wash my Hands in Innocence;
And bring a Heart so pure
As shall when I approach thy Courts,
My Welcome there secure.
- 7, 8. My Thanks I'll publish there and tell
How thy Renown excels:

That

That Seat affords me most Delight,
In which thy Honour dwells.

9. Involve me not in Sinners doom,
Who Murder make their Trade;
10. Who other's Rights by secret Bribes,
Or open Force invade.
11. But I will walk in Paths of Truth,
Integrity pursue;
Protect me therefore, and on me
Thy Mercies, Lord, renew.
12. In spite of all my Foes Attacks
I still maintain my ground;
And shall survive, amongst thy Saints,
Thy Praises to resound.

PSALM XXVII.

1. **W**Hom should I fear, since God to me
Salvation is and Light?
Since strongly he my Life supports,
What can my Soul affright?
2. With rav'nous Aims, my Flesh to tear
When Foes beset me round,
They stumbled, and their lofty Crests
Were made to strike the Ground.
3. Through him my Heart, undaunted, dares
With num'rous Hosts to cope;
Through him, in dang'rous Straits of War,
For good Success I hope,

C

4. Hence-

4. Henceforth within his House to dwell
I earnestly desire,
His wond'rous Beauty there to view,
And his blest Will enquire.
5. For there may I with Comfort rest,
In times of deep Distress,
And safe as on a Rock abide
In that secure recess.
6. Whilst God above my haughty Foes
My lofty Head shall raise,
And I my joyful Off'ring bring,
And sing glad Songs of Praise

PART II.

7. Continue, Lord, to hear my Voice,
Whene'er to thee I cry ;
In mercy all my Pray'rs receive,
Nor my Request deny.
8. When thou to seek thy glorious Face
Dost graciously advise,
Thy glorious Face I'll always seek,
My grateful Heart replies.
9. Then hide not thou thy Face, O Lord,
Nor me in Wrath reject ;
My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didst so oft protect.
10. Tho all my Friends and nearest Kin
Their helpless Charge forsake,
Yet thou, whose Love excels them all,
Wilt Care and Pity take.

11. Instruct me in thy ways, O Lord,
My Goings plainly guide,
Lest envious Men, who watch my steps,
Should see me tread aside :
 12. Defeat, O Lord, my cruel Foes,
And thwart their ill Desire,
Whose lying Lips and bloody Hands
Against my Peace conspire.
 13. I trusted that my future Life
Should with thy Love be crown'd,
Or else my fainting Soul had sunk
With Sorrows compass'd round.
 14. With patient Faith expect God's time,
And he'll inspire thy Breast
With inward Strength ; do thus thy part,
And leave to him the rest.
-

PSALM XXVIII.

1. **O** Lord, my Rock, to Thee I cry.
In Sighs consume my Breath :
O answer, or I shall become
Like those that sleep in Death.
2. Regard my Supplication, Lord,
The Cries that I repeat,
With weeping Eyes, and Hands stretch'd out
Before thy Mercy-seat,
3. Involve me not in Sinners doom,
Who make a Trade of Ill,
And ever speak the Person fair,
Whose Blood they mean to spill.

4. According to their Crimes extent
Let Justice have its Course ;
Relentless be to them, as they
Have sinn'd without Remorse.
5. Since they the Works of God despise,
Nor would his Grace adore,
His Wrath shall utterly destroy,
And build them up no more.
6. But I, with due Acknowledgment,
His Praises will resound,
From whom the Cries of my Distress
A gracious Answer found.
7. My Heart repos'd its Confidence
In God, my Strength and Shield,
In him I trusted, and return'd
Triumphant from the Field.
As he has made my Joys compleat,
'Tis just that I should raise
The chearful Tribute of my Thanks,
And thus resound his Praise.
8. His aiding Pow'r supports the Troops
That my just cause maintain ;
'Twas he advanc'd me to the Throne,
'Tis he secures my Reign.
9. Preserve thy chosen, and proceed
Thine Heritage to bless ;
With Plenty prosper them, in Peace ;
In Battle, with Success.

PSALM XXIX.

1. **Y**E Princes that in Might excel,
Devout Oblations strait prepare ;
God's glorious Actions loudly tell,
To all his wond'rous pow'r declare.
2. To his great Name fresh Altars raise,
And due Respect with Care afford ;
Him in his holy Temple praise,
Where he's with solemn State ador'd.
3. 'Tis he that with amazing Noise
The wat'ry Clouds in sunder brake ;
The Ocean trembled at his Voice,
When he from Heaven in Thunder spake.
- 4, 5. How full of Pow'r his Voice appears !
With what majestick Horror crown'd !
Which from their Roots tall Cedars tears,
And strews their scatter'd Branches round !
6. They, and the Hills on which they grow,
Are sometimes hurried far away ;
And leap, like Hinds that bounding go,
Or Unicorns in youthful play.
- 7, 8. When God in Thunder loudly speaks,
And scatter'd Flames of Lightning sends,
The Forest nods, the Desert quakes,
And stubborn *Kadesh* lowly bends.
9. He aids the Hinds with Pangs oppress'd,
And lays the Beasts dark Coverts bare,
Whilst those that in his Temple rest,
Securely sing his Praises there.

- 10, 11. God rules the angry Floods on high ;
His boundless Sway shall never cease ;
His People he'll with Strength supply,
And bless his own with constant Peace.

P S A L M XXX.

1. I'll celebrate thy Praises, Lord,
Who didst thy Pow'r employ
To lift my drooping Head above
My Foes insulting Joy.
- 2, 3. To Thee I cry'd in my Distress,
Who kindly didst relieve,
And from the Grave's expecting Jaws
My hopeless Life retrieve.
4. Thus to his Courts ye Saints of his
With Songs of Praise repair,
With me commemorate his Truth,
And providential Care.
5. His Wrath has but a Moment's reign,
His Favour no Decay :
Your Night of Grief is recompenc'd
With Joy's returning Day.
6. But I in prosp'rous days presum'd,
No Revolution fear'd,
Whilst in my Sun-shine of Success
No low'ring Cloud appear'd.
7. But soon perceiv'd thy Favour, Lord,
My Empire's strongest Trust ;
Thou hidd'lt thy Face, and strait I found
My Honour laid in Dust.
8. Then

8. Then, as I vainly had presum'd,
My Error I confess'd,
And thus, with supplicating Voice,
Thy Mercy's Throne address'd.
9. "What Profit is there in my Blood,
"Congeal'd by Death's cold Night?
"Can silent Ashes speak thy Praise,
"Thy wond'rous Truth recite?
10. "Hear me, O Lord, in Mercy hear,
"Thy wonted Aid extend;
"Be thou my Helper, on whole Help
"I only can depend.
11. 'Tis done! Thou hast my mournful Scene;
To Songs and Dances turn'd;
In Robes of State invested me,
Who late in Sackcloth mourn'd.
12. My Glory therefore shall proclaim
Thy Praise in grateful Verse;
And, as thy Favours endless are,
Thy endless Praise rehearse.

PSALM XXXI.

1. **D**Efend me, Lord, from Shame,
For still I trust in Thee;
As Just and Righteous is thy Name,
From Danger set me free.
2. Bow down thy gracious Ear,
And speedy Succour send;
Do thou my steadfast Rock appear,
To rescue and defend.

C 4

3. Since

3. Since Thou, when Foes oppress,
My Rock and Fortress art,
To guide me forth from this Distress
Thy usual Help impart.
4. Release me from the Snare
Which they have closely laid,
Since I, O God my Strength, repair
To thee alone for Aid.
5. To Thee, the God of Truth,
My Life, and all that's mine,
(For thou preserv'dst me from my Youth)
I willingly resign.
6. All vain Designs I hate,
Of those that trust in Lies;
Whilst my firm Hope, in every state,
On God alone relies.

PART II.

7. The Mercies thou hast shown
I'll cheerfully express;
For thou hast view'd my Straits, and known
My Soul in deep Distress.
8. When *Keilah's* treach'rous Race
Did all my Strength enclose,
Thou gav'st my Feet a larger space
To shun my watchful Foes.
9. Thy Mercy, Lord, display,
Redress my just Complaint;
For both my Heart and Flesh decay,
With Grief and Hunger faint.

10. Sad Thoughts my Life oppress,
My Years are spent in Groans,
My Sins have made my Strength grow less,
And ev'n consum'd my Bones.
11. My Foes insulting mock'd,
My Neighbours did upbraid;
My Friends at sight of me were shock'd,
And fled as Men dismay'd.
12. By all I am forgot,
As dead, and out of mind;
And hopeless as a shatter'd Pot,
Whole Parts can ne'er be join'd.
13. With slanderous Tongues they speak,
And seem my Pow'r to dread,
Whilst they together Counsel take
My guiltless Blood to shed.
14. But still my steadfast Trust,
I on thy Help repose;
That thou, my God, art good and just,
My Heart with Comfort knows.

P A R T III.

15. Whate'er Events betide
Thy Wisdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy Servant safely hide
From those that seek his Fall.
16. The Brightness of thy Face
To me, O Lord, disclose;
And, as thy Mercies still encrease,
Preserve me from my Foes.

17. Let me no Shame receive,
Who still have call'd on Thee ;
Let That and Silence in the Grave,
The Sinner's Portion be.
18. Do thou their Tongues restrain,
Whose Breath in Lies is spent ;
Who false Reports, with proud Disdain,
Against the Righteous vent.
19. How great thy Mercies are
To such as fear thy Name !
Which thou, for those that trust thy Care,
Dost to the World proclaim.
20. Thou shrowd'st them in thy Sight
From Man's defeated Pride ;
From Tongues that do in Strife delight
Thou dost them safely hide.
21. With Glory and Renown
God's Name be ever blest'd ;
Whose Love in Keilah's well-fenc'd Town
Was wond'rously express'd !
22. I said, in hasty Flight,
" I'm banish'd from thine Eyes
Yet still thou kept'st me in thy Sight,
And heard'st my earnest Cries.
23. Let holy Men the Lord
With eager Love pursue,
Who to the Just will Help afford,
And give the Proud their due.
24. All that on God rely
Couragiously proceed

For he will still your Hearts supply
With Strength in time of need,

PSALM XXXII.

1. **T**Hrice blest, whose Sins have Pardon gain'd
No more in Judgment to appear ;
2. Whose Guilt Remission has obtain'd,
And whose Repentance is sincere.
3. Whilst I conceal'd the fretting Sore,
My Bones consum'd without Relief ;
All day with Anguish I did roar,
But no Complaints asswag'd my Grief.
4. Heavy on me thy Hand remain'd,
By Day and Night alike distress'd,
Till quite of vital Moisture drain'd,
Like Land with Summer's drought oppress'd.
5. No sooner I my Wound disclos'd,
The Guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy Forgiveness interpos'd,
And Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.
6. True Penitents shall thus succeed,
Who seek Thee whilst thou mayst be found,
From Danger's common Deluge freed,
See the lewd World about 'em drown'd.
7. Thy Favour, Lord, in last Distress,
My Tow'r of Refuge I must own,
Thou shalt my haughty Foes suppress,
And me with Songs of Triumph Crown.

8. To

3. To my Instruction then confide,
You that would Truth's safe Path descry,
Your Progress, I'll securely guide,
And keep you in my watchful Eye.
9. Submit your selves to Wisdom's Rule,
Like Men that Reason have attain'd;
Not like th' ungovern'd Horse and Mule,
Whose Fury must be Curb'd and Rein'd.
10. Sorrows on Sorrows multiply'd
Obdurate Sinners shall confound,
But them who in his Truth confide
Blessings of Mercy shall surround.
11. His Saints that have perform'd his Laws
Their Life in Triumphs shall employ:
Let then (as such alone have cause)
The Heart that's Upright shout for Joy.

PSALM XXXIII.

1. **L** Et all the Just to God with Joy
Their chearful Voices raise,
For well the Righteous it becomes
To sing glad Songs of Praise.
- 2,3. Let Harps, and Plalteries, and Lutes,
Be in one Consort met,
And new-made Songs of loud Applause
To skilful Notes be set.
- 4,3. For faithful is the Word of God,
His Works with Truth abound;
He Justice loves, and o'er the Earth
Distils his Goodness round.

6. By his Almighty Word at first
Heav'n's glorious Arch was rear'd ;
And all the beauteous Hosts of Light
At his Command appear'd.
7. The swelling Floods together rowl'd,
He makes in Heaps to lye,
And lays, as in a Store-house, safe,
The wat'ry Treasures by.
- 8, 9. Let Earth and all that dwell therein
Before him trembling stand :
For when he spake the word, 'twas done,
'Twas fix'd at his Command.
10. He, when the Heathen closely plor,
Their Counsels undermines ;
His Wisdom ineffectual makes
The People's vain Designs.
11. But what the mighty Lord decrees
Shall stand for ever sure ;
The settled purpose of his Heart
To Ages shall endure.

PART II.

12. How happy then are they, to whom
The Lord for God is known !
Whom he from all the World besides
Has chosen for his own !
- 13, 14, 15. He all the Nations of the Earth
From Heav'n his Throne survey'd ;
He saw their Works, and view'd their
By him their Hearts were made (Thoughts.

16, 17.

- 16, 17. No King is safe by num'rous Hosts,
 Their Strength the Strong deceives ;
 No manag'd Horfe, by Force or Speed,
 His Warlike Rider saves :
- 18, 19. 'Tis God, who those that trust in him
 Beholds with gracious Eyes :
 He frees their Soul from Death, their Wants
 In time of Dearth supplies.
- 20, 21. Our Soul on God with Patience waits,
 Our Help and Shield is He!
 Then, Lord, let still our Hearts rejoice,
 Because we trust in Thee.
22. The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,
 Do Thou to us extend ;
 Since we, for all we want or wish,
 On Thee alone depend.

P S A L M XXXIV.

1. **T**Hrough all the changing Scenes of Life,
 In Trouble and in Joy,
 The Praises of my God shall still
 My Heart and Tongue employ.
2. Of his Deliv'rance I will boast,
 Till all that are distrest,
 From my Example Comfort take,
 And charm their Grief to rest.
3. O magnifie the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his Name :
4. Distress'd, to him I sought, he heard,
 And to my rescue came.
5. Their

5. Their drooping Hearts were soon refresh'd,
Who look'd to him for Aid :
Desir'd Success in ev'ry Face
A chearful Air displaid.
6. Behold (say they) the Supplicant
Whom Providence reliev'd,
The Man so dang'rously beset,
So wond'rously retriev'd !
7. His Angel Hosts encamp around
The Dwellings of the Just ;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
Who on his Succour trust.
8. O taste th' Experience of his Love ;
The Tryal will decide,
How blest'd they are, and only they,
Who in his Truth confide.
9. Fear him, ye Saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Fear him, make you his Service yours,
He'll make your Wants his Care.
10. When Hungry Rapine fails with Prey
Young Lions to provide,
All those that meekly fear the Lord
Shall have their Wants supply'd.

P A R T II.

11. Approach, ye piously dispos'd,
And my Instruction hear,
I'll teach you the true Discipline
Of his religious Fear.

12. Let

12. Let him who Length of Life desires,
And prosp'rous Days would see
13. From Slander's Venom keep his Tongue,
His Lips from Falshood free.
14. The crooked Paths of Vice decline
And Virtue's Ways pursue,
Establisth Peace where 'tis begun,
And, where 'tis lost, renew.
15. The Lord, from Heav'n, beholds the Just
With favourable Eyes,
And when distress'd, his gracious Ear
Is opened to their Cries.
16. But turns his wrathful Look on those
Whom Mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and raze from Earth
Their hated Race and Name.
17. Deliv'rance to his Saints he gives
When his relief they crave:
18. Still nigh to heal the broken Heart
And contrite Spirit save.
19. The Wicked oft, but still in vain,
Against the Just conspire :
20. For under their Affliction's weight
He keeps their Bones entire.
21. The Wicked from their Wickedness
Their Ruine shall derive ;
Whilst them, their Malice, and their Names,
The Righteous shall survive.
22. The Lord redeems his Servants Souls,
Who on his Trust depend,

To them and their Posterity
His Blessings shall descend.

P S A L M XXXV.

1. **A**gainst all those that strive with me,
O Lord, assert my Right ;
With such as War unjustly wage
Do Thou my Battels fight.
2. Thy Buckler take, and bind thy Shield
Upon thy warlike Arm ;
Stand up, my God, in my defence,
And keep me safe from Harm.
3. Bring forth thy Spear, stop those that seek
My guiltless Blood to spill ;
Say to my Soul, I am thy Health,
And will preserve thee still.
4. Whilst they with Shame are covered o'er
That my Destruction sought ;
And such as did my Harm devise
Are to Confusion brought.
5. Then shall they fly, dispers'd like Chaff
That's scatter'd by the Wind ;
God's vengeful Minister of Wrath
Shall follow close behind.
6. And when through dark and slipp'ry ways
They strive thy Rage to shun,
Thy vengeful Ministers of Wrath
Shall goad them as they run.

7. Since

7. Since unprovok'd by any Wrong
They hid their treach'rous Snare ;
And for my harmless Soul a Pit
Did without Cause prepare ;
8. Surpriz'd by Mischiefs unforeseen,
By their own Traps betray'd ;
Their Feet shall fall into the Net
Which they for me had laid.
9. Whilst my glad Soul shall God's great Name
For his Deliv'rance bless ;
And by his Saving Health secur'd,
Its grateful Joy express.
10. My very Bones shall say, O Lord,
Who can compare with Thee ?
Who sett'st the poor and helpless Man
From strong Oppressors free.

PART II.

11. False Witnesses, with forg'd Complaints,
Against my Truth combin'd ;
And to my Charge such things they laid
As I had ne'er design'd.
12. The Good which I to them had done,
With Evil they repaid ;
And, urg'd by Malice undeserv'd,
Did ev'n my Life invade.
13. But as for me, when they were sick
I did in Sackcloth mourn ;
I pray'd and fasted, and my Pray'r
Did to my self return.

14. Had

14. Had they my Friends or Breth'ren been,
I could have done no more ;
Nor with a Grief more sharp and true
A Mother's Loss deplore.
15. How diff'ring has their Carriage prov'd,
In times of my Distress ;
When they in Crowds together met,
Did salvage Joy express.
The Rabble too, in num'rous Throngs,
By their Example came ;
And ceas'd not, with their sordid Taunts,
To wound my spotless Fame.
16. Scoffers, that noble Tables haunt,
And earn their Bread with Lies,
Did gnash their Teeth, and slanderous Jest
Maliciously devise.
17. But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on ?
On my behalf appear ;
And save my guiltless Soul, which they
Like salvage Beasts would tear.

P A R T III.

18. So I, before the list'ning World,
Shall grateful Thanks express ;
And where the great Assembly meets,
Thy Name with Praises blest.
19. Lord, suffer not my causeless Foes,
Who me unjustly hate ;
With publick Joy, or private Winks
To mock my sad Estate.

20. For

20. For they, with Hearts averſe from Peace,
Maliciously deviſe,
Againſt the Men of quiet Minds
To utter ſpiteful Lies :
21. Nor with theſe private Arts content,
With open Mouths they bawl,
And ſay, at laſt we've found him out,
Our ſelves have ſeen it all.
22. But Thou, who doſt both them and me
With righteous Eyes ſurvey,
Declare my Innocence, O Lord,
And keep not far away.
23. Stir up thy ſelf, and freſhly rowz'd
To Judgment, Lord; awake;
Thy righteous Servant's Cauſe, O God,
To thy Deciſion take.
24. Lord, as my Heart has upright been,
Let me thy Judgment find ;
Nor let my cruel Foes obtain
The Triumph they deſign'd.
25. O let them not amongſt themſelves,
In Boaſting Language ſay,
At length our Wiſhes are compleat,
At laſt he's made our Prey.
26. Let ſuch as in my Harm rejoic'd
For ſhame their Faces hide ;
And foul Diſhonour wait on thoſe
That proudly me defy'd :
27. Whiſt they with Joy and Gladneſs ſhout,
Who my juſt Cauſe befriend ;

And

And bleſs the Lord, who loves to make
Success his Saints attend.

18. So ſhall my Tongue, with Joy inspir'd,
Thy Righteouſneſs proclaim ;
And of my grateful Songs thy Praise
Shall be the conſtant Theme.

P S A L M XXXVI.

1. **M**Y crafty Foe with flatt'ring Art
His wicked Purpose would diſguiſe ;
But Reaſon whiſpers to my Heart,
No Fear of God's before his Eyes.
2. He ſooths himſelf, retir'd from fight,
And thinks ſecur'd his treach'rous Game ;
Till his dark Plots expos'd to Light,
Their falſe Contriver brand with Shame.
3. In Deeds he is my Foe confeſs'd,
Whiſt, to deſtroy, he ſpeaks me fair :
True Wiſdom's baniſh'd from his Breaſt,
And Vice has ſole Dominion there.
4. His Malice ſpends the ſleepleſs Night
In forging miſchievous Deſigns ;
His obſtinate ungen'rous Spite
No execrable Means declines.
5. But, Lord, thy Mercy is my Hope,
That Heav'n's ſublimeſt Orb tranſcends :
O Lord, thy Truth's unmeaſured Scope
Beyond the ſpreading Skies extends.
6. Thy

6. Thy Justice, like the Hills remains ;
Unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are;
Thy Providence the World sustains,
To Men and Beasts extends its Care.
7. O, since thy Kindness all partake,
With what Assurance should the Just
Thy shelt'ring Wings their Refuge make,
And Saints to thy Protection trust!
8. Such Guests shall to thy Courts be led,
To banquet on thy Love's Repast.
And drink, as from a Fountain's head,
Of Joys that shall for ever last.
9. With Thee the Springs of Life remain,
Thy Presence is eternal Day ;
10. O let thy Saints thy Favour gain;
To upright Hearts thy Truth display.
11. Let Pride's insulting Foot ne'er tread,
Nor wicked Hand my Life surprize :
12. Their Mischief turns on their own Head,
Down, down they're fall'n, no more to rise

PSALM XXXVII.

1. **T**Hough wicked Men grow Rich or Great,
Yet let not their successful State,
Thy Anger or thy Envy raise :
2. For they cut down like tender Grass,
Or like young Flow'rs away shall pass,
Whose blooming Beauty soon decays.
3. Depend

3. Depend on God, and still live well;
So Thou within the Land shalt dwell,
Secure from Danger, and from Want :
4. Make him thy only chief Delight,
And He, thy Duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.
5. In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,
And he'll his needful Help afford
To perfect ev'ry just Design :
6. He'll make, like Light serene and clear,
Thy clouded Innocence appear,
And as a mid-day Sun to shine.
7. With quiet Mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend ;
Nor let thy Anger fondly rise,
Tho wicked Men with Wealth abound,
And with Success the Plots are crown'd,
Which they maliciously devise.
8. From Anger cease, and Wrath forsake,
Let no ungovern'd Passion make
Thy wav'ring Heart espouse their Crime;
9. For God shall sinful Men destroy,
Whilst only they the Land enjoy,
Who trust on him and wait his time.
10. How soon shall wicked Men decay !
Their Place shall vanish quite away,
Nor by the strictest search be found :
11. Whilst humble Souls possess the Earth,
Rejoicing still with godly Mirth,
With Peace and Plenty always crown'd.

P A R T II.

12. While Sinful Crowds with fell Design
Against the righteous Few combine,
And gnash their Teeth and threatening stand:
13. God shall their empty Plots deride,
And laugh at their defeated Pride ;
He sees their Ruine near at hand.
14. They draw the Sword, and bend the Bow,
The Poor and Needy to o'erthrow,
And Men of upright Lives to slay :
15. But their strong Bows shall soon be broke,
Their sharp-edg'd Weapon's mortal Stroke
Through their own Hearts shall force it's
way.
16. A little, with God's Favour blest'd,
That's by a Righteous Man possess'd,
The Wealth of many Bad excels :
17. For God supports the righteous Cause,
But as for those that break his Laws,
Their ineffectual Pow'r he quells.
18. His constant Care the Upright guides,
And over all their Days presides,
Their Portion shall for ever last :
19. They, when Distress o'erspreads the Earth,
Shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in Dearth
The happy Fruits of Plenty taste.
20. Not so the wicked Men, and those
Who proudly dare Gods will oppose ;
Destruction is their hapless share :

Like

Like Fat of Lambs, their Hopes and they
Shall in an instant melt away,
And vanish into Smoak and Air.

P A R T III.

21. While Sinners brought to sad Decay,
Tho forc'd to borrow, can't repay,
The Just have Will and Pow'r to give :
22. For such as God vouchsafes to bless,
Shall peaceably the Earth possess ;
And those he curses shall not live.
23. The good Man's way is God's Delight,
He orders all the Steps aright
Of him that owns his dread Command ;
24. Tho he sometimes may be distress'd,
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,
For God upholds him with his Hand.
25. From blooming Youth till Age prevail'd,
I never saw the Righteous fail'd,
Or Want o'ertake his num'rous Race ;
26. Because Compassion fill'd his Heart,
And he did chearfully impart,
God made his Offsprings Wealth increase.
27. Ill Deeds with utmost Caution shun ;
In that that's good with Zeal go on,
And so prolong your happy Days :
28. For God who Judgment loves, will still
Preserve his Saints secure from Ill,
While soon the wicked Race decays.

- 29, 30, 31. The Upright shall possess the Land,
 His Portion there for Ages stand ;
 His Mouth with Wisdom's stores supply'd,
 His Tongue by Rules of Judgment moves,
 His Heart the Law of God approves,
 Which makes his Footsteps never slide.

PART IV.

31. In vain the watchful Sinner lies
 In wait, the Righteous to surprize ;
 In vain his Ruine does decree ;
33. God will not him defenceless leave,
 To his Revenge expos'd, but save,
 And when he's sentenc'd, set him free.
34. Wait still on God, and keep his way,
 And thou, advanc'd the Land to sway,
 Thy firm possession ne'er shalt quit :
 With longing Eyes thou soon shalt see
 The Wicked's fatal Tragedy,
 And as a glad Spectator sit.
35. The Wicked in great Pow'r I've seen,
 And like a Bay-tree fresh and green
 That spreads its pleasant Branches round :
36. But he was gone as swift as Thought,
 He disappear'd, where e'er I sought,
 Nor could his smallest Track be found.
37. Observe the perfect Man with Care,
 And mark all such as Upright are ;
 For their calm days in Peace shall end :
38. While

38. While still the latter end of those
Who dare Gods sacred Will oppose,
A common Ruine shall attend.
39. God to the Just will Aid afford,
Their onely Safeguard is the Lord,
Their Strength in time of Trouble, He.
40. Because on Him they still depend,
The Lord shall Help and Succour send,
And from the Wicked set them free.

PSALM XXXVIII.

1. **C**orrect me not in Anger, Lord,
Tho I deserve it all ;
Nor let at once on me the Storm
Of thy Displeasure fall.
2. In ev'ry wretched Part of me
Thy Arrows deep remain :
Thy heavy Hand's afflicting Weight
I can no more sustain.
3. My Flesh is one continued Wound,
Thy Wrath so fiercely glows ;
Betwixt my Punishment and Guilt
My Bones have no Repose.
4. My Sins are to a Deluge swell'd
My wretched Head to drown ;
And for my feeble Strength to bear
Too vast a Burthen grown.
5. My Wounds with putrid Stench are fill'd,
My Folly's just Return.

D 2

6. With

6. With Trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,
For all the day I mourn.
7. A Loath'd Disease afflicts my Loins,
Unsound in ev'ry Part ;
8. I'm feeble, broken, groan and roar
Through Anguish of my Heart.

PART II.

9. But, Lord, before thy searching Eyes
All my Designs appear ;
And sure my Groans have been too loud,
Not to have reach'd thine Ear.
10. My Heart's oppress'd, my Strength decay'd,
My Eyes depriv'd of Light :
11. Friends, Lovers, Kinsmen gaze aloof
On such a dismal Sight.
12. Mean while the Foes that seek my Life,
Their Snares to take me set ;
Vent Slanders, and contrive all day
To forge some new Deceit.
13. But I, as if both Deaf and Dumb,
Nor heard, nor once reply'd : (Tongue
14. Quite Deaf and Dumb, like one whole
With conscious Guilt were ty'd.
15. For, Lord, to Thee I do appeal
My Innocence to clear ;
Assur'd that Thou, the Righteous God,
My injur'd Cause wilt hear.
16. Hear me, I said, lest they rejoice
Who triumph in my Woe ;
Insulting if they see my Foot
Once indirectly goe.
17. And

17. And, with continual Grief oppress'd,
To halt I now begin :
18. For, Lord, to Thee I will confess,
To thee bewail my Sin.
19. But whilst I languish my proud Foes
Their Strength and Vigor boast ;
Who hate me without Cause, are grown
A formidable Host.
20. Ev'n they whom I oblig'd, return
My Kindness with Despight ;
Become my Enemies, because
I chuse the Path that's right.
21. Forfake me not, O Lord my God,
Nor far from me depart ;
22. Make hast to my Relief, O Thou,
Who my Salvation art.

PSALM XXXIX.

1. **R**esolv'd to watch o'er all my Ways,
My very Words to aw,
I curb'd my hasty Tongue, when I
The prosp'rous Wicked saw.
2. Like one that's dumb I Silence kept,
And did my Tongue refrain
From good Discourse ; but that Constraint
Increas'd my inward Pain.
3. My Heart did glow, which waking Thoughts
Did hot and restless make,
And warm Reflections fann'd the Fire,
Till thus at length I spake.

D 3

4. Lord

4. Lord, let me know my term of days,
How soon my Life will end ;
The num'rous Train of Ills disclose
Which this frail State attend.
5. My Life, thou know'ft is but a Span,
A Cypher sums my Years ;
And ev'ry Man in best estate
But Vanity appears.
6. Man, like a Shadow, vainly walks,
With Fruitless Cares oppress'd ;
He heaps up Wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd.
7. Why then should I for worthless Toys
With anxious Care attend ?
On Thee alone my stedfast Hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.
- 8,9. Forgive my Sins, nor let me scorn'd
By foolish Sinners be ;
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not,
Because 'twas done by Thee.
10. The dreadful Burthen of thy Wrath
In mercy, Lord, remove ;
Lest my frail Flesh too weak to bear
The heavy Load should prove.
11. For when thou chaff'nest Man for Sin,
Thou mak'it his Beauty fade,
(So vain a thing is he !) like Cloth
By fretting Moths decay'd.
12. Lord, hear my Cry, my Tears accept,
And listen to my Pray'r ;

Who

Who sojourn, like a Stranger, here,
As all my Fathers were.

13. O spare me yet a little time,
My Strength again restore;
Before I vanish quite from hence,
And shall be seen no more.

P S A L M XL.

- 1 **I** Waited meekly for the Lord,
Till he'd vouchsafe a kind Reply;
Who did his gracious Ear afford,
And heard from Heav'n my humble Cry.
2. Me from the dismal Pit he took,
When founder'd deep in miry Clay;
He plac'd my Feet on solid Rock,
And suffer'd not my Steps to stray.
3. The Wonders he for me has wrought
Inspire me with new Songs of Praise;
Whence Strangers shall his Fear be taught,
And Hope of like Deliv'rance raise.
4. For Blessings shall that Man reward
Who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
Who treats the Proud with Disregard,
And hates the Hypocrites Disguise.
5. Who can the wond'rous Works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought?
Thy treasure'd Thoughts of Love surmount
The Pow'r of numbers, speech and thought.
6. I've learn'd, that Thou hast not desir'd
Off'rings and Sacrifice alone;

Nor Blood of guiltless Beasts requir'd
For Man's Transgression to atone.

7. I therefore come,---come to fulfil
The Oracles thy Books impart :
8. 'Tis my Delight to do thy Will ;
Thy Law is written in my Heart.

PART II.

9. In full Assemblies I have told
Thy Truth and Righteousness at large ;
Nor did, thou know'st, my Lips with-hold
From utt'ring what thou gav'st in charge.
 10. Nor kept within my Breast confin'd,
Thy Justice, Faith, and saving Grace
But preach'd thy Love and Truth (design'd
For All,) that All might them embrace.
 11. Then let those Mercies I declar'd
To others, Lord, extend to me ;
Thy loving Kindness my Reward,
Thy Truth my safe Protection be.
 12. For I with Troubles am distress'd
Too vast and numberless to bear ;
Nor less with Loads of Guilt oppress'd
That plunge and sink me to Despair.
- As soon, alas ! I may recount
The Hairs on this afflicted Head,
My vanquish'd Courage they surmount
And fill my drooping Soul with Dread.

PART III.

13. But, Lord, to my Relief draw near,
For never was more pressing Need !
For my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add to that Deliverance Speed.
 14. Confusion on their Heads return
Who to destroy my Soul combine ;
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,
Ensnar'd in their own vile Design,
 15. Their Doom let Desolation be,
With Shame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,
And Sport of my Affliction made.
 16. While those who humbly seek thy Face
To joyful Triumphs are uprais'd ;
And all who prize thy Saving Grace
Ever resound, *The Lord be prais'd.*
 17. Thus wretched tho I am and poor,
Of me th' Almighty Lord takes care.
Thou, God, who onely can'st restore,
To my Relief with Speed repair.
-

PSALM XLI.

1. **H**Appy the Man, whose tender Care
Relieves the poor Distrest ;
Whene'er by Troubles compass'd round,
The Lord shall give him Rest.

D 5

2. The

2. The Lord his Life, with Blessings crown'd,
In Safety shall prolong ;
And disappoint the Will of those
That seek to do him wrong.
3. If he in languishing estate
Opprest with Sickness ly ;
The Lord will make his easie Bed,
And inward Strength supply.
4. Secure of This, to thee, my God,
I thus my Pray'r address'd ;
Lord, for thy Mercy heal my Soul,
Tho I have much transgress'd.
5. My cruel Foes, with slanderous words,
Attempt to wound my Fame.
When shall he die, (say they) and Men
Forget his very Name ?
6. Suppose they formal Visits make,
'Tis all but empty show ;
They gather Mischiefe in their Hearts,
And vent it where they go.
- 7, 8. With private Whispers, such as these,
My Foes my Hurt devise ;
A sore Disease afflicts him now,
He's fall'n, no more to rise.
9. My own familiar Bosom Friend
On whom I most rely'd,
Has me, whose Bread he daily eat,
With open Scorn defy'd.
10. But thou, my sad and wretched State,
In Mercy, Lord, regard ;

And raise me up, that all their Crimes
May meet their just Reward;

11. By this, I know, thy gracious Ear
Is open when I call;
Because thou suffer'st not my Foes
To triumph in my Fall.

12. Thy tender Care secures my Life
From Danger and Disgrace;
And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still
Before thy glorious Face.

13. Let therefore *Isr'l's* Lord and God
From age to age be bless'd;
And all the People's glad Applause
With loud *Amens* express'd.

PSALM XLII.

1. **A**S pants a Hart for cooling Streams
When heated in the Chace,
So pants my Soul, O God, for thee
And thy refreshing Grace.
2. For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty Soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy Face,
Thou Majesty Divine!
3. Tears are my constant Food, while thus
Insulking Foes upbraid,
"Deluded Wretch, where's now thy God?"
"And where his promis'd Aid?"
4. I sigh, when recollecting Thoughts
Those happy Days present,

When . . .

When I with Troops of pious Friends
Thy Temple did frequent.

When I advanc'd with Songs of Praise,
My solemn Vows to pay,
And led the joyful sacred Throng
That kept the Festal Day.

3. Why restless, why cast down my Soul?
Trust God, and he'll employ
His Aid for thee; convert these Sighs
To thankful Hymns of Joy.

6. My Soul's cast down. O God, but thinks
On thee and *Sion* still;
From *Jordan's* Banks, from *Hermon's* Heights,
And *Misfar's* humble Hill.

7. One Trouble calls another on,
And bursting o'er my Head,
Fall spouting down, till round my Soul
A roaring Deluge spread.

8. But when thy Presence, Lord of Life,
Has once dispell'd this Storm,
To thee I'll midnight Anthems sing,
And midnight Vows perform.

9. God of my Strength, how long shall I
Like one forgotten mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd
To my Oppressors Scorn.

10. My Heart is pierc'd, as with a Sword,
Whilst thus my Foes upbraid

" Vain Boaster, where is now thy God?

" And where his promis'd Aid.

11. Why

-
11. Why restless, why cast down my Soul ?
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 The Praise of him, who is thy God,
 Thy Health and Safety's Spring.
-

PSALM XLIII.

1. **A**gainst my wicked Rebel-Foes,
 Just Judge of Heav'n, assert my Right :
 O set me free, my God, from those
 That in Deceit and Wrong delight.
2. Since thou art still my only Stay,
 Why leav'st thou me in deep Distress ?
 Why go I mourning all the day,
 Whilst proud insulting Foes oppress ?
3. Let me with Light and Truth be blest,
 Be these my Guides and lead the way ;
 Till on thy holy Hill I rest,
 And in thy sacred Temple pray.
4. Then will I there fresh Altars raise
 To God, my chief my only Joy ;
 And well tun'd Harps with Songs of Praise
 Shall all my grateful Hours employ.
5. Why then art thou, my Soul, so much
 Cast down and press'd with anxious Care,
 O trust in God, for he, as such,
 My low dejected Head shall rear.

P S A L M XLIV.

1. **O** Lord, our Fathers oft have told
In our astonish'd Ears,
Thy Wonders in their days perform'd,
And elder Times than theirs:
2. How Thou, to plant them here, didst drive
The Heathen from this Land;
Dispeopled by repeated Strokes
Of thy avenging Hand.
3. For, not their Courage nor their Sword
To them Possession gave;
Nor Strength, that from unequal Force
Their fainting Troops could save;
But thy Right Hand and pow'rful Arm,
Whose Succour they implor'd,
Thy Presence with the chosen Tribes
Who thy great Name ador'd.
4. As Thee, O God, our Fathers own'd,
Thou art our Sov'reign King;
O therefore, as to them thou didst,
To us Deliv'rance bring.
5. Through thy victorious Name our Arms
The proudest Foe shall quell,
And crush 'em with repeated Strokes
Presuming to rebel.
6. I'll neither trust to Bow nor Sword,
when I in Fight engage;
7. But Thee, who halt our Foes subdu'd,
And sham'd their spiteful Rage,

8. To

8. To Thee the Triumph we ascribe,
From whom the Conquest came ;
In God rejoicing all the day,
And ever blest his Name.

P A R T II.

9. But thou hast cast us off, and now
Most shamefully we yield ;
For thou no more vouchsaf'st to lead
Our Armies to the Field.
10. Since when, to every upstart Foe
We turn our Backs in Fight ;
And with our Spoil their Malice feast
Who bear us antient Spite.
11. To Slaughter doom'd, we fall like Sheep :
Into their Butch'ring Hands ;
Or (what's more wretched yet) survive
Disperst through Heathen Lands.
12. Thy People thou hast sold for Slaves, .
And set their Price so low,
That not thy Treasure by the Sale
But their Disgrace might grow.
- 13, 14. Reproacht and scofft by Nations round,
The Heathen's By-word grown,
Whose Scorn of us is both in Speech
And mocking Gestures shown.
15. Confusion strikes me blind, my Face
In conscious shame I hide,
16. While we are scoff'd, and God blasphem'd
By their licentious Pride.

P A R T

P A R T III.

17. On us this Mass of Woes is fall'n,
All this we have endur'd ;
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy Name ;
Nor Covenant abjur'd.
18. But kept in Paths, by Thee prescrib'd,
Our Heart and Steps with Care ;
19. Tho shatter'd, mangled and reduc'd
To Confines of Despair.
20. Could we th' Almighty's Name forget
And other Gods adore,
21. And not the Searcher of all Hearts
The treach'rous Crime explore ?
22. Thou seest how for thy sake all day
We Martyrdom sustain ;
All slaughter'd, or reserv'd like Sheep
Appointed to be slain.
23. Wake, Lord, arise ; let seeming Sleep
No longer thee detain ;
Nor we, thy faithful Supplicants,
For ever sue in vain !
24. O wherefore hidest thou thy Face
From our afflicted state ?
25. Whose Souls and Bodies sink to Earth
With Grief's oppressive Weight.
26. Arise, O Lord, and timely Speed
To our Deliv'rance make ;
Redeem us, Lord,--- if not for Ours,
Yet for thy Mercies sake.

PSALM XLV.

1. **W**Hile I the King's loud Praise rehearse,
 Endited by my Heart,
 My Tongue is like the Pen of one
 That writes with ready Art.
2. How matchless is thy Form, O King!
 Thy Mouth with Grace o'erflows;
 Because fresh Blessings, God, on thee
 Eternally bestows.
3. Gird on thy Sword, most mighty Prince,
 And clad in rich array,
 With glorious Ornaments of Pow'r,
 Majestick Pomp display.
4. Ride on in state, and still protect
 The Meek, the Just, and True;
 Whilst thy Right-hand with fell Revenge
 Does all thy Foes pursue.
5. How sharp thy Weapons are to them
 That dare thy Pow'r oppose! (Heart
 Down, down they fall, while through their
 The feather'd Arrow goes.
6. But thy firm Throne, O God, is fix'd
 For ever to endure;
 Thy Sceptre's sway shall always last,
 Through righteous Laws secure.
7. Because thy Heart, by Justice steer'd
 Did upright ways approve,
 And hated still the crooked Paths
 Where wand'ring Sinners rove.

Therefore

Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
The Oyl of Gladness shed ;
And has above thy Fellows round
Advanc'd thy lofty Head.

8. With Cassia, Aloës and Myrrh
Thy Royal Robes abound ;
Which from thy stately Wardrobes brought
Spread grateful Odours round.
9. Among thy honourable Train
Did Princely Virgins wait,
The Queen was plac'd at thy Right-hand,
In Golden Robes of State.

P A R T II.

10. But thou, O Royal Bride, give ear
And to my Words attend ;
Forget thy Native Country now,
And ev'ry former Friend.
11. So shall thy Beauty charm the King;
Nor shall his Love decay ;
For he is now become thy Lord,
To him due Rev'rence pay.
12. The *Tyrian* Ladies rich and proud
Shall humble Presents make ;
And all the wealthy Nations sue
Thy Favour to partake :
13. The King's fair Daughter's beauteous Soul
All inward Graces fill ;
Her Raiment is of purest Gold,
Adorn'd with costly skill.

14. She,

14. She, in her nuptial Garments dress'd,
With Needles richly wrought,
Attended by her Virgin Train,
Shall to the King be brought.
15. With all that State of solemn Joy
The Triumph moves along,
Till with wide Gates the Royal Court
Receives the pompous Throng.
16. Thou, in thy Royal Fathers Room,
Must princely Sons expect ;
Whom thou to diff'rent Realms mayst send
To govern and protect :
17. Whilst this my Song to future times
Transmits thy Glorious Name ;
And makes the World, with joint consent,
Thy lasting Praise proclaim.

P S A L M XLVI.

1. **G**OD is our Refuge in Distress,
A present Help when Troubles press ;
In him undaunted we confide :
- 2, 3. Tho Earth were from her Centre tost,
And Mountains in the Ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring Tide.
4. A Gentler Stream with Gladness still
The City of our Lord shall fill,
Imperial Seat of God most High :
5. God dwells in *Sion*, whose fair Tow'rs
Shall mock th' Assaults of Earthly Pow'rs,
While his Almighty Aid is nigh.

6. In

-
6. In Tumults when the Heathen rag'd,
And Kingdoms War against us wag'd,
He thunder'd and dissolv'd their Pow'rs;
 7. The Lord of Hosts conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
Our Fathers Guardian-God and ours.
 8. Come, see the Wonders he hath wrought,
On Earth what Desolation brought,
 9. And crush'd to Peace the jarring World;
In shivers brake the Spear and Bow,
With them their thund'ring Chariots too
Into devouring Flames were hurld.
 10. Submit to God's Almighty Sway
For Him the Heathen shall obey,
And Earth her Sov'reign Lord confess.
 11. The God of Hosts conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
As to our Fathers in Distress.
-

P S A L M XLVII.

- 1, 2. **O** All ye People clap your hands,
And with triumphant Voices sing;
No Force the mighty Pow'r withstands,
Of God, the universal King.
- 3, 4. He shall opposing Nations quell,
And with Success our Battels fight;
Shall point the place where we must dwell,
The Pride of *Jacob*, his Delight.

5, 6. God.

- 5, 6. God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With Shouts of Joy and Trumpet's Sound;
To him repeated Praises sing,
And let the chearful Song go round.
- 7, 8. Your utmost Skill in Praise be shown;
For him that all the World commands.
Who sits upon his Holy Throne,
And spreads his Sway o'er Heathen Lands.
9. Our Chiefs and Tribes, that far from hence
T'adore the God of *Abr'am* came,
Found him their constant sure defence.
How great and glorious is his Name!

P S A L M XLVIII.

1. **T**HE Lord is great, and o'er the Gods
Sublimely to be prais'd;
In *Sion*, on whose happy Mount
His sacred Throne is rais'd.
2. Her Tow'rs, the Joy of all the Earth,
With beauteous Prospect rise:
On her North-side th' Almighty King's
Imperial City lies.
3. God in her Palaces is known,
His Prefence is her Guard.
4. Confed'rate Kings withdrew their Siege,
And of Success despair'd.
5. They view'd her Walls, admir'd and fled,
With Grief and Terror struck,
6. Like Women whom the sudden Pangs
Of Travel had o'ertook.

7. No

7. No wretched Crew of Mariners
Appear like them forlorn,
When freighted Fleets from *Tarshish* shore
By Eastern Winds are torn.
8. In *Sion* we have seen perform'd
A Work that was foretold,
In pledge that God, for times to come,
His City will uphold.
9. Not in our Fortresses and Walls
Did we, O God, confide,
But on the Temple fix'd our Hopes,
In which thou dost reside.
10. Thy Name is, Lord of Hosts, supream
Whose Fame through Earth extends ;
Thy pow'ful Arm, as Justice guides,
Chastises or defends.
11. Let *Sion's* Mount with Joy resound,
Her Daughters all be taught
In Songs his Judgments to extol,
Who this Deliv'rance wrought.
12. Walk round her Walls in solemn Pomp,
Your Eyes about her cast,
Recount her Tow'rs, if by the Siege
You find a Stone displac'd.
13. Her Forts and Palaces survey,
Observe their Order well.
That with Assurance to your Heirs,
This Wonder you may tell.
14. This God is ours, and will be ours,
Whilst we in him confide ;

And,

And, as he has preserv'd us now,
Till Death will be our Guide.

PSALM XLIX.

- 1, 2. **L**ET all the list'ning World attend,
And my Instructions hear ;
Let High and Low, and Rich and Poor
With joint Consent give ear.
3. My Mouth, with sacred Wisdom fill'd,
Shall good Advice impart,
The sound Result of prudent Thoughts,
Digested in my Heart.
4. To Parables of weighty Sense
I will my Ear incline ;
Whilst to the tuneful Harp I sing
Dark Words of deep Design.
5. Why should my Courage fail in times
Of Danger and of Doubt ?
When Sinners that would me supplant
Have compass'd me about ?
6. Those Men that all their Hope and Trust
In Heaps of Treasure place,
And boast and triumph when they see
Their ill-got Wealth encrease.
7. Are yet unable from the Grave
Their dearest Friend to free ;
Nor can by force of costly Bribes
Reverse God's firm Decree.

8, 9. Their

- 8, 9. Their vain Endeavours they must quit,
The Price is held too high;
No Sums can purchase such a Grant,
That Man should never die.
10. Not Wisdom can the Wise exempt,
Nor Fools their Folly save;
But both must perish, and in Death
Their Wealth to others leave.
11. For tho they think their stately Seats
Shall ne'r to Ruine fall;
But their remembrance last, in Lands
Which by their Names they call;
12. Yet shall their Fame be soon forgot,
How great so'er their State,
With Beasts their Memory and They
Shall share one common Fate.

P A R T II.

13. How great their Folly is who thus
Absurd Conclusions make!
And yet their Children, unreclaim'd,
Repeat the gross Mistake.
14. Like Sheep, the Prey of rav'nous Death,
Within the Grave they're laid;
And there, whilst Righteous Men rejoice,
Shall all their Beauty fade.
15. But God will yet redeem my Soul,
And from the greedy Grave
His greater Pow'r shall set me free,
And to himself receive.

16. Then

-
16. Then fear not Thou, when worldly Men
In envy'd Wealth abound,
Nor tho their prosp'rous House increase,
With lofty Honours crown'd.
17. For when they're summon'd hence by Death
They leave all this behind ;
No Shadow of their former Pomp
Within the Grave they find :
18. And yet they thought their State was blest,
Caught in the Flatt'ers Snare,
Who praises those that slight all else,
And of themselves take care.
19. In their Forefathers Steps they tread ;
And when, like them, they die,
Their wretched Ancestors and they
In endless Darkness lie.
20. For Man, how great soe'er his state,
Unless he's truly wise,
As like a sensual Beast he lives,
So like a Beast he dies.
-

PSALM L

- 1,2. **T**HE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God
Hath sent his Summons all abroad,
From dawning Light till Day declines :
The list'ning Earth his Voice has heard,
And he from *Sion* has appear'd,
Where Beauty in Perfection shines.

E

3, 4. Our

- 3, 4. Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstru'd Silence as before,
But wasting Flames before him send:
Around shall Tempests fiercely rage,
While he does Heav'n and Earth engage
His just Tribunal to attend.
- 5, 6. Assemble all my Saints to me
(Thus runs the Great Divine Decree)
That in my lasting Cov'nant live,
And Off'rings bring with constant Care;
(The Heavens his Justice shall declare,
For God himself shall Sentence give.)
7. Attend, my People; *Isr'el*, hear;
Thy strong Accuser I'll appear;
Thy God, thy only God am I;
8. 'Tis not of Off'rings I complain,
With which you did, both burnt and slain,
My sacred Altar still supply.
9. Will this alone Atonement make?
No Bullock from thy Stall I'll take,
Nor He-goat from thy Fold accept:
10. The Forest Beasts that range alone,
The Cattel too are all my own,
That on a thousand Hills are kept.
11. I know the Fowls, that build their Nests
In craggy Rocks; and salvage Beasts,
That loosely haunt the open Fields.
12. To thee, if Hunger did oppress,
I need not tell my sad Distress,
Since the World's mine, and all it yields.
13. Thinkst

13. Think'st thou that I have any need
On slaughter'd Bulls and Goats to feed,
To eat their Flesh, and drink their Blood?
14. The sacrifice by me requir'd,
Is Hearts with grateful Love inspir'd,
And Vows with strictest Care made good.
15. In time of Trouble call on me,
And I will set thee safe and free ;
And Thou returns of Praise shalt make:
16. But to the Wicked thus saith God,
How dar'st thou teach my Laws abroad,
Or in thy Mouth my Cov'nant take?
17. For stubborn thou, confirm'd in Sin,
Hast proof against Instruction been,
And of my Word didst lightly speak :
18. When thou a subtle Thief didst see,
Thou gladly didst with him agree,
And with Adult'ers didst partake.
19. Vile Slander is thy constant Theme,
And thou thy Mouth and Tongue dost frame
Vile and deceitful Words to spread :
20. Thou dost with hateful Scandals wound
Thy Brother, and with Lies confound
The Offspring of thy Mother's Bed.
21. These things thou didst, whom still I strove
To gain with Silence and with Love ;
Till thou didst wickedly surmise,
That I was such a one as thou ;
But I'll reprove and shame thee now,
And set thy Sins before thine Eyes.

22. Ye wicked Fools, mark this with Care,
Lest I should you in pieces tear,
Whilst none shall dare your Cause to own.
23. Who praises me due Honour gives ;
And to the Man that justly lives
My strong Salvation shall be shown.

PSALM LI.

1. **M**Y God, as thou hast always been,
Continue ever kind ;
Let me, oppress'd with Loads of Guilt,
Thy wonted Mercy find.
- 2, 3. O wash me from my foul Offence,
And cleanse me from my Sin ;
For I confess my Crime, and see
How great my Guilt has been.
4. Against Thee only, Lord, have I,
And in thy Sight transgress'd ;
Whose Words and Judgments, pure and just,
Will bear the strictest Test.
5. In Guilt each sev'ral part was form'd
Of all this sinful Frame ;
In Guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
The Heir of Sin and Shame.
6. Yet thou, O God, whose searching Eye
Does inward Truth require,
In secret didst with Wisdom's Laws,
My tender Soul inspire.
7. O then with Hyssop purge my Soul,
And so I shall be clean ;

In pity wash me, and I shall
More white than Snow remain.

8. Make me with Joy and Gladness hear
Thy kind forgiving Voice ;
That so the Bones which thou hast broke,
With Comfort may rejoice.
- 9, 10. Blot out my Sins, nor let thine Eyes
My Fault in Anger view ;
Create in me a Heart that's clean,
A virtuous mind renew.

PART II.

11. Withdraw not thou thy Presence, Lord,
Nor cast me from thy sight ;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
It's everlasting Flight :
12. The Joy which thy Salvation gives
Let me again obtain ;
And thy free Spirit's firm Support
My itagg'ring Soul sustain.
13. So I thy just and righteous Ways
To Sinners will impart,
Whilst my Advice shall wicked Men
To thy just Laws convert.
14. Do Thou my Guilt of Blood remove,
My Saviour and my God ;
And my glad Tongue shall loudly tell
Thy righteous Acts abroad.
15. Let thy Free Grace unlock my Lips,
With Sorrow clos'd and Shame ;

- So shall my Mouth thy Wond'rous Praise
To all the World proclaim.
16. Could Victims for my Guilt atone,
Whole Hecatombs should die ;
But on such Off'rings thou disdain'st
To cast a gracious Eye :
17. A broken Spirit is the Gift
By God most highly priz'd ;
By him a broken contrite Heart
Shall never be despis'd.
18. Let *Sion*, Lord, thy Favour find,
Of thy Good Will assur'd ;
And thy own City flourish long,
By lofty Walls secur'd.
19. Then shall the Righteous Off'rings bring,
And pleasing Tribute pay ;
And Sacrifice of choicest kind,
Upon thy Altar lay.

P S A L M LII.

1. In vain, O Man of matchless Might, -
Thou boast'st thy self in Ill ;
Since God, whose Pow'r is much more great,
Vouchsafes his Favour still.
2. Thy wicked Tongue does slanderous Tales,
Maliciously devise ;
And like a Razor sharply set,
Does wound with treach'rous Lies.

3, 4. Thy

- 3, 4. Thy Thoughts are more on Ill than Good,
On Lies than Truth employ'd,
Thy Tongue delights in Words by which
The Guiltless are destroy'd.
5. God shall for ever blast thy Hopes,
And snatch thee soon away ;
Nor in thy Dwelling-place permit,
Nor in the World to stay.
6. The Just with pious Fear shall see
The downfall of thy Pride ;
Shall at thy sudden Ruine laugh,
And thus thy Fall deride :
7. " See there the haughty Man that was,
" Who proudly God defy'd,
" Who trusted in his Wealth, and still
" On wicked Arts rely'd.
8. But like those Olive-Plants am I,
That shade God's Temple round ;
And hope with his indulgent Grace
To be for ever crown'd.
9. So shall my Soul with Praise, O God,
Extoll thy wondrous Love ;
And on thy Name with Patience wait ;
For this thy Saints approve.

PSALM LIII.

1. **T**HE wicked Fools must sure suppose
That God is but a Name ;
This their lewd Practice plainly shows,
Since Virtue all disclaim. (Tow'r
2. The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high
And did all Mankind view ;
To see if any own'd his Pow'r,
Or Truth or Justice knew.
3. But all, he saw, were backwards gone,
Degen'rate grown and base ;
None for Religion car'd, nor One
Of all the sinful Race.
4. But are those Workers of Deceit
So dull and senseless grown,
That they like Bread my People eat,
And God's just Pow'r disown?
5. Their causeless Fears shall strangely grow ;
And they, despis'd by God,
Shall soon be foil'd ; his hand shall throw
Their shatter'd Bones abroad.
6. Would he his saving Pow'r employ,
To break our servile Band,
Loud Shouts of universal Joy
Should eccho through the Land.

PSALM LIV.

- 1, 2. **L**ord, save me, for thy Glorious Name,
And in thy Strength appear
To judge my Cause: accept my Pray'r,
And to my Words give Ear.
3. Mere Strangers, whom I never wrong'd,
To ruine me design'd;
And cruel Men, that fear no God,
Against my Soul combin'd.
- 4, 5. But God takes part with all my Friends,
And he's the surest Guard;
The God of Truth shall slay my Foes,
Their Falshood's just Reward.
6. While I my grateful Off'rings bring,
And Sacrifice with Joy;
And in his Praise my time to come
Delightfully employ.
7. From dreadful Danger and Distress
The Lord has set me free;
Through him shall I of all my Foes
The wish'd Destruction see!

PSALM

PSALM LV.

1. **G**ive ear, thou Judge of all the Earth,
And listen when I pray;
Nor from thy humble Suppliant turn
Thy glorious Face away.
2. Attend to this my sad complain,
And hear my grievous Moans;
Whilst I my mournful Case declare
With artless Sighs and Groans.
3. Hark! how the Foe insults aloud,
How fierce Oppressors Rage! (Hate
Whose slanderous Tongues with wrathful
Against my Fame engage.
- 4, 5. My Heart is rack'd with Pain, my Soul
With deadly Frights distressed;
With Fear and Trembling compass'd round
With Horror quite oppress'd.
6. How often wish'd I then, that I
Swift Dove-like Wings could get;
That I might take my speedy Flight,
And seek a safe Retreat!
7. & Then would I wander far from hence,
And in wild Desarts stray,
Till all this furious Storm were spent,
This Tempest past away.

PART

PART II.

9. Destroy, O Lord, their ill Design's,
Their Counsels all divide ;
For my griev'd Eyes in ev'ry Street
Have Strife and Rapine spy'd.
10. By Day and Night on ev'ry Wall
They walk their constant Round ;
And in the midst of all her Strength,
Are Grief and Mischief found.
11. Whoe'er through ev'ry Part shall roam,
Will fresh Disorders meet ;
Deceit and Guile their constant posts
Maintain in ev'ry Street.
12. For 'twas not any open Foe
That did my Faults upbraid ;
For then I could with ease have born
The bitter'st things he said :
'Twas none who Hatred had profess'd
That did against me rise ;
For then I had withdrawn my self
From his malicious Eyes.
- 13, 14. But 'twas ev'n thou, my Guide, my Friend,
Whom tend'rest Love did join ;
Whose sweet Advice I valu'd most,
Whose Pray'rs were mixt with mine.
15. Sure Vengeance, equal to their Crimes,
Such Traytors must surprize ;
And Sudden Death requite those Ills
They wickedly devise!

16, 17. But

- 16, 17. But I'll still call on God, and he
Shall in my Aid appear;
At Morn, and Noon, and Night I'll pray,
And he my Voice shall hear.

PART III.

18. God has releas'd my Soul from those
That in fierce Fight contend;
And made a num'rous Host of Friends
My righteous Cause defend.
19. For He who was my Help of old,
Shall my Petition hear;
And punish them whose prosp'rous State
Makes them no God to fear.
20. Whom can I trust, if faithless Men
Perfidiously devise
To ruine me, their peaceful Friend,
And break the strongest Ties!
21. Tho smooth as Butter are their Words,
Their Hearts with War abound;
Their Speeches are more soft than Oyl,
And yet like Swords they wound.
22. Do thou, my Soul on God depend,
And He shall thee sustain,
He aids the Just, whom to remove
The Wicked strive in vain.
23. Thou, Lord, shalt soon destroy my Foes;
While those who trust in Lies,
And trade in Blood, untimely fall,
My Soul on God relies,

P S A L M LVI.

1. **D**O Thou, O God, in Mercy help,
For Man my Life pursues ;
To crush me with repeated Wrongs,
He dayly Strife renews.
2. Each Day, all Day, invet'rate Foes
To ruine me combine ;
Thou see'st, who sit'st enthron'd on high,
What mighty Numbers join.
3. But, tho sometimes surpriz'd by Fear,
(On Danger's first Alarm)
For Succour I repose my Trust
On thy Almighty Arm.
4. God's Word I shall hereafter praise,
On which I now relie :
In God : trust, and trusting him,
The Arm of Flesh despise.
5. They rack my harmless Words to speak
A Sense they never meant :
Their Thoughts are all, with restless Spite,
On my Destruction bent.
6. In close Assemblies they combine,
And wicked Projects lay.
They watch my Steps, and lie in wait,
To make my Soul their Prey.
7. Shall such Injustice still escape ?
O Righteous God arise ;
Let thy just Wrath, (too long provok'd)
This impious Race chastise.

8. My

8. My Wand'rings Thou, and Suff'rings know'st
Since first compell'd to flee :
My very Tears are treasur'd up,
And regist'ed by Thee.
9. When therefore I invoke thy Aid,
My Foes shall be o'erthrown ;
For I am well assur'd that God
My righteous cause will own.
- 10, 11. I'll bless God's Word, trust him, nor fear
The Force that Man can raise :
12. To Thee, O God, my Vows are due,
To Thee I'll render Praise.
13. Thou hast retriev'd my Soul from Death ;
And Thou wilt still secure
The Life thou hast so oft preserv'd,
And make my Footsteps sure ;
That thus protected by thy Pow'r,
I may this Light enjoy,
And in the Service of my God
My length'n'd Days employ.

PSALM LVII.

1. **T**HY Mercy, Lord, to me extend,
On thy Protection I depend ;
And to thy Wing for shelter haste,
Till this outrageous Storm is past.
2. To thy Tribunal, Lord, I fly,
Thou Sov'reign Judge and God most high ;
Who Wonders hast for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy Work undone.
3. From

3. From Heav'n Thou'lt save me by thine Arm,
Bring those to shame who seek my Harm ;
To aid me, forth thy Mercy send,
And Truth, on which my Hopes depend.
4. Condemn'd, as to a Lion's Den,
I lie among more salvage Men ;
Whose Teeth are pointed Spears, their Words
Invenom'd Darts and two-edg'd Swords.
5. Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
And, as thy Glory fills the Skie,
So let it be on Earth displaid,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.
6. To take me they their Net prepar'd,
And had almost my Soul ensnar'd,
But fell themselves, by just Decree,
Into the Pit they delv'd for me.
7. O God my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent
It's thankful Tribute to present,
And with my Heart, my Voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in Songs of Praise.
8. Awake my Glory ; Harp and Lute,
No longer let your Strings be mute ;
Awake his Prailes to pursue,
As I my self will early do.
9. Thy Praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning Nations round :
10. Thy Mercy highest Heav'n transcends,
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.
11. Be Thou, O God, exalted High ;
And as thy Glory fills the Skie,

So let it be on Earth displaid,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

P S A L M LVIII.

1. **S**peak, O ye Judges of the Earth,
If just your Sentence be,
Or, must not Innocence appeal
To Heav'n from your Decree?
2. Your wicked Hearts and Judgments are
Alike by Malice sway'd :
Your covetous Hands by weighty Bribes
To Violence betray'd.
3. Estrang'd from Virtue from the Womb,
Their Infant-steps went wrong :
They prattled Slander, and in Lies
Employ'd their lisping Tongue.
4. No Serpent of parch'd *Africk's* breed
Does ranker Poison bear ;
The drowsie Adder will as soon
Unlock his sullen Ear.
5. To Counsel obstinately deaf
As Adders they remain ;
From whom the skilful Charmer's Voice
Can no Attention gain.
6. Defeat, O God, their threat'ning Rage,
And timely break their Pow'r :
Disarm these growing Lion's Jaws,
E'er practis'd to devour,

7. Let

7. Let now their Insolence at height,
Like ebbing Tides be spent ;
Their splint'ring Darts deceive their Aim
When they their Bow have bent.
8. Like Snails let them dissolve to Slime ;
Abortive Births become,
Unworthy to behold the Sun
And buried in the Womb.
9. E'er Thorns can make the Flesh-pots boil,
Tempestuous Wrath shall come
From God, and Living snatch them hence,
To their eternal Doom.
10. The Righteous shall rejoice to see
Their Crimes such Vengeance meet,
And Saints in Persecutors Blood,
Wash their victorious Feet.
11. Transgressors then with Grief shall see
Just men Rewards obtain ;
And own a God that strictly will
The guilty Earth arraign.

P S A L M LIX.

1. **D**eliver me, O Lord my God,
From all my spiteful Foes :
In my Defence oppose thy Pow'r
To theirs who me oppose,
2. Preserve me from a wicked Race
Who make a Trade of Ill ;
Protect me from remorseless Men
Who seek my Blood to spill.
3. They

3. They lie in wait, and mighty Pow'rs.
Against my Life combine :
Implacable ; yet, Lord, thou knowst,
For no Offence of mine.
4. In hurry they set watch and ward
My guiltless Life to take :
Look down, O Lord, on my Distress,
And to my Help awake!
5. Thou, Lord of Hosts and *Isr'el's* God,
Their Heathen Rage suppress :
Relentless Vengeance take on those
Who stubbornly transgress.
6. At Ev'ning to beset my House
Like growling Dogs they meet ;
While others through the City roam,
And ransack ev'ry Street.
7. Their Throats belch Slanders, from their
They brandish sharpened Swords ; (Mouths
Who hears (say they) or hearing, dares
Reprove our lawless Words ?
8. But from thy Throne thou shalt, O Lord,
Their baffled Plots deride ;
To Scorn and Infamy expose
Insulting Heathen's Pride.
9. On Thee I wait, 'tis on thy Strength
For Succour I depend,
'Tis Thou, O God, art my Defence,
Who only canst defend.
10. Thy Mercy, Lord, shall first prevent
And me from Danger free ;

Then

Then crown my Wishes, and subdue
My Haughty Foes to me.

11. Destroy 'em, Lord, but not intire,
Nor at a single Blow,
Lest we, ingratefully, too soon
Forget their Overthrow.

But Vagabonds through sundry Realms
Disperse 'em by thy Pow'r;
Do Thou bring down their haughty Pride,
O Lord, our Shield and Tow'r.

12. Now, in the Height of all their Pride,
Their Arrogance chastise; (strait
Whose Tongues have sinn'd without Re-
And Curses join'd with Lies.

13. Nor till thou hast consum'd their Race
Thine Anger, Lord, suppress,
That outmost Lands, by their just Doom,
May *Isr'el's* God confess.

14. At Ev'ning let them still persist
Like growling Dogs to meet,
Still traverse all the City round,
And ransack ev'ry Street.

15. Then, as for Malice now they do,
For Hunger let 'em stray,
And yell their vain Complaints aloud,
Defeated of their Prey.

16. Whilst early I thy Mercy sing,
Thy wond'rous Pow'r confess;
For thou hast been my sure Defence
My Refuge in Distress.

17. To

17. To Thee with never-ceasing Praise,
O God, my Strength, I'll sing ;
For thou hast always been the Rock
From whence my Comforts spring.

P S A L M LX.

1. O God who hast our Troops disperst,
Forsaking them forsook Thee first,
As we thy just Displeasure mourn,
To us in Mercy, Lord, return.
2. Our Strength, that firm as Earth did stand,
Is rent by thy avenging Hand ;
O heal the Breaches thou hast made,
We shake, we fall, without thy Aid !
3. Our Folly's sad Effects we feel,
For drunk with Discord's Cup we reel.
4. But now for them who thee rever'd,
Thou hast thy Truth's bright Banner rear'd.
5. Let thy Right-hand thy Saints protect,
Lord hear the Pray'rs that we direct !
6. The Holy God has spoke ; and I
On his firm Word, o'erjoy'd, relie.
To Thee in Portions I'll divide
Fair *Sichem's* Soil, *Samaria's* Pride,
To *Sichem*, *Succoth* next I'll join,
And measure out her Vale by Line.
7. *Manasseh*, *Gilead*, both subscribe
To my Commands, with *Ephraim's* Tribe;
Ephraim by Arms supports my Cause,
And *Judab* by religious Laws.

8. *Moab*

8. *Moab* my Slave and Drudge shall be,
Nor *Edom* from my Yoke get free ;
Proud *Palestine's* imperious State
Shall humbly on our Triumph wair.
9. But who shall quell these mighty Pow'rs
And me possess of *Edom's* Tow'rs?
Or through her guarded Frontiers tread
The Path that does to Conquest lead ?
10. Ev'n thou, O God, who hast disperst
Our Troops, (for we forsook Thee first)
Whom in just wrath thou didst forsake,
Aton'd, thou wilt victorious make.
11. Do thou our fainting Cause sustain,
For humane Succours are but vain.
12. Fresh Strength and Courage God bestows,
'Tis He treads down our proudest Foes.

PSALM LXI.

1. **L**ord, hear my Cry, regard my Pray'r,
Which I, oppress'd with Grief,
2. From Earth's remotest Parts address
To thee for kind Relief.
O lodge me safe beyond the Reach
Of persecuting Pow'r,
3. Thou who so oft from spiteful Foes,
Hast been my sheltring Tow'r.
4. Within thy sacred Courts I shall
Secure from Danger lie :
Beneath the Covert of thy Wings,
All future Storms defie,

5. In

5. In sign my Vows are heard, once more
I o'er thy Chosen reign :
6. O blest with long and prosp'rous Life
The King thou didst ordain.
7. Confirm his Throne, and make his Reign
Accepted in thy sight ;
And let thy Truth and Mercy both
In his Defence unite.
8. So shall I ever sing thy Praise,
Thy Name for ever blest ;
Devote my prosp'rous Day to pay
The Vows of my Distress.

P S A L M LXII.

- 1, 2. **M**Y Soul for Help on God relies,
From him alone my Safety flows :
My Rock, my Health, that Strength supplies,
To bear the shock of all my Foes.
3. How long will ye contrive my Fall ?
Which will but hasten on your own
You'll totter like a bowing Wall,
Or fence of uncemented Stone.
4. To make my envy'd Fortunes less
They strive with Lies their chief Delight ;
For they, tho with their Mouths they bless,
In private curse with inward Spite.
- 5, 6. But thou, my Soul, on God rely ;
On him alone thy Trust repose ;
My Rock and Health will strength supply,
To bear the Shock of all my Foes.

7. God

7. God does his saving Health dispence,
And flowing Glories largely send ;
He is my Fortrets and Defence,
On him my Soul shall still depend.
8. In him, ye People, always trust,
Before his Throne pour out your Hearts ;
For God, the Merciful and Just,
His timely Aid to us imparts.
9. Sure High and Low in balance laid,
With vain Conceits and Lies abound ;
And if with Vanity they're weigh'd,
Lighter than that they'll both be found.
10. Then trust not in oppressive Ways,
By Spoil and Rapine grow not vain ;
Nor let your Hearts, if Wealth increase,
Be set too much upon your Gain.
11. For God has oft his Will express'd ;
And I this Truth have fully known ;
To be of boundless Pow'r possess'd
Belongs of right to God alone.
12. Tho Mercy is his Darling Grace,
In which he chiefly takes delight.
Yet will he all the Human Race
According to their Works requite.

PSALM LXIII.

1. **O** God, my gracious God, to Thee,
My Morning Pray'rs shall offer'd be;
For Thee my thirsty Soul does pant;
My fainting Flesh implores thy Grace,
Within this dry and barren Place,
Where I refreshing Waters want.
2. O to my longing Eyes once more
That View of glorious Pow'r restore,
Which thy majestick House displays:
3. Because to me thy wond'rous Love
Than Life it self does dearer prove,
My Lips shall always speak thy Praise.
4. My Life, while I that Life enjoy.
In blessing God I'll still employ,
With lifted Hands adore his Name:
5. My Soul's Content shall be as great,
As theirs who choicest Dainties eat,
While I with Joy his Praise proclaim.
6. When down I lie sweet Sleep to find,
Thou'rt always present to my Mind,
And when I wake in dead of Night:
7. Because thou still didst Succour bring,
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing
I'll rest with Safety and Delight.
8. My Soul, when Foes would me devour
Cleaves fast to Thee, whose matchless Pow'r
In her Support is daily shown:
9. But

9. But those the Righteous Lord shall slay
That my Destruction with ; and they
That seek my Life shall lose their own,
- 10, 11. They by untimely Ends shall die,
Their Flesh a Prey to Foxes lie :
But God shall fill the King with Joy.
Who swears by him shall still rejoice,
Whilst the false Mouth and lying Voice
The Lord shall silence and destroy.

PSALM LXIV.

- L**ord, hear the Voice of my Complaint,
And to my Pray'r give ear ;
Preserve my Life from cruel Foes,
And free my Soul from Fear.
1. O hide me with thy tend'rest Care
In some secure Retreat,
From Sinners that against me rise,
And their close Plots defeat.
3. See how intent to work my Harm,
They whet their Tongues like Swords ;
And bend their Bows to shoot their Darts,
Sharp Lies and bitter Words !
4. In private lurking, at the Just
They take their secret Aim ;
And suddenly at him they shoot,
Quite void of Fear and Shame.
5. To carry on their ill Designs,
They mutual Help supply,
F

They

- They speak of laying private Snares,
And think that none shall spy.
6. With utmost Diligence and Care
Their wicked Plots they lay;
The private Thoughts of all their Hearts
With deep Designs betray.
7. But God, to Anger justly mov'd,
His dreadful Bow shall bend,
And on his flying Arrows point
Shall swift Destruction send.
8. Sharp Slanders, which their Tongues did vent,
Upon themselves shall fall;
Their Friends that see't shall them forsake,
Despis'd and shun'd by All.
9. The World shall then God's Power confess
And Nations trembling stand,
Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty Work
Of his avenging Hand.
10. Whilst righteous Men by God secur'd
In him shall gladly trust;
And all the list'ning Earth shall hear
Loud Triumphs of the Just.

PSALM LXV.

1. **F**OR Thee, O God, our constant Praise
In ~~Sion~~ waits, thy chosen Seat;
Whilst there we promis'd Altars raise,
We'll all our zealous Vows compleat.
2. O Thou, who to my humble Pray'r
Didst always bend thy list'ning Ear,

To Thee shall all Mankind repair,
And at thy gracious Throne appear.

3. In vain of Sins a num'rous Train
To stop thy flowing Mercies try;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the Guilty Stain,
And wastest out the Crimson Dye.
4. Blest is the Man, who, near Thee plac'd,
Within thy Sacred Dwelling lives!
Whilst we at humbler Distance taste
The vast delights thy Temple gives.
5. By wond'rous Acts, O God, most just,
Have we thy gracious Answer found;
In Thee remotest Nations trust,
And those whom stormy Waves surround.
- 6,7. God, by his Strength, sets fast the Hills,
And does his matchless Pow'r engage,
With which the Seas loud Waves he stills,
And angry Crowds tumultuous Rage.

PART II.

8. Thou, Lord, dost barb'rous Lands dismay
When they thy dreadful Tokens view:
With Joy they see the Night and Day
Each other's Track by turns pursue.
9. From out thy unexhausted Store
Thy Rain relieves the thirsty Ground;
And makes the Earth, quite parch'd before,
With Corn and useful Fruits abound.
10. On rising Ridges down it pours,
And all the furrow'd Valleys fills;
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle Show'rs,
In which a blest Increase distils.

F 2

11. Thy

11. Thy Goodness does the circling Year
With fresh Returns of Plenty Crown ;
And where thy glorious Paths appear,
Thy fruitful Clouds drop Fatness down.
12. They drop on barren Forrests chang'd
By them to Pastures fresh and green ;
The Hills about in order rang'd,
In beauteous Robes of Joy are seen.
13. Large Flocks with fleecy Wool adorn
The chearful Downs ; the Valleys bring
A plenteous Crop of full-ear'd Corn,
And seem for Joy to shout and sing.

P S A L M LXVI.

- 1, 2. **L**ET all the Lands with Shouts of Joy
To God their Voices raise.
Sing Psalms in Honour of his Name,
And spread his glorious Praise.
3. And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,
In all thy Works art thou !
To thy great Power thy stubborn Foes
Shall all be forc'd to bow.
4. Through all the Earth the Nations round
Shall Thee their God confess ;
And with glad Hymns their awful Dread
Of thy great Name express.
5. O come, behold the Works of God,
And then with me you'll own,
That he tow'rd's all the Sons of Men
Has wond'rous Judgments shown.

6. He

6. He made the Sea become dry Land,
And through the Flood they walk'd;
Whilst to each other of his Might
With Joy his People talk'd.
7. He by his Pow'r for ever rules;
His Eyes the World survey;
Let no Presumptuous Man rebel
Against his sov'reign Sway.

PART II.

- 8, 9. O all ye Nations, bless our God,
And loudly tell his Praise;
Who keeps our Soul alive and still
Confirms our stedfast Ways.
- 10, 11. For thou hast try'd us, Lord, as Fire
Does try the precious Ore;
Thou brought'st us to the Net, where we
Oppressing Burthens bore.
12. By Thee permitted, Men did us
Through Fire and Water chase;
But yet at last thou brought'st us forth
Into a wealthy place.
- 13, 14. Burnt-off 'rings to thy House I'll bring,
And there my Vows I'll pay,
Which I with solemn Zeal did make
In that disastrous day.
15. Then shall the richest Incense smoak,
The fattest Rams shall fall;
The choicest Goats from out the Fold,
And Bullocks from the Stall.

16. O come all ye that fear the Lord,
Attend with heedful Care;
Whilst I what God has done for me,
With grateful Joy declare.
- 17, 18. As I before his Aid implor'd,
So now I praise his Name;
Who, if my Heart had harbour'd Sin,
Would all my Pray'rs disclaim.
19. But God to me whene're I cry'd
His gracious Ear did bend;
And to the Voice of my Request
With constant Love attend.
20. Then bless'd for ever be my God,
Who never, when I pray,
With-holds his Mercy from my Soul,
Nor turns his Face away.

PSALM LXVII.

1. **T**O bless thy chosen Race,
In Mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the Brightness of thy Face
Upon us all to shine.
2. That so thy wond'rous Ways
May through the World be known;
Whilst distant Lands glad Tribute pay,
And thy Salvation own.
3. Let diff'ring Nations join
To celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.
4. O

4. O let them shout and sing,
Dissolv'd in pious Mirth,
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the Earth.
 5. Let diff'ring Nations join
To celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.
 6. Then shall the teeming Ground
A large Encrease disclose;
And we with Plenty shall abound,
Which God, our God, bestows.
 7. Then God upon our Land
Shall constant Blessings shower;
And all the World in awe shall stand
Of his resistless Power.
-

PSALM LXVIII

1. **L**ET God, the God of Battle rise,
And scatter his presumptuous Foes;
Let shameful Rout their Host surprise,
Who spitefully his Pow'r oppose.
2. As Smoak in Tempests Rage is lost,
Or Wax into the Furnace cast,
So let their sacrilegious Host
Before his wrathful Presence waste,
3. But let the Servants of his Will
His Favour's gentle Beams enjoy;
F 4 Their

- Their upright Heart let Transports fill,
And chearful Songs their Tongue employ.
4. To him your Voice in Anthems raise,
Jehovah's pow'rful Name he bears:
In him rejoice, extol his Praise,
Who rides upon high-rowling Spheres.
5. Him, from his Empire of the Skies,
Down, down to Earth Compassion draws
The Orphan's Claim to patronize,
And judge the injur'd Widow's Cause.
6. 'Tis God who, from a foreign Soil,
Restores poor Exiles to their Home,
Makes Captives free, and fruitless Toil
Their Proud Oppressors righteous Doom.
7. 'Twas so of old, when thou, O God,
In Person led'st our Armies forth,
Strange Terrors through the Desert spread,
2. Convulsions shook th' astonish'd Earth.
When Lightning's made the Skies distil,
And Heav'ns high Arches shook with Fear,
How then should *Sinai's* humble Hill
Of *Israel's* God the Presence bear?
9. Thy Hand atfamish'd Earth's Complaint,
Reliev'd her from celestial Stores;
And when thy Heritage was faint (show'rs
Refresh'd the Drought with plenteous
10. Where Salvages had rang'd before
At Ease thou mad'st our Tribes reside;
And in the Desert, for the Poor,
Thy gen'rous Bounty did provide.

P A R T II.

11. Thou gav'st the Word, we sally'd forth,
And in that pow'rful Word o'ercame ;
While Virgin-Troops with Songs of Mirth
In state our Conquest did proclaim.
12. Vast Armies by such Gen'als led,
As yet had ne'er receiv'd a Foil,
Forsook their Camp with sudden Dread,
And to our Women left the Spoil.
13. Tho *Egypt's* Drudges you have been,
Your Armies Wings shall shine more bright
Than Doves in golden Sun-shine seen,
Or silver'd o'er with paler Light.
14. 'Twas so when God's Almighty Hand
O'er scatter'd Kings the Conquest won ;
Our Troops, drawn up on *Jordan's* Strand,
High *Salmon's* glitt'ring Snow-out-shone.
15. From thence to *Jordan's* farther Coast
And *Bashan's* Hill we did advance :
No more her Height shall *Bashan* boast,
But that she's God's Inheritance.
16. But wherefore (tho the Honour's great)
Should this, ye Mountains swell your Pride ?
For *Sion* is his chosen Seat,
Where he for ever will reside.
17. His Chariots numberless, his Pow'rs
Are Angel-Hosts that wait his Will ;
His Presence now fills *Sion's* Tow'rs,
As once it honour'd *Sinai's* Hill.

F. 5

18. *Asken-*

18. Ascending high, in Triumph Thou
Captivity hast Captive led,
And on thy People didst bestow
The Spoil of Armies once their Dread.
Ev'n Rebels shall partake thy Grace,
And humble Profelytes repair
To worship at thy Dwelling-place,
And all the World pay Homage there.
19. For Benefits each Day bestow'd
Be daily his great Name ador'd ;
20. Who is our Saviour and our God,
Of Life and Death the Sov'reign Lord,
21. But Justice, for his hard'ned Foes
Proportion'd Vengeance has decreed,
To wound the grizly Head of those
Who in presumptuous Crimes proceed.
22. The Lord has thus, in Thunder, spoke ;
" As I subdu'd proud *Bashan's* King,
" Once more I'll break my People's Yoke,
" And from the Deep my Servant's bring.
23. " Their Feet shall in a Crimson Flood
" Of slaughter'd Foes be cover'd o'er,
" Nor Earth receive such impious Blood,
" But leave for Dogsth' unhallow'd Gore.

PART III.

24. When entring to thy blest Abode,
The wond'ring Multitude survey'd
Thy pompous State, my King and God,
In Robes of Majesty array'd.

25. Sweet

25. Sweet-singing *Levites* led the Van,
Loud Instruments brought up the Rear;
Between both Troops a Virgin-Train
With Voice and Timbrel charm'd the Ear.
26. This was the Burden of their Song,
In full Assemblies bless the Lord,
All, who to *Israel's* Tribes belong,
The God of *Israel's* Praise record.
27. Nor little *Benjamin* alone
From neighb'ring Bounds did there attend,
Nor only *Judah's* nearer Throne,
Her Counsellours in state did send;
But *Zebulon's* remoter Seat,
And *Nephtali's* more distant Coast
(The grand Procession to compleat)
Sent up their Tribes, a Princely Host.
28. Thus God to Strength and Union brought
Our Tribes, at Strife till that blest Hour:
This Work which thou, O God, hast wrought,
Confirm, with fresh Recruits of Pow'r.
29. To visit *Salem*, Lord, descend,
And *Sion* thy terrestrial Throne;
Where Kings with Presents shall attend,
And there with offer'd Crowns atone.
30. Break down their Spear-mens Ranks that
threat
Like pamper'd Herds of Salvage Might,
Their Silver-armour'd Chiefs defeat
Who in destructive War delight.
31. To God shall *Egypt* then stretch forth
Her Hands, and *Africk* Homage bring;
32. The

32. The scatter'd Kingdoms of the Earth
Their common Sovereign's Praises sing.
33. Who mounted on the loftiest Sphere
Of ancient Heav'n, sublimely rides;
From whence his dreadful Voice we hear,
Like that of warring Winds and Tides.
34. Ascribe ye Pow'r to God most High,
Of humble *Israel* he takes Care;
Whose Strength from out the dusky Sky
Darts shining Terrors through the Air.
35. How dreadful are the sacred Courts
Where God has fix'd his earthly Throne!
His Strength his feeble Saints supports:
To God give Praise and him alone.

P S A L M. LXIX.

1. **S**Ave me, O God, from Waves that rowl,
And press to overwhelm my Soul.
2. In Mire my found'ring Foot-steps tread,
And Deluges o'erflow my Head.
3. With restless Cries my Spirits faint,
My Voice is hoarse with long Complaint,
My Sight decays with tedious Pain,
Whilst for my God I wait in vain.
4. My Heads unnumber'd Hairs are few,
Compar'd to Foes that me pursue
With groundless Hate, grown now of might
To execute their lawless Spite.
They force me guiltless to resign
As Rapine, what by right was mine.
5. Thou

5. Thou Lord my Innocence dost see,
Nor are my Sins conceal'd from Thee.
6. Lord God of Hosts take timely care,
Lest for my sake thy Saints despair ;
7. Since I have sufferd, for thy Name,
Reproach, and hid my Face in shame.
8. A Stranger to my Country grown,
Nor to my nearest Kindred known ;
A Foreigner, expos'd to Scorn,
By Brethren of my Mother born.
9. For Zeal to thy lov'd House and Name
Consumes me like devouring Flame,
Concern'd at their Affronts to Thee
Beyond their Slanders cast on me.
10. My very Tears and Abstinence
They construe in a spiteful sense ;
11. When cloth'd with Sackcloth for their sake,
They me their Jest and Proverb make.
12. Their Judges make my Wrongs their Jest,
Those Wrongs they ought to have redrest !
How shall I then expect to be
From Libels of Lewd Drunkards free ?
13. But, Lord, to Thee I will repair
For Help, with humble timely Pray'r ;
Relieve me from thy Mercies store,
Display thy Truth's preserving Pow'r.
14. O save me yet from Dangers Brink,
Nor suffer me in Mire to sink ;
From spiteful Foes in Safety keep,
And snatch me from the raging Deep.
15. Control

15. Control the Deluge e'er it spread,
And rowl its Waves above my Head ;
Nor deep Destruction's yawning Pit
To close her Jaws on me permit.
16. Lord, hear the humble Pray'r I make,
For thy transcending Kindness sake ;
Relieve thy Suppliant once more
From thy abounding Mercies store.
17. Nor from thy Servant hide thy Face ;
Make speed, for desp'rate is my Case :
18. Thy timely Succour interpose,
And shield me from remorseless Foes,
19. The Slanders, Infamy and Scorn
I from my Enemies have born
Thou knowst, nor has their open Spite
Or secret Plots escap'd thy Sight.
20. Reproach and Grief have broke my Heart,
I look'd for some to take my part,
To pity or relieve my Pain,
But lookt (alas!) for both in vain!
21. With Hunger pin'd for Food I call,
Instead of Food they give me Gall ;
And when with Thirst my Spirits sink,
They give me Vinegar to drink.
22. Their Table therefore to their Health
Shall prove a Snare, a Trap their Wealth:
23. Perpetual Darkeness seize their Eyes,
And sudden Blasts their Hope surprize.
24. On them and theirs thy Fury pour,
And in tempestuous Wrath devour :
25. Their

25. Their House dis-people to a Cell,
Till none remain therein to dwell.
26. For new Afflictions they procur'd
For him who had thy Stripes endur'd;
And made the Wounds thy Scourge had torn
To bleed afresh with sharper Scorn.
27. Let Sin to Sin their steps betray,
Till they to Truth have lost the Way.
28. From Life's bright List exclude their Soul,
Nor with the Just their Names enrol.
29. But me, howe'er distrest and poor,
Thy strong Salvation shall restore:
30. Thy Power with Songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with Thanks thy Name.
31. Our God shall this more highly prize
Than Hecatombs of Sacrifice:
32. Which humble Saints with Joy shall see,
And hope for like Redress with me.
33. For God regards the Poor's Complaint,
Sets Pris'ners free from close Restraint:
34. Let Heav'n, Earth, Sea their Voices raise,
The Universe resound his Praise.
35. For God will *Sion's* Walls protect,
Fair *Judah's* Cities He'll erect,
Till all her scatter'd Sons repair
To undisturb'd possession there;
36. Enjoy for Life, and at their Death
To their religious Heirs bequeath;
And they to endless Ages more,
On such as his blest Name adore.

PSALM LXX.

1. **O** Lord, to my Relief draw near,
For never was more pressing Need !
For my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add to that Deliverance Speed.
2. Confusion on their Heads return
Who to destroy my Soul combine ;
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,
Ensnar'd in their own vile Design.
3. Their Doom let Desolation be,
With Shame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,
And Sport of my Affliction made.
4. While those who humbly seek thy Face
To joyful Triumphs are uprais'd ;
And all who prize thy Saving Grace
Ever resound, *The Lord be prais'd.*
5. Thus wretched tho I am and poor,
Of me th' Almighty Lord takes care.
Thou, God, who onely can'st restore,
To my Relief with Speed repair.

PSALM LXXI.

- 1, 2. **I**N Thee I put my stedfast Trust,
Defend me, Lord, from Shame;
Incline thine Ear, and save my Soul,
For righteous is thy Name.
3. Be thou my strong abiding Place,
To which I may resort;
'Tis thy Decree that keeps me safe,
Thou art my Rock and Fort.
- 4, 5. From cruel and ungodly Men
Protect and set me free,
For from my earliest Youth till now
My Hope has been in Thee.
6. Thy constant Care did safely guard
My tender Infant days;
Thou took'st me from my Mother's Womb
To sing thy constant Praise.
- 7, 8. While some with Wonder on me gaze,
Thy Hand supports me still;
Thy Honour therefore and thy praise
My Mouth shall always fill.
9. Reject not then thy Servant, Lord,
When freezing Age prevails;
For sake me not, when spent with years
My manly Vigour fails.
10. My Foes against my Fame, and me
With crafty Malice speak,
Against my Soul they lay their Snares,
And mutual Counsel take.

11. His

11. His God, say they, forsakes him now,
On whom he did rely;
Pursue and take him, whilst no Hope
Of timely Suecour's nigh.
- 12, 13. But thou, my God, withdraw not far
For speedy Help I call;
To Shame and Ruine bring my Foes
That seek to work my Fall.
14. But as for me, my stedfast Hope
Shall on thy Help depend,
And I in grateful Songs of Praise
My time to come will spend.

P A R T II.

15. Thy righteous Acts and saving Health
My Mouth shall still declare:
Unable yet to count them all,
Tho summ'd with utmost Care,
16. By God supported I'll go on,
And in his Strength proceed,
And shew how far his Righteousness
All others does exceed.
17. Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my Youth
To praise thy glorious Name;
And ever since thy wond'rous Works
Have been my constant Theme.
18. Then now forsake me not when I
Am grey and feeble grown,
Till I to these and future times,
Thy Strength and Pow'r have shown.
19. How

19. How high thy Justice soars, O God !
How great and wond'rous are
The mighty Works which thou hast done !
Who may with Thee compare !
20. Me whom thy Hand has sorely press'd
Thy Grace shall yet relieve ;
And from the lowest Depth of Wo
With tender Care retrieve.
21. Through Thee my time to come shall be
With Pow'r and Greatness crown'd,
My future Years shall all rejoice.
With Comfort compass'd round.
22. Therefore with Psaltery and Harp
Thy Truth, O Lord, I'll praise ;
To Thee, the God of Jacob's Race,
My Voice in Anthems raise.
23. Then Joy shall fill my Mouth, and Songs
Employ my chearful Voice ;
My grateful Soul, by Thee redeem'd
Shall in thy Aid rejoice.
24. My Tongue thy just and righteous Acts
Shall all the day proclaim ;
Because thou didst confound my Foes
And brought'st them all to shame.

P S A L M LXXII.

1. **L**ord, let thy just Decrees the King
In all his Ways Direct ;
And let his Son throughout his Reign
Thy righteous Laws respect.
2. So shall he still thy People judge
With pure and upright Mind,
Whilst all the helpless Poor in him
A just Protector find.
3. Then Hills and Mountains shall bring forth
The happy Fruits of Peace ;
Which all the Land shall own to be
The Work of Righteousness:
4. Whilst he the poor and needy Race
Shall rule with gentle Sway ;
And from their humble Necks shall take
Oppressive Yokes away.
5. In ev'ry Heart thy awful Fear
Shall then be rooted fast,
As long as Sun and Moon endure,
Or Time it self shall last.
6. He shall descend like Rain that cheers
The Meadows second Birth,
Or like warm Show'rs, whose gentle Drops
Refresh the thirsty Earth.
7. In his blest days the just and good
Shall be with Favour crown'd,
The happy Land shall ev'ry where
With endless Peace abound.

8. His

8. His uncontroul'd Dominion shall
From Sea to Sea extend,
Begin at proud *Euphrates* Streams,
At Nature's Limits end.
9. To him the salvage Nations round
Shall bow their servile Heads,
His vanquish't Foes shall lick the Dust
Where he their Conq'rour treads.
10. The Kings of *Tarshish* and the Isles
Shall costlly Presents bring ;
From haughty *Persia* Gifts shall come,
And from *Arabia's* King.
11. To him shall ev'ry King on Earth
His humble Homage pay,
And differing Nations gladly join
To own his righteous Sway.
12. For he shall set the Needy free,
When they for Succour cry ;
Shall save the Helpless and the Poor,
And all their Wants supply.

P A R T II.

13. His Eye the humble patient Man
Indulgentlly shall spare ;
And over his defenceless Life
Shall watch with tender Care.
14. He shall preserve and keep their Souls
From Fraud and Rapine free,
And in his sight their guiltless Blood
Of mighty Price shall be.

15. There-

15. Therefore shall God his Life and Reign
To many Years extend,
Whilst Eastern Princes Tribute pay,
And golden Presents send.
For him shall constant Pray'rs be made,
And all his prosp'rous Days,
His just Dominion shall afford
A lasting Theme of Praise.
16. Through all the Land, of useful Grain
Great Plenty shall appear ;
A Handful sown on Mountain Tops
A mighty Crop shall bear :
Its Fruit, like Cedars shook by Winds,
A ratling Noise shall yield ;
The City too shall thrive, and vie
For Plenty with the Field.
17. To endless Ages shall endure
His great and glorious Name ;
As bright and lasting as the Sun,
Shall shine his spotless Fame :
In him the Nations of the World
Shall be compleatly blest,
And his unbounded Happiness
By ev'ry Tongue confest.
18. Then blest be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom *Israel* fears ;
Who only wond'rous in his Works,
Beyond Compare appears.
19. Let Earth be with his Glory fill'd ;
For ever blest his Name :

Whilst to his Praise the list'ning World
Their glad assent proclaim.

10. [With this exalted Hymn of Praise
The Pray'rs and Praises end,
Which holy *David*, *Jesse's* Son,
In pious Raptures penn'd.]

PSALM LXXIII.

1. **A**T length, by certain proofs 'tis plain
That God will to his own be kind;
That all, whose Hearts are pure and clean,
Shall his indulgent Favour find,
2,3. But my unwary Feet before
And stagging Steps had almost fail'd;
With Pain I view'd the Sinner's store,
And envy'd when the Fools prevail'd.
4,5. They to the Grave in peace descend,
And whilst they live are hail and strong;
No Plagues or Troubles them offend,
Which still to other Men belong.
6,7. With Pride as with a Chain they're held,
And Rapine is their Robe of State;
Their Eyes stand out, with Fatness swell'd,
They grow, beyond their Wishes, great.
8,9. With Hearts corrupt, and lofty Talk,
Oppressive Methods they defend;
Their Tongue thro all the Earth does walk,
Their Blatphemies to Heav'n ascend.
10. And

10. And yet admiring Crowds are found
Who servile Visits duly make,
Because with Plenty they abound,
Of which their pamper'd Slaves partake.
11. Their fond Opinions these pursue,
Till they with them profanely cry,
How should the Lord our Actions view,
Can he perceive who dwells on high ?
12. Behold the Wicked ! these are they
Who openly their Sins profess ;
And yet their Wealth's increas'd each day,
And all their Actions meet Success.
- 13, 14. Then have I cleans'd my Heart (said I)
And wash'd my Hands from Guilt in vain,
If all the Day oppress'd I lie,
And ev'ry Morning suffer Pain.
15. Thus did I once to speak intend ;
But if such things I rashly say,
Thy Children, Lord, I must offend,
And basely should their Cause betray.

PART III.

- 16, 17. To fathom This my Thoughts I bent,
But found the Case too hard for me,
Till to the House of God I went,
Then I their End did plainly see.
18. How high soe're advanc'd, they all
In slipp'ry Places tott'ring stand ;
Thence into Ruine headlong fall,
Cast down by thy avenging Hand.

19, 20. How

- 19, 20. How dreadful and how quick their Fate!
Despis'd by Thee when they're destroy'd ;
As waking Men with Scorn do treat
The Fancies that their Dreams employ'd ;
- 21, 22. Thus was my Heart with Grief oppress'd,
My Reins were rack'd with restless Pains,
So foolish was I, like a Beast,
In whom no Thought or Sense remains :
- 23, 24. And yet thy Presence cheer'd me still,
And thy Right-hand did always save ;
Thou first didst guide me with thy Skill,
And to thy Glory then receive.
25. Whom then in Heav'n, but Thee alone,
Have I, whose Favour I require ?
And over all the Earth there's none
That I besides Thee can desire.
26. My trembling Flesh and aking Heart
May often fail to succour me ;
But God shall inward Strength impart,
And my Eternal Portion be.
27. For they that far from Thee remove,
Shall into sudden Ruine fall ;
If after other Gods they rove,
Thy Vengeance shall destroy them all.
28. But as for me, 'tis good and just
That I should still to God repair ;
In him I always put my Trust,
And will his wond'rous Works declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

1. **W**H-Y hast thou cast us off, O God;
Must we no more return?
O why, against thy chosen Flock,
Does thy fierce Anger burn?
2. Think on thy antient Purchase, Lord,
The Land that is thy own,
By Thee redeem'd, and *Sion's* Mount
Where once thy Glory shone.
3. O come and view our ruin'd state!
How long our Troubles last!
See! how the Foe with wicked Rage
Has laid thy Temple waste!
4. Thy Foes blaspheme thy Name, where late
Thy zealous Servants pray'd;
Their Banners all, as conqu'ring Signs,
With haughty Pomp display'd.
- 5, 6. Those curious Carvings which did once
The Workmen famous make,
With Axes and with Hammers now
They all in pieces break.
7. Thy Holy Temple have they burnt;
And what escap'd the Flame,
Has been prophan'd and quite pull'd down
Tho sacred to thy Name.
8. Together to destroy us all
Maliciously they aim'd;
And all the sacred Places burn'd
Where we thy Praise proclaim'd:

9. Yet of thy Presence thou vouchsaf'ft
 No tender Signs to send;
 We have no Prophet now that knows
 When this sad state shall end.

PART II.

10. But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit
 Th' insulting Foe to boast?
 Shall all the Honour of thy Name
 For evermore be lost? (hand?)
 11. Why hold'st thou back thy strong Right-
 And on thy patient Breast
 When Vengeance calls to stretch it forth,
 So calmly let'st it rest?
 12. Thou heretofore, with Kingly Pow'r,
 In our Defence hast fought;
 For us, throughout the wond'ring World,
 Hast great Salvation wrought.
 13. 'Twas Thou, O God, that didst the Sea
 By thy own Strength divide;
 Thou break'st the watry Monsters Head,
 The Waves o'rwhelm'd their Pride.
 14. The greatest, fiercest of them all,
 That seem'd the Deep to sway;
 Was by thy Pow'r destroy'd, and made
 To salvage Beasts a Prey.
 15. Thou clav'st the solid Rock, and bad'st
 The Waters largely flow; (Streams
 Again, Thou mad'st, through dry'd up
 Thy wond'ring People go,

16. Thine is the chearful Day, and thine
The black Return of Night ;
Thou hast prepar'd the glorious Sun,
And ev'ry feeble Light.
17. By Thee the Borders of the Earth
In perfect order stand ;
The Summer's Warmth and Winter's Cold
Attend on thy Command.

PART III.

18. Remember, Lord, how scornful Foes
Have daily urg'd our Shame ;
And how the foolish People have
Blasphem'd thy holy Name.
19. O free thy mourning Turtle-dove,
By sinful Crowds beset ;
Nor the Assembly of the Poor
For evermore forget.
20. Thy ancient Cov'nant, Lord, regard,
And make thy promise good ;
For now each Corner of the Land
Is fill'd with Men of Blood.
21. O let not the Opprest return,
With Sorrow cloath'd and Shame ;
But let the Helpless, and the Poor
For ever praise thy Name.
22. Arise, O God, in our behalf,
Thy Cause and ours maintain ;
Remember how insulting Fools
Each day thy Name prophane !
23. Make

23. Make Thou the Boastings of thy Foes
For ever, Lord, to cease;
Whose haughty Rage and furious Threats
Still more and more increase.

PSALM LXXV.

1. **T**O Thee, O God, we render Praise,
To Thee with Thanks repair;
For, that thy Name to us is nigh
Thy wond'rous Works declare.
 2. In *Israel* when my Throne is fix'd
With me shall Justice reign:
 3. The Land with Discord shakes, but I
The tott'ring Frame sustain.
 4. Deluded Wretches I advis'd
Their Errors to redress,
Presumptuous Sinners warn'd that they
Their Swelling Pride suppress.
 5. Bear not your selves so high, as if
No Pow'r could yours restrain;
Submit your stubborn Necks, and learn
To speak with less Disdain.
 6. For that Promotion, which to gain,
Your vain Ambition strives,
From neither East nor West, nor yet
From Southern Climes arrives.
 7. For God the great Disposer is
And Sov'reign Judge alone,
Who casts the Proud to Earth, and lifts
The Humble to a Throne.
- G 3
8. His

8. His Hand holds forth a dreadful Cup,
 With purple Wine 'tis crown'd ;
 Fill'd with Ingredients which his Wrath
 Deals out to Nations round.
 Of This his darling Saints may taste,
 But Wicked Men shall squeeze
 The baleful Dregs, and be condemn'd
 To drink the very Lees.
9. His Prophet, I to all the World
 This Message will relate ;
 The Justice then of *Jacob's* God.
 My Song shall celebrate.
10. The Wicked's Pride I will reduce,
 Their Cruelty disarm ;
 Exalt the Just, and seat him high,
 Above the Reach of Harm.

PSALM LXXVI.

1. **I**N *Judah* the Almighty's known,
 (Almighty there by Wonders shown)
 His Name in *Jacob* does excel :
2. His Sanctuary in *Salem* stands,
 The Majesty that Heav'n commands
 In *Sion* condescends to dwell.
3. He brake the Bow and Arrows there
 The Shield, the temper'd Sword and Spear,
 There slain the mighty Army lay ;
4. Whence *Sion's* Fame through Earth is spread
 Of greater Glory greater Dread, (Prey.
 Than Hills where Robbers lodge their
 3. Their

5. Their valiant Chiefs, who came for Spoil,
Themselves met there a shameful Foil,
Securely down to sleep they lay.
But, wak'd no more ; their stoutest Band
Ne'er lifted one resisting Hand
'gainst his that did their Legions slay.
6. When *Jacob's* God began to frown
Horse, Horsemen, Chariots were o'erthrown,
Together hush'd in endless Night : (vere,
7. When Thou, whom Earth and Heav'n re-
doft once in wrathful Looks appear,
What Mortal Pow'r can stand thy fight ?
8. Pronounc'd from Heav'n, Earth heard its
Doom,
Grew hush'd with Fear, when Thou didst
come
9. To Judgment, and the Meek restore :
10. The Wrath of Man shall yield Thee Praise
Its proud Reserves but serve to raise
The Triumphs of Almighty Pow'r.
11. Vow to the Lord, ye Nations, bring
Vow'd Presents to th' eternal King ;
Thus to his Name due Rev'rence pay,
12. Who proudest Potentates can quell,
To Earthly Kings more terrible
Than to their trembling Subjects They.

PSALM LXXVII.

1. **T**O God I sent my mournful Cry,
Who graciously did hear ;
3. In Trouble's dismal Day I fought
My God with humble Pray'r.
All Night my fest'ring Wound did run,
No Med'cine gave Relief ;
My Soul no Comfort would admit,
My Soul indulg'd her Grief.
3. I thought on God, and Favours past,
But that increas'd my Pain ;
I found my Spirit more oppress'd
The more I did complain.
4. Through ev'ry watch of tedious Night
Thou keep'st my Eyes awake ;
My Grief is swell'd to that Excess
I sigh but cannot speak.
5. I call to mind the Days of old
With signal Mercy crown'd,
Those famous years of antient Times
For Miracles renown'd.
6. By Night I recollect my Songs
On former Triumphs made,
Then search, consult and ask my Heart
Where's now that wond'rous Aid ?
7. Has God for ever cast us off,
Withdrawn his Favour quite ?
8. Are both his Mercy and his Truth
Retir'd to endless Night ?

9. Can his long-practis'd Love forget
Its wonted Aids to bring ?
Has he in Wrath shut up and seal'd
His Mercy's healing Spring ?
10. I said my Weakness hints these Fears,
But I'll my Fears disband ;
I'll yet remember the most High,
And Years of his Right-hand.
11. I'll call to mind his Works of old,
The Wonders of his Might ;
12. On them my Heart shall meditate,
My Tongue shall them recite.
13. Safe lodg'd from humane Search on high
O God thy Counsels are !
Who is so great a God as Ours ?
Who can with him compare ?
14. Long since a God of Wonders Thee
Thy rescu'd People found ;
15. *Joseph* and *Israel's* Seed thy Arm
With strong Deliv'rance crown'd.
16. When Thee, O God, the Waters saw
The frighted Billows shrunk ;
The troubled Depths themselves, for Fear,
Beneath their Channels sunk.
17. The Clouds pour'd down, while with their
The rending Skies conspire ; (Noise
Thy Arrows all abroad were sent,
Wing'd with avenging Fire.
18. Heav'n with thy Thunder's Voice was torn
Whilst all the lower World

154 P S A L M lxxvii, lxxviii.

With Lightnings blaz'd ; Earth shook and
From her Foundations hurl'd. (seem'd

19. Thro' rowling Seas Thou find'st thy Way,
Thy Paths in waters lie ;
Thy wond'rous passage, where no Sight
Thy Footsteps can descry.
20. Thou led'st thy People like a Flock,
Conducted by the Hand
Of *Moses* and of *Aaron*, safe
To *Canaan's* promis'd Land.
-

P S A L M LXXVIII.

1. **H**ear, O my People ; to my Law
Devout Attention lend ;
Let the Instruction of my Mouth
Deep in your Hearts descend.
2. My Tongue, by Inspiration taught,
Shall Parables unfold,
Dark Oracles, but understood,
And known for Truths of Old ;
3. Which we from sacred Registers
Of ancient Times have known,
Which our Fore-fathers pious Care
To Us has handed down.
4. We will not hide them from our Sons ;
Our Offspring shall be taught
The Praises of the Lord, whose Strength
Has Works of Wonder wrought ;
5. With

5. With *Jacob* He this League ordain'd,
This Law with *Israel* made,
With Charge to be from Age to Age,
From Race to Race convey'd,
6. That Generations yet to come
Should to their unborn Heirs
Religiously transmit the same,
And they again to theirs.
7. To teach 'em that in God alone
Their Hope securely stands;
That they should ne'er his Works forget,
But keep his just Commands.
8. Lest, like their Fathers, they might prove
A stiff rebellious Race,
False-hearted, fickle to their God,
Unstedfast in his Grace.
9. Such were revolting *Ephraim's* Tribe;
A Tribe to Warfare bred,
Who, arm'd with Bows and Archers skill'd,
From Field ignobly fled.
- 10, 11. They falsify'd their League with God,
His Orders dis-obey'd;
Forgot his Works and Miracles
Before their Eyes display'd.
12. Nor Wonders, which their Fathers saw,
Did they in Mind retain;
Prodigious things in *Egypt* done,
And *Joan's* fertile Plain.
13. He cut the Seas to let 'em pass,
Retrain'd the pressing Flood;

While

While pil'd in Heaps, on either side,
The wond'ring Waters stood.

14. He led 'em by a Prodigy
Compos'd of Shade and Light ;
A shelt'ring Cloud it prov'd by Day,
A leading Fire by Night.
15. With Drought afflicted, where no Stream
The Wilderness supply'd,
He cleft the Rock, whose flinty Breast
Dissolv'd into a Tide.
16. Streams from the solid Rock he brought,
Which down in Rivers fell,
That, trav'ling with their Camp, each day
Renew'd the Miracle.
17. Yet there they sinn'd against him more,
Provoking the Most High,
In that same Desert where he did
Their fainting Souls supply.
18. They first incens'd him in their Hearts
That crav'd for stronger Meat,
Nor mov'd by Hunger, but their Lust
Luxuriously to treat.
19. Then utter'd their blaspheming Doubts,
" Can God, said they, prepare
" A Table in the Wilderness,
" Set out with various Fare ?
20. " He smote the Flinty Rock ('tis true)
" And gushing Streams ensu'd,
" But can He Corn and Flesh provide
" For such a Multitude ?

21. The

21. The Lord with Indignation heard ;
From Heav'n avenging Flame
On *Jacob* fell, consuming Wrath
On thankless *Israel* came.
22. Because their unbelieving Hearts
In God would not confide,
Who had from Heav'n's own Granary
Their Wants so oft supply'd.
23. Tho he had made his Clouds discharge
Provisions down in Show'rs ;
And, when Earth fail'd, reliev'd their Needs
From his celestial Stores.
24. Tho tastful Manna had rain'd down
Their Hunger to relieve.
Tho from the Stores of Heav'n they did
Sustaining Corn receive.
25. And thus with Angels sacred Food
Ingrateful Man was fed,
Not sparingly, for still they found
A plenteous Table spread.
26. From Heav'n he made an East-Wind blow
And next the South commands
27. To rain down Flesh like Dust, and Fowls
Like Seas unnumb'red Sands.
28. Within their Trenches he let fall
The luscious easy Prey,
And all around their spreading Camp
The feather'd Boory lay.
29. They fed, were fill'd, he gave 'em leave
Their Appetites to feast ;

30, 31. Yet still their wanton Lust gorg'd on,
Nor with their Hunger ceas'd.

But whilst in their luxurious Mouths,
They did their Dainties chew,
The Wrath of God smote down their Chiefs,
And *Israel's* chosen slew.

PART II.

32. Yet still they sinn'd, nor would afford
His Miracles Belief;

33. Therefore through fruitless Travels, he
Consum'd their Lives in Grief.

34. When some were slain, the rest return'd
To God with early Cry;

35. Own him the Rock of their Defence,
Their Saviour, God most High.

36. But this was feign'd Submission all
Their Heart their Tongue bely'd;

37. Their Hearts were still perverse, nor would
Firm in his League abide.

38. Yet, full of Mercy, he forgave;
Nor did with Death chastise;
Oft turn'd his kindled Wrath aside,
Or suffer'd not to rise.

39. For he remember'd they were Flesh
That could not long remain;
A murm'ring Wind that's quickly past
And ne'er returns again.

40. How oft did they provoke him there,
How oft his Patience grieve,

In that same Defart where he did
Their fainting Souls relieve ?

41. They tempted him by turning back,
And gracelessly repin'd,
When *Israel's* God refus'd to be
By their Desires confin'd.
42. Nor call'd to mind the Hand and Day
That their Redemption brought ;
43. His Signs in *Egypt*, wond'rous Works
In *Zoan's* Valley wrought.
44. He turn'd their Rivers into Blood
That Man and Beast forbore,
And rather chose to die of Thirst
Than drink the putrid Gore.
45. He sent devouring Swarms of Flies,
Hoarse Frogs annoy'd their Soil ;
46. Locusts and Caterpillars reap'd
The Harvest of their Toil.
47. Their Vines with batt'ring Hail, with Frost
The Tender Fig-tree dies ;
48. Light'ning and Hail made Flocks and Herds
One gen'ral Sacrifice.
49. He turn'd his furious Anger loose,
No time prescrib'd to cease ;
And, with their Plagues, ill Angels sent
Their Torments to increase.
50. He op'd a Passage to his Wrath,
To ravage uncontrol'd ;
The Murrain on their Firstlings seiz'd
In ev'ry Field and Fold.

51. From

51. From Beast to Man the deadly Pest,
From Field to City came ;
It slew their Heirs, their eldest Hopes,
Through all the Tents of *Ham*.
52. But his own Tribes, like folded Sheep,
He brought from their Distress,
And, like a Flock, conducted through
The pathless Wilderness.
53. He led 'em on, and in their way.
No cause of Fear they found ;
But march'd securely through those Deeps
In which their Foes were drown'd.
54. Nor ceas'd his Care till them he brought
Into his promis'd Land,
His Sanctu'ry and Mount, the Prize
Of his victorious Hand.
55. To them the Out-cast Heathen's Land
He did by Lot divide ;
And safe in their abandon'd Tents
Made *Israel's* Tribes reside.

P A R T III.

56. Yet still they tempted, still provok'd
The Wrath of God most High ;
Nor would to practise his Commands
Their stubborn Hearts apply.
57. But in their faithless Father's Steps
Perversely chose to go ;
They turn'd aside, like Arrows shot
From some deceitful Bow.

58. For

58. For him to Fury they provok'd,
With Altars set on high;
And with their graven Images
Inflam'd his Jealousie.
59. When God heard this, on *Israel's* Tribes
His Wrath and Hatred fell;
60. He quitted *Shilo* and the Tents
Where once he chose to dwell.
61. To vile Captivity his Ark,
His Glory to Disdain,
62. His People to the Sword he gave,
Nor would his Wrath restrain.
63. Destructive War their ablest Youth
Untimely did confound;
No Virgin was to th' Altar led,
With nuptial Garlands crown'd.
64. In Fight the Sacrificer fell,
The Priest a Victim bled;
Widows, that should their Fun'rals mourn,
Themselves of Grief were dead.
65. Then, like a Giant fresh from Sleep,
Or Wine's inspiring Charms,
The Lord awak'd, and shouting loud
The trembling Foe alarms.
66. He smote their Host, that home from Field
A scatter'd Remnant came,
With Wounds, imprinted on their Backs,
Of everlasting Shame.
67. With Conquest crown'd, He, *Joseph's* Tents
And *Ephraim's* Tribe forsook;

68. But

162 PSALM lxxviii, lxxix;

68. But *Judab* chose, and *Sion's* Mount
For his lov'd Dwelling took.
69. His Temple He erected there,
Whose Head confronts the Skies,
While deep and fix'd, as that of Earth;
The strong Foundation lies.
70. His faithful Servant *David* too
He for his Choice did own,
And from the Sheep-folds him advanc'd
To sit on *Judab's* Throne.
71. From tending on the teeming Ews
He brought him forth to feed
His own Inheritance, the Tribes
Of *Israel's* chosen Seed.
72. Exalted thus, the Monarch prov'd
A faithful Shepherd still.
He fed them with an Upright Heart,
And guided them with Skill.

PSALM LXXIX.

1. **B**Ehold, O God, the Heathen have
On thy Possession seiz'd;
Thy sacred House have they defil'd,
Thy holy City raz'd.
2. The mangled Bodies of thy Saints
Abroad unburied lay;
Their Flesh expos'd to salvage Beasts,
And rav'nous Birds of Prey.
3. Quire

3. Quite through *Jerusalem* was their Blood
Like Common Water shed ;
And none were left alive to pay
Last Duties to the Dead.
4. The neighb'ring Lands our small Remains
With loud Reproaches wound ;
We're made a Laughing-stock and Scorn
To all the Nations round.
5. How long wilt Thou be angry, Lord,
Must we for ever mourn ?
Shall thy devouring jealous Rage
Like Fire, for ever burn ?
6. On Foreign Lands, that know not Thee,
Thy heavy Vengeance show'r,
Those sinful Kingdoms let it crush
That have not own'd thy Pow'r.
7. For they their greedy Throats have gorg'd
With *Jacob's* chosen Race.
And to a barren Desert turn'd
Their fruitful Dwelling-place.
8. O think not on our former Sins,
But speedily prevent
Thy Suff'ring People's utter Loss,
Almost with Sorrow spent.
9. O God our Saviour, help and save,
And free our Souls from blame ;
So shall our Pardon and Defence
Exalt thy glorious Name.
10. Let Infidels, that scoffing say,
Where is the God they boast ?

In Vengeance for thy slaughter'd Saints
Perceive thee to their Cost.

11. Lord, hear the sighing Pris'ner's moan,
And as thy Pow'r is great;
Preserve the Wretches doom'd to die,
From that untimely Fate.
12. On our oppressive Neighbours let
Our Suff'rings be repaid;
Make their Confusion sev'n times more
Than what on us they laid.
13. So we thy People and thy Flock
Shall ever praise thy Name;
And with glad Hearts our grateful Thanks
From Age to Age proclaim.

P S A L M LXXX.

1. **O** *Israel's Shepherd, Jacob's Guide,* (car;
Whom like a Sheep thou leadst, give
Thou that dost on the Cherubs ride,
Again in solemn State appear.
2. Behold, how *Benjamin* expects,
With *Ephraim* and *Manasseh* join'd,
In our Deliv'rance the Effects
Of thy resistless Strength to find.
3. Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The lustre of thy Face display;
And all the Ills we suffer now
Like scatter'd Clouds shall pass away.

4. O Thou, whom heav'nly Hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce Anger burn?
How long thy suff'ring People pray,
And yet their Pray'rs meet no Return.
5. Thou, when we're hungry mak'st us drench
Our scanty Food in Floods of Woe;
When dry, our raging Thirst we quench
With Streams of Tears that largely flow.
6. For us the Heathen Nations round
As for a certain Prey, contest;
Our Foes with spiteful Joy abound
And at our lost Condition jest.
7. Do thou convert us Lord, do thou
The Lustre of thy Face display;
And all the Ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd Clouds shall pass away.

PART II.

8. Thou brought'st a Vine from *Egypt's* land;
And casting out the Heathen Race,
Did'st plant it with thy own Right-hand,
And firmly fix it in their Place.
9. Before it thou prepar'd'st the Way,
And mad'st it take a lasting Root,
Which blest with thy indulgent Ray
O'er all the Land did widely shoot.
- 10, 11. The Hills were cover'd with its Shade,
Her goodly Boughs did Cedars seem;
Her Branches to the Sea were spread,
And reach'd to proud *Euphrates* Stream.
12. Why

12. Why then hast Thou its Hedge o'rthrown,
Which thou hadst made so firm and strong?
Whilst all its Grapes, defenceless grown,
Are pluck'd by those that pass along.
13. See how the brist'ling Forest Boar
With dreadful Fury lays it waste;
Hark how the salvage Monsters roar,
And to their helpless Prey make haste,

P A R T III.

14. To Thee, O God of Hosts, we pray:
Thy wonted Goodness, Lord, renew:
From Heav'n, thy Throne, this Vine survey,
And her sad State with Pity view.
15. Behold the Vineyard, made by Thee,
Which thy Right-hand did guard so long;
And keep that Branch from Danger free,
Which for thy self thou mad'st so strong.
16. To wasting Flames 'tis made a Prey,
And all its spreading Boughs cut down;
At thy Rebuke they soon decay,
And perish at thy mortal Frown.
17. Crown thou the King with good Success,
By thy Right-hand secur'd from Wrong;
The Son of Man in Mercy bless
Whom for thy self thou mad'st so strong.
18. So will we still continue free
From whatsoe'r deserves thy blame;
And if once more reviv'd by Thee
Will always praise thy holy Name.

19. Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
 The Lustre of thy Face display ;
 And all the Ills we suffer now
 Like scatter'd Clouds shall pass away.
-

PSALM LXXXI.

1. **T**O God, our never-failing Strength,
 With loud Applauses sing ;
 And jointly make a chearful Noise
 To *Jacob's* awful King.
2. Compose a Hymn of Praise, and touch
 Your instruments of Joy ;
 Let Psalteries and pleasant Harps
 Your grateful skill employ.
3. Let Trumpets at the Great New-Moon
 Their joyful Voices raise,
 To celebrate th' appointed time,
 The solemn Day of Praise.
4. For this a Statute was of old,
 Which *Jacob's* God decreed
 To be with pious Care observ'd
 By *Israel's* chosen Seed.
5. This He for a Memorial fix'd
 When freed from *Egypt's* Land,
 Strange Nations barb'rous Speech we heard,
 But could not understand.
6. Your burthen'd Shoulders I reliev'd,
 (Thus seems our God to say)
 Your servile Hands by me were freed
 From lab'ring in the Clay.

7. With

7. With Troubles quite oppress'd, on me
Your Ancestors did call ;
With Pity I their Suff'rings saw,
And set them free from all.
In Thunder from my secret Place
My frequent Answers came ;
And I their Faith and Duty try'd,
At that contentious Stream.

P A R T II.

8. While I my solemn Will declare,
My chosen People, hear ;
If thou, O *Isr'el*, to my Words
Wilt bend thy list'ning Ear ;
9. Then shall no God besides my self
Within thy Coasts be found ;
Nor shalt thou worship any God
Of all the Nations round.
10. The Lord thy God am I, who thee
Brought forth from *Egypt's* Land ;
'Tis I, that all thy just Desires
Supply with lib'ral Hand.
11. But they, my chosen Race, refus'd
To hearken to my Voice,
Nor would rebellious *Isr'el's* Sons
Make me their happy Choice.
12. So I, provok'd by their Neglect,
To all their Lusts gave way,
And in their own perverse Designs,
I suffer'd them to stray :

13. O that my People wisely would
My just Commandments heed!
And *Isr'el* in my righteous ways
With pious care proceed!
14. Then should my heavy Judgments fall
On all that them oppose,
And my avenging Hand be turn'd
Against their num'rous Foes.
15. The Haters of the Lord should all
Before his Foot-stool bend;
But as for them, their happy State
Should never know an end.
16. All parts with Plenty should abound;
And I with finest Wheat,
And Honey from the Rock, would them
In great abundance treat.

PSALM LXXXII.

1. **G**OD in the great Assembly stands
Where his impartial Eye
In state surveys the Earthly Gods,
And does their Judgments try.
- 2,3. How dare you then unjustly judge,
Or be to Sinners kind?
Defend the Orphans and the Poor,
Let such your Justice find.
4. Protect the humble helpless Man,
That's plung'd in deep Distress,
H And

170 PSALM lxxxii, lxxxiii.

- And let not him become a Prey
To such as would oppress.
5. They neither know nor will they learn,
But blindly rove and stray;
Justice and Truth, the World's great Props,
Through all the Land decay.
6. Well then may God in anger say,
I've call'd you by my Name,
I've said ye're Gods the Sons and Heirs
Of my immortal Fame.
7. But ne'ertheless your unjust Deeds
To strict account I'll call;
You all shall die like common Men,
Like other Tyrants fall.
8. Arise, and thy just Judgments, Lord,
Throughout the Earth display;
And all the Nations of the World
Shall own thy righteous Sway.
-

PSALM LXXXIII.

1. **H**old not thy peace, O Lord our God,
No longer silent be;
Nor with consenting quiet Looks
Our Ruine calmly see!
2. For lo! the Tumults of thy Foes
O'er all the Land are spread;
And they which hate thy Saints and Thee
Lift up their threatening Head.
3. Against

3. Against thy zealous People, Lord,
They craftily combine;
And to destroy thy chosen Saints
Have laid their close Design.
4. Come, let us cut them off, say they,
Their Nation quite deface;
That no remembrance any more
May be of *Isr'el's* Race.
5. Thus they against thy People's Peace
Consult with one Consent;
And diff'ring Nations jointly leagu'd
Their common Hatred vent.
6. The *Isbm'elites* that dwell in Tents
With warlike *Edom* join'd,
And *Mouab's* Sons our Ruine vow
With *Hagar's* Race combin'd:
7. Proud *Ammon's* Offspring, *Gebal* too,
With *Amalek* conspire;
The Lords of *Palestine*, and all
The wealthy Sons of *Tyre*:
8. All these the strong *Affyrian* King
Their firm Ally have got,
Who with a pow'rful Army aids
Th' incestuous Race of *Lor*,

P A R T II.

9. But let such Vengeance come to them
As once to *Midian* came,
To *Jabin* and proud *Sisera*
At *Kishon's* fatal Stream.

H 2

10. When

10. When thy Right-hand their num'rous Hosts
Near *Endor* did confound,
And their Dead Bodies, left for Dung,
Manur'd the neighb'ring Ground.
11. Let all their mighty Men the Fate
Of *Zeb* and *Oreb* share ;
As *Zebah* and *Zalmunnah*, so
Let all their Princes fare.
12. Who with the same Design inspir'd,
Thus vainly boasting spake,
In firm possession for our selves
Let us God's Houses take.
13. O make them all like Wheels, my God,
Which downwards swiftly move ;
Like Chaff that's toss'd by Winds, let all
Their scatter'd Forces prove.
- 14, 15. As Flames consume dry Wood, or Heath
That on parch'd Mountains grows,
So let thy fierce pursuing Wrath
With Terror strike thy Foes.
- 16, 17. Lord, shroud their Faces with Disgrace
That they may own thy Name ;
Or, quite confounded, Victims fall
At once to Grief and Shame.
18. That so the wond'ring World may know,
That Thou whose Name alone
Jehovah is, o'er all the Earth
Hast rais'd thy lofty Throne.

P S A L M LXXXIV.

1. **O** God of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the Place
Where Thou, enshrin'd in Glory, shew'st
The Brightness of thy Face!
2. My longing Soul faints with Desire,
To view thy blest abode;
My panting Heart and Flesh cry out
For Thee the living God.
3. The Birds, more happy far than I,
About thine Altars rest;
There lay their little Young, and there
Securely build their Nest.
O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
4. How highly blest are They,
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
And there thy Praise display!
5. Thrice happy they, whose Choice has Thee
Their sure Protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy Dwelling lead!
6. Who pass through *Baca's* thirsty Vale,
Yet no Refreshments want; (Thou
Their Pools being fill'd with Rain, which
At their Request dost grant.
7. Thus with unweary'd Strength and Pains
They still approach more near;
Till all on *Sion's* holy Moun^{ts},
Before their God appear.

8. O Lord, the mighty God of Hosts
My just Request regard;
Thou God of *Jacob*, let my Pray'r
Be still with Favour heard.
9. Behold, O God, for thou alone
Dost timely Aid dispence;
On thy anointed Servant look,
Be Thou his strong Defence.
10. For in thy Courts one single Day
'Tis better to attend;
Than any other where besides,
A thousand Days to spend.
- Much rather would I in God's House
The meanest Office take,
Than in the Tents of Wickedness
My constant Dwelling make.
11. For God is both our Sun and Shield,
He'll Grace and Glory give;
And no good thing will he with-hold
From them that justly live.
12. O God, whom heav'nly Hosts obey.
How highly blest is he
Whose constant Trust, securely plac'd,
Is still repos'd on Thee!

PSALM LXXXV.

1. **L** Ord, thou hast granted to thy Land
The Favours we implor'd ;
And faithful *Jacob's* captive Race
Hast graciously restor'd.
- 2, 3. Thou hast forgiv'n thy People's Sins
And all their Guilt detac'd ;
Thou hast not let thy Wrath flame on,
Nor thy fierce Anger last.
4. O God our Saviour, all our Hearts
To thy Obedience turn,
That so thy Rage, extinguisht now,
Again may never burn.
- 5, 6. For why shouldst Thou be angry still,
And Wrath so long retain ?
O soon revive us that thy Saints
May speedy Comfort gain!
7. Thy gracious Favour, Lord, display,
Which we so long implor'd ;
And for thy wond'rous Mercies sake
Thy wonted Aid afford.
8. God's Answer patiently I'll wait,
For he his Saints will bleſs
(If they no more to Folly turn)
With Peace and good Success.
9. To all that fear his holy Name
His sure Salvation's near ;
That in its former happy ſtate
Our Nation may appear.

H 4

10. For

176 PSALM lxxxv, lxxxvi.

10. For Mercy now with Truth is join'd;
And Righteousness and Peace,
Like kind Companions absent long,
With friendly Arms embrace.
- 11, 12. Truth from the Earth shall spring, from
Shall Streams of Justice pour; (Heav'n
And God, from whom all Goodness flows,
Shall endless Plenty show'r.
13. Before him Righteousness shall march,
And his just Paths prepare;
Whilst we his holy Steps pursue,
With constant Zeal and Care.
-

PSALM LXXXVI.

1. **T**O my Complaint, O Lord my God,
Thy gracious Ear incline;
Hear me, distressed and destitute
Of all Relief but thine!
2. Do Thou, O God, preserve my Soul
That does thy Name adore.
Thy Servant keep, and him, whose Trust
Relies on Thee, restore.
3. To me, who daily Thee invoke,
Thy Mercy, Lord extend:
4. Rejoice thy Servant's Soul, a Soul
That does on Thee depend.
5. Thou, Lord, art good, nor only good,
But prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous Mercy to all those
Who for thy Mercy sue.

6. To

6. To my repeated Suppliant Pray'r,
O Lord, attentive be!
7. In Trouble on thy Name I'll call,
For Thou wilt answer me.
8. Among the Gods is none like Thee,
O Lord, alone divine!
To Thee as much Inferiour they,
As are their Works to thine.
9. Therefore their great Creator Thee
The Nations shall adore,
Their long misguided Pray'rs and Praise
To thy blest Name restore.
10. All shall confess Thee great, and great
The Wonders thou hast done:
Confess Thee God, the God supreme,
Confess Thee God alone.

P A R T II.

11. Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I
From Truth shall ne'er depart;
In rev'rence to thy sacred Name
Devoutly fix my Heart.
12. Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Praise Thee with Heart sincere;
And to thy everlasting Name
Eternal Trophies rear.
13. Thy boundless Mercy shewn to me
Transcends my Pow'r to tell,
For Thou hast oft redeem'd my Soul
From lowest depths of Hell.

H 5

14. 0 0

14. O God, the Proud are risen, the Sons
Of Strife my soul have sought ;
Regardless of thy Pow'r, that oft
Has my Deliv'rance wrought.
15. When they remorseless were, Thou, Lord,
Didst full Compassion bring ;
Of Patience, Mercy, and of Truth,
Thou everlasting Spring !
16. O turn to me ; thy Grace and Strength
To me thy Servant show ;
Thy kind Protection, Lord, on me
Thy Handmaid's Son bestow.
17. Some Signal give, which my proud Foes
May see with Shame and Rage,
Because Thou, Lord, for my Relief
And Comfort dost engage.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1. GOD's Temple crowns the Holy Mount ;
The Lord there condescends to dwell :
2. His *Sion's* Gates, in his Account,
Our *Israel's* fairest Tents excel.
3. Fame glorious things of Thee shall sing,
O City of th' almighty King !
4. The Fame of *Rahab* I will raise,
In *Babylon's* Applause conspire ;
Nor derogate from the just Praise
Of *Æthiop*, *Palæstine* and *Tyre* ;
Among : 'em such a Person born,
His Age and Country did adorn.

5. But still of *Sion* I'll averr
That many such from her proceed ;
Th' Almighty shall establish her.
6. His gen'ral Lift shall shew, when read,
That such a Person there was born,
And such did such an Age adorn.
7. He'll *Sion* find with Numbers fill'd
Of such as merit high Renown ;
For Hand and Voice Musicians skill'd,
And (her transcending Fame to crown)
Of such she shall Successions bring,
Like Waters from a living Spring.

PSALM LXXXVIII

1. **T**O Thee my God and Saviour I
By day and night address my Cry ;
2. Permit my mournful Voice accels,
Incline thine Ear to my Distress.
3. For Seas of Trouble me invade,
My Soul draws nigh to Death's cold shade.
4. Like one whose Strength and Hopes are fled
They number me among the Dead.
5. Like those who shrouded in the Grave,
From Thee no more Remembrance have ;
Cast down from thy sustaining Care
6. To lowest Depths of dark Delpair.
7. Thy Wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicting me with restless Pain ;
Me all thy Mountain Waves have press'd,
Too weak alas to bear the least.

8. Re-

8. Remov'd from Friends, I sigh alone,
In a loath'd Dungeon laid, where none
A Visit will vouchsafe to me,
Confin'd past Hopes of Liberty.
9. My Eyes from weeping never cease,
They waste, but still my Griefs increase!
Yet daily, Lord, to Thee I've pray'd,
With out-stretch'd Hands invok'd thy Aid.
10. Wilt thou by miracle revive
The Dead whom thou forsook'st Alive?
From Death restore thy Praise to sing,
Whom thou from Prison wouldst not bring?
11. Shall the mute Grave thy Love confess?
A mold'ring Tomb thy Faithfulness;
12. Thy Truth and Pow'r Renown obtain,
Where Darkness and Oblivion reign?
13. To Thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn,
My Pray'r prevents the early Morn?
14. Why hast thou, Lord, my Soul forsook,
Nor once vouchsaf'd a gracious Look?
15. Prevailing Sorrows bear me down,
Which from my Youth with me have grown,
Thy Terrors past distract my Mind,
And Fears of blacker Days behind.
16. Thy Wrath has burst upon my Head,
Thy Terrors fill my Soul with Dread;
17. Environ'd as with Waves combin'd,
And for a gen'ral Deluge join'd;
18. My Lovers, Friends, Familiars, all
Remov'd from sight and out of call;

To dark Oblivion all retir'd,
Dead, or at least to me expir'd.

PSALM LXXXIX.

1. **T**HY Mercies, Lord, shall be my Song;
My Song on them shall ever dwell;
To Ages yet Unborn my Tongue
Thy never-failing Truth shall tell.
2. I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
Thy Mercy shall for ever last;
Thy Truth, that does the Heav'ns sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.
3. Thus spak'st Thou, by thy Prophet's voice,
" With *David* I a League have made,
" To him, my Servant and my Choice,
" By solemn Oath this Grant convey'd,
4. " While Earth, and Seas, and Skies endure
" Thy Seed shall in my sight remain;
" To them thy Throne I will ensure;
" They shall to endless Ages reign.
5. For such stupendious Truth and Love
Both Heav'n and Earth just Praises ow,
By Choirs of Angels sung above,
And by assembled Saints below.
6. What Seraph of celestial Birth
To vie with Heav'ns Supreme shall dare?
7. Or who, among the Gods of Earth,
With our Almighty Lord compare?

8. Lord

8. Lord God of Armies, who can boast
Of Strength or Pow'r, like thine, renown'd;
Of such a num'rous faithful Host,
As that which does thy Throne surround;
9. Thou dost the lawless Sea controul,
And change the Prospect of the Deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows rowl,
Thou mak'st the rowling Billows sleep.
10. Thou break'st in pieces *Rahab's* Pride,
And didst oppressing Pow'r disarm;
Thy scatter'd Foes have dearly try'd
The Force of thy resitless Arm.
11. In Thee the sov'reign Right remains
Of Earth and Heav'n; Thee, Lord, alone
The World, and all the World contains,
Their Maker and Preserver own.
12. The Poles on which the Globe does rest,
Were form'd by thy creating Voice;
Tabor and *Hermon*, East and West,
In thy sustaining Pow'r rejoice.
13. Thy Arm is mighty, strong thy Hand,
Yet, Lord, thou dost with Justice reign;
14. Possess of absolute Command,
Thou Truth and Mercy dost maintain.
15. Happy, thrice happy they who hear
Thy sacred Trumpet's joyful Sound;
Who may at Festivals appear,
With thy most glorious Presence crown'd.
16. With Triumph they shall be o'erjoy'd
Who on thy sacred Name rely.

And,

And, in thy Righteousness employ'd,
Above their Foes exalted high.

17. For in thy Strength they shall advance,
Their Conquests from thy Favour spring :
18. The Lord of Hosts is our Defence,
And *Israel's* God our *Israel's* King.
19. Thus spak'st Thou, by thy Prophet's voice,
A mighty Champion I will send,
From *Judah's* Tribe have I made choice
Of one who shall the rest defend.
20. My Servant *David* I have found,
With holy Oil anointed him ;
21. Him shall the Hand support that crown'd,
And guard, that gave the Diadem.
22. No Prince from him shall Tribute force,
Nor Son of Violence annoy ;
23. Before his Face will I disperse,
And all his spiteful Foes destroy.
24. My Truth and Grace shall him sustain,
His Arms through my auspicious Beams,
25. Shall conquer, from the *Tyrian* Main
To *Tigris* and *Euphrates* Streams.
26. Me for his Father he shall take,
His God and Rock of Safety call ;
27. And him my first-born Son I'll make,
The Kings of Earth his Subjects all.
28. My Mercy shall to him secure,
My Cov'nant stand for ever fast ;
29. His Seed for ever shall endure,
His Throne till Heav'n dissolves shall last ;

PART II.

30. But if his Heirs my Law forsake,
And from my sacred Precepts stray,
31. If they my righteous Statutes break,
Nor strictly my Commands obey,
32. Their Sins I'll visit with a Rod,
And for their Folly make them smart;
33. Yet will not cease to be their God,
Nor from my Truth, like them, depart.
34. My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
But in remembrance fast retain;
The thing that once my Lips have spoke
Shall in eternal Force remain.
35. Once have I sworn, but once for all,
And made my Holiness the Tie,
That I my Grant will ne'er recal,
Nor to my Servant *David* lie,
36. Whole Throne and Race the constant Sun
Shall, like his Course, establish'd see;
37. Of this my Vow, thou conscious Moon,
In Heav'n my faithful Witness be.
38. Such was thy gracious Promise, Lord,
But thou alas hast now forsook.
Thy own Anointed hast abhorr'd,
And turn'd on him thy wrathful Look.
39. Thou hast repeal'd, and render'd void
The Cov'nant with thy Servant made,
His Crown and Dignity destroy'd,
And in the Dust his Honour laid.

40. Of Strong-holds thou hast him bereft,
Reduc'd his Bulwarks to decay,
41. His Frontier-Coasts defenceless left,
A publick Scorn and common Prey.
42. His Ruine does glad Triumphs yield
To Foes advanc'd by Thee to Might ;
43. Thou hast his conqu'ring Sword unsteel'd,
His Valour turn'd to shameful Flight.
44. His Glory is to Darkness fled,
His Throne is levell'd with the Ground :
45. His Youth to wretched Bondage led,
With Shame o'erwhelm'd & Sorrow drown'd.
46. How long shall we thy Absence mourn ?
Wilt thou for ever, Lord retire ?
Shall thy consuming Anger burn
Till that and we at once expire ?
47. Consider, Lord, how short a space
Thou dost for Mortal Life ordain ;
No Method to prolong the Race,
But loading it with Grief and Pain ?
48. What Son of Nature can controul
Strict Death's unalterable Doom ?
Or rescue from the Grave his Soul ?
The Grave that must Mankind entomb.
49. Lord, where's thy Love, thy boundless Grace,
The Oath to which thy Truth did seal,
Consign'd to *David* and his Race,
The Grant which Time should ne'er repeal ?
50. See how thy Servants treated are
With Infamy, Reproach and Spite ;
Which

- Which in my Silent Breast I bear
 From Nations of licentious Might;
 51. How They, reproaching thy great Name
 Make thy Anointed's Hope their Jest:
 52. Yet thy just Praises we'll proclaim,
 And ever sing, *The Lord be Blest.*
Amen, Amen.

P S A L M X C.

1. **O** Lord, the Saviour and Defence
 Of us thy chosen Race,
 From Age to Age thou still hast been
 Our sure Abiding-place.
2. Before thou brought'st the Mountains forth,
 Or Earth and World didst frame,
 Thou always wert the mighty God,
 And ever art the same.
3. Thou turnest Man, O Lord, to Dust,
 Of which he first was made;
 And when thou speak'st the word, Return,
 'Tis punctually obey'd.
4. For in thy sight a thousand Years
 Are like a Day that's past,
 Or like a Watch in dead of night,
 Whose Hours unminded waste.
5. Thou with a Torrent sweep'st them off,
 They vanish like a Dream,
 At first they grow like Grass that feels
 The Sun's reviving Beam.

6. But

6. But howsoever fresh and fair
Its Morning Beauty shows ;
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite
Before the Evening's close.
- 7,8. For by thine Anger we're consum'd,
And by thy Wrath dismay'd ;
Our publick Crimes and secret Sins
Are in thy presence laid.
9. Beneath thy Anger's sad Effects
Our drooping Days we spend ;
Our unregarded Years break off,
Like Tales that quickly end.
10. Our Stint of Time is seventy Years ;
And longer few survive ;
But if, with more than common Strength,
To eighty we arrive ;
Yet then our boasted Strength decays,
To Sorrow turn'd and Pain ;
So soon the slender Thread is cut,
And we no more remain.

PART II.

11. But who thy Anger's dread Effects
Does as he ought revere ?
And yet thy Wrath does fall or rise ;
As more or less we fear.
12. So teach us, Lord, of our short Days
The trifling Summ to mind :
That to true Wisdom all our Hearts
May ever be inclin'd.

13. O to thy Servants, Lord, return,
And speedily relent !
As we of our Misdeeds, do thou
Of our just Doom repent.
14. To satisfie and chear our Souls
Thy early Mercy send ;
That all our Days to come we may
In Joy and Gladness spend.
15. Let joyful Times, with large amends
Dry up our former Tears ;
Or equal, at the least, the Term
Of our afflicted Years.
16. To all thy Servants, Lord, let this
Thy wond'rous Work be known,
And to their Sons thy Glorious Pow'r
Abundantly be shown.
17. Let thy bright Rays upon us shine,
And give our Work Success ;
Whatever Work we undertake
With thy Assistance bless.

P S A L M XCI.

1. **H**E that has God his Guardian made,
Shall, under the Almighty's Shade,
Secure and undisturb'd abide.
2. With grateful Joy of him I'll say,
He is my Fortrefs and my Stay,
My God in whom I'll still confide.

3. His

3. His tender Love and watchful Care
Shall free thee from the Fowler's Snare,
And from the noisome Pestilence :
4. He over thee his Wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded Head ;
His Truth shall be thy strong Defence.
5. No Terrors that surprize by Night
Shall thy undaunted Courage fright,
Nor deadly Shafts that fly by Day ;
6. Nor Plague of unknown Rife that kills
In Darknefs, nor infectious Ills
That in the hottest Season flay.
7. A thousand at thy fide shall die,
At thy Right-hand ten thousand lie,
While thy firm Health untouch'd remains,
8. Thou only shalt look on, and fee
The Wicked's deserv'd Tragedy,
And count the Sinner's mournful Gains.
9. Because with well-plac'd Confidence,
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure Defence;
And on the Highest dost rely ;
10. Therefore no Ill shall thee befall,
Nor to thy healthful Dwelling shall
Any infectious Plague draw nigh.
11. For he, throughout thy happy Days,
To keep thee safe in all thy ways,
Shall give his Angels strict Commands,
12. And they, lest any time thou meet
A rugged Stone to wound thy Feet,
Shall bear thee safely in their Hands.

12. Dragons

-
13. Dragons and Asps that thirst for Blood,
And Lions roaring for their Food,
Beneath his conqu'ring Feet shall lie.
 14. Because he plac'd his Love on me,
And own'd my Name, I'll set him free
And fix his glorious Throne on high.
 15. He'll call ; I'll answer when he calls,
And rescue him when ill befalls ;
Till full of Honour and of Wealth.
 16. When he with undisturb'd Content
A long and happy Life has spent,
His end I'll crown with saving Health.
-

P S A L M XCII.

1. **H**OW good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high ;
And with repeated Hymns of Praise
His Name to magnifie.
2. With ev'ry Morning's early dawn,
His Goodness to relate ;
And of his constant Truth each Night.
The glad effects repeat.
3. To ten-string'd Instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful Psalt'ry's join'd ;
And to the Harp, with solemn Sounds,
For sacred use design'd.
4. For through thy wond'rous Works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my Heart rejoice.
The Thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with chearful Voice.

5, 6. How

- 5,6. How wond'rous are thy Works, O Lord!
How deep are thy Decrees!
Whose private Tracks in secret laid
No stupid Sinner sees.
7. He little thinks, when wicked Men
Like Grass look fresh and gay,
How soon their short-liv'd Splendour must
For ever pass away.
- 8,9. But God for ever is most High;
And all his lofty Foes
Who thought they might securely sin,
Shall be o'erwhelm'd with Woes.
10. Whilst thou exalt'st my Horn of Pow'r,
And mak' it it largely spread;
And with refreshing Oil anoint'st
My consecrated Head.
11. I soon shall see my stubborn Foes
To utter Ruine brought;
And hear the dismal Fate of such
As have against me fought.
12. But righteous Men, like fruitful Palms,
Shall make a glorious Show;
As Cedars that in *Lebanon*
With stately Verdure grow.
- 13,14. These planted in the House of God,
Within his Courts shall thrive;
Their Vigour and their Luitre both
Shall in old Age revive.
15. Thus will the Lord his Justice shew:
And God, my strong Defence,

Shall

Shall due Rewards to all the World
Impartially dispense.

P S A L M XCIII.

1. **W**ith Glory clad, with Strength array'd,
The Lord that o'er all Nature reigns,
The World's Foundations strongly laid,
And the firm Globe unmov'd sustains.
2. How surely stablish'd is thy Throne !
Which still maintains its antient State !
And yet no length of Time is known,
That measures thy eternal Date.
- 3, 4. The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice,
And toss the troubled Waves on high;
But God above can still their Noise
And make the angry Sea comply.
5. Thy Promise, Lord, is ever sure ;
And they that closely wait on Thee,
To make their Happiness secure,
Must always pure and spotless be.

P S A L M XCIV.

- 1, 2. **O** God, to whom Revenge belongs,
Let us thy Vengeance view;
Arise, thou Judge of all the Earth,
And give the Proud their due.
- 3, 4. How long, O Lord, shall sinful Men
Their solemn Triumphs make?
How long their wicked Actions boast?
And insolently speak?
- 5, 6. They, not alone thy Saints oppress,
But unprovok'd they spill
The Widow's and the Stranger's Blood,
And helpless Orphans kill.
7. And yet the Lord shall ne'r perceive,
(Profanely thus they speak:)
Nor any notice of our Deeds
The God of *Jacob* take.
8. At length, ye stupid Fools, your Wants
Endeavour to discern.
In Folly will you still proceed,
And Wisdom never learn?
9. Shall not that God who made the Ear,
Your Speeches hear and mind?
The Lord, by whom the Eye was fram'd,
Shall he be counted blind?
10. Shall he, whose Judgments aw the World,
To punish Sinners fear?
Or he, from whom all Wisdom flows,
Himself unwise appear?

11. He the most dark and secret Thoughts
Of all Mankind does see ;
His piercing Eye surveys them all,
How very vain they be.

P A R T II

12. Blest is the Man, whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise ;
And by thy sacred Rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.
13. He, in the days of deep Distress,
Shall Rest and Safety find ;
While Sinners in the Snare are caught,
Which was for them design'd.
14. For God will never from his Saints
His Favour wholly take ;
His own Possession and his Lot,
He will not quite forsake.
15. But all his Actions shall appear
In Truth and Justice done ;
And those that walk in upright ways,
Shall in those Paths go on.
16. Who will appear in my behalf,
When wicked Men invade ?
Or who, when Sinners would oppress,
My righteous Cause shall plead ?
- 17, 18, 19. My Soul had now in Silence dwelt,
But that the Lord was near.
He held me when I slip'd, when sad,
He did my Sorrows cheer.

20. Wilt thou, who art a God most just,
The sinful Throne defend ;
Which makes the Law a fair Pretence,
To gain its wicked End ?
 21. Against the Lives of righteous Men
They lay their close Design ;
And how to spill the guiltless Blood
They wickedly combine.
 22. But my Defence is firmly plac'd
In God the Lord most High ;
He is my Rock to which I may
For Refuge always fly.
 23. The Lord shall cause their ill Designs
On their own Heads to fall ;
He in their Sins shall cut them off,
Our God shall slay them all.
-

PSALM XCV.

1. **O** Come, loud Anthems let us sing
Loud Thanks to our Almighty King,
For we our Voices high should raise,
When our Salvation's Rock we praise.
2. Into his Presence let us haste,
To thank him for his Favours past ;
To him address in joyful Songs
The Praise that to his Name belongs.
3. The Depths of Earth are in his Hand,
Her Centre's Wealth at his Command ;
The Strength of Hills that threat the Skies
Subjected to his Empire lies.

4. The rowling Ocean's vast Abyſs
Her Maker's liquid Empire is ;
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty Hand,
That form'd and fix'd the ſolid Land.
5. O let us to his Courts repair,
And bow with Adoration there,
Down on our Knees devoutly All
Before the Lord our Maker fall.
6. For he's our God, our Shepherd he,
His Flock and Paſture-ſheep are we ;
If then you'll (like his Flock) draw near,
To day if you his voice will hear,
7. Let not your hard'ned Heart renew
Your Fathers Crimes and Judgments too ;
Nor here provoke my Wrath as they
In deſart Plains of *Meribab* ;
8. When through the Wilderneſs they mov'd
And me with freſh Temptations prov'd,
9. Ev'n then through Unbelief rebell'd,
While they my wond'rons Works beheld.
10. Full forty years, from place, to place,
They griev'd my Patience, mock'd my Grace,
Then,---'Tis a faithleſs Race, I ſaid,
Whoſe Heart from me has always ſtray'd ;
They ne'er will tread my righteous Path ;
'Therefore to them, in ſettled Wrath,
Since they deſpis'd my Reſt, I ſware
That they ſhould never enter there.

PSALM XCVI.

1. Sing to the Lord a new made Song ;
Let Earth, in one assembled Throng,
Her common Patron's Praise resound.
2. Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name,
From day to day his Praise proclaim
Who us has with Salvation crown'd.
3. To Heathen Lands his Fame rehearse,
His Wonders to the Universe.
4. For great is He, nor can we raise
Proportion'd to his Pow'r our Praise;
The Dread of other Deities :
5. For Pageantry and Idols all
Are they whom Gods the Heathen call ;
He only rules who made the Skies.
6. With Majesty and Honour crown'd,
Beauty and Strength his Throne surround :
7. Be therefore Both to him restor'd
By you who have false Gods ador'd,
Ascribe due Honour to his Name ;
8. Peace-Off'rings on his Altar lay,
Before his Throne your Homage pay,
Which He, and He alone, can claim.
9. To worship at his sacred Court
Let all the trembling World resort.
10. Proclaim aloud, *Jehovah* reigns,
Whose Pow'r the Universe sustains,
And banish Justice will restore ;

11. Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confess,
And Earth celestial Transport bless,
Her loud Applause the Ocean roar ;
Her mute Inhabitants rejoice,
And for this Triumph find a Voice.
12. For Joy let fertile Valleys sing,
The Meads their flowing Tribute bring,
The Groves wing'd Choristers awake,
13. To welcome great *Messiah's* Day :
For lo ! the Lord is on his way,
His Circuit through the Earth to take ;
From Heav'n to judge the World he's come,
With Justice to reward and doom.

PSALM XCVIL

1. *Jehovah* reigns, let all the Earth
In his just Government rejoice ;
Let all the Isles, with sacred Mirth,
In his Applause unite their Voice.
2. Darkness and Clouds of awful shade
His dazzling Glory shroud in state ;
Justice and Truth his Guards are made,
And fixt by his Pavilion wait.
3. Devouring Fire before his Face
His Poes around with Vengeance strook ;
4. His Lightnings set the World on blaze.
Earth saw it, and with Terror shook.
5. The proudest Hills his Presence felt, (ford,
Their Height nor Strength could Help af-
The

The proudest Hills like Wax did melt
In presence of Earth's Sov'reign Lord.

6. The Heav'ns, his Righteousness to show,
With Storms of Fire our Foes pursu'd ;
And all the trembling World below,
Have his descending Glory view'd.
7. Confounded be their impious Host
Who make the Gods to whom they pray ;
All who of Pageant-Idols boast :
To him ye Gods your Worship pay.
8. Glad *Sion* of thy Triumph heard,
And *Judab's* Daughters were o'erjoy'd ;
Because thy Righteous Judgments, Lord,
Have Pagan Pride and Power destroy'd.
9. For thou, O Lord, art seated high,
Above Earth's Potentates enthron'd ;
Thou Lord, unrivall'd, in the Skie,
Supream by all the Gods art own'd.
10. You who to serve this Lord aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and Truth esteem ;
He keeps his Servants Souls entire,
And will from wicked Hands redeem.
11. For Seeds are sown of glorious Light,
A future Harvest for the Just ;
And Gladness for the Heart upright,
To recompence its pious Trueth.
12. Rejoice ye Righteous, in the Lord ;
Memorials of his Holiness
Deep in your Faithful Breasts record,
And with your thankful Tongues confess.

PSALM XCVIII.

1. Sing to the Lord a new-made Song,
Who wond'rous things has done ;
With his Right-hand and holy Arm
The Conquest he has won.
2. The Lord has through th' astonisht World
Display'd his saving Might,
His Righteousness shewn openly,
Before the Heathens sight.
3. Of *Israel's* House his Love and Truth
Have ever mindful been :
Wide Earth's remotest Parts the Power
Of *Israel's* God have seen.
4. Let therefore Earth's Inhabitants
Their cheerful Voices raise,
With Universal Jubilee
Mankind resound his Praise.
5. With Harp and Hymns soft Melody
Into the Confort bring.
6. The Trumpet and shrill Cornet's Sound,
Before th' Almighty King.
7. Let the loud Ocean roar her Joy,
With all that Seas contain ;
The Earth and her Inhabitants
Join consort with the Main.
8. With Joy let Riv'lets swell to Streams,
To joyful Torrents they ;
And ecchoing Vales, from Hill to Hill,
Redoubled Shouts convey ;
9. To

9. To welcom the great Judge of Earth
Who does with Justice come;
And with impartial Equiry
Both to-reward and doom.

P S A L M XCIX.

1. *Ebovah* reigns, let therefore all
The guilty Nations quake;
On Cherubs Wings he sits enthron'd:
Let Earth's Foundations shake.
2. On *Sion's* Hill he keeps his Court,
His Palace makes her Tow'rs;
Yet thence his Sov'reignty extends
Supreme o'er Earthly Pow'rs.
3. Let therefore all with Praise address
His great and dreadful Name;
And with his unresisted Might,
His Holiness proclaim.
4. For Truth and Justice, in his Reign,
Of Strength and Pow'r take place;
His Judgments are with Righteousness
Dispens'd to *Jacob's* Race.
5. Therefore exalt the Lord our God;
Before his Footstool fall;
And with his unresisted might,
His Holiness extol.
6. *Moses* and *Aaron* thus of old
Among his Priests ador'd;
Amongst his Prophets *Samuel* thus
His sacred Name implor'd.

- Distrest upon the Lord they call'd,
 Who ne'r their Suit deny'd,
 But, as with Rev'rence they invoc'd,
 He graciously reply'd.
7. For, with their Camp, his Oracle
 The cloudy Pillar mov'd.
 They kept his Laws, and to his Will
 Obedient Servants prov'd.
8. Thou answer'dst them, forgiving oft,
 Thy People for their sake,
 And such as against them conspir'd
 Didst sad Examples make.
9. With Worship at his sacred Courts.
 Exalt our God and Lord ;
 For He, who only holy is,
 Alone should be ador'd.

P S A L M C.

1. **B**E joyful all ye Realms of Earth,
 Praise God, to whom your Praise belongs:
 Serve ye the Lord with awful Mirth,
 Before his Presence come with Songs.
2. The Lord, ye know, is God alone,
 Who us, without our Aid, did make ;
 Us for his Flock vouchsafes to own,
 And for his Pasture-Sheep to take.
3. O enter then with Thanks sincere
 His Temple Gates, his Courts with Praise,
 To bless his Name devoutly there
 Your grateful Hearts and Voices raise.

4. For

4. For He's the Lord, supremely good,
His Mercy shall for ever last;
His Truth has always firmly stood,
And so shall stand for ever fast.

P S A L M C L

1. **O**F Mercy's never-failing Spring,
And stedfast Judgment I will sing;
And, since they both to Thee belong,
To Thee, O Lord, address my Song.
2. When, Lord, thou shalt with me reside,
Wise Discipline my Reign shall guide;
With blameless Life my self I'll make
A Pattern for my Court to take.
3. No ill Design will I pursue,
Nor those my Fav'rites make that do:
4. Who to Reproof bears no regard,
Him will I totally discard.
5. The private Slanderer shall be
In publick Justice doom'd by me:
From haughtry Looks I'll turn aside,
And mortifie the Heart of Pride;
6. But Honesty call from her Cell,
In Splendour at my Court to dwell:
Who Virtue's Practice make their Care,
Shall have the first Preferments there.
7. No Politicks shall recommend
His Country's Foe to be my Friend:
None e'er shall to my Favour rise
By Flatt'ring or Malicious Lies.

8. All

2. All those who wicked Courses take
An early Sacrifice I'll make ;
Cut off, destroy, till none remain.
God's holy City to prophane.

P S A L M CII:

1. **W**hen I pour out my Soul in Pray'r,
Do thou, O Lord, attend ;
To thy Eternal Throne of Grace
Let my sad Cry ascend.
2. O hide not thou thy glorious Face
In times of deep Distress,
Incline thine Ear, and when I call
My Sorrows soon redress.
3. Each cloudy Portion of my Life
Like scatter'd Smoak expires ;
My shriv'led Bones are like a Hearth
That's parch'd with constant Fires.
4. My Heart, like Grass that feels the Blast
Of some infectious Wind,
Is wither'd so with Grief, that scarce
My needful Food I mind.
3. By reason of my sad Estate
I spend my Breath in Groans ;
My Flesh is worn away, my Skin
Scarce hides my starting Bones.
6. I'm like a Pelican become,
That does in Desarts mourn ;
Or like an Owl that sits all day
On barren Trees forlorn.

7. In Watchings or in restless Dreams
I spend the tedious Night ;
Like Sparrows, that on Houses tops
To sit alone delight.
8. All day by railing Foes I'm made
The Object of their Scorn ;
Who all, inspir'd with furious Rage,
Have my Destruction sworn.
9. In dust I lie, and all my Bread
With Ashes mixt appears ;
Whene'er I quench my burning Thirst,
My Drink is dash'd with Tears.
10. Because on me with Double weight
Thy heavy Wrath does lie ;
For thou to make my Fall more great
Didst lift me up on high.
11. My Days are like the Ev'ning Shade
That hastily declines,
My Beauty too, like wither'd Grass,
With faded Lustre pines:
12. But thy eternal State, O Lord,
No length of Time shall waste ;
The mem'ry of thy wondrous Works,
From Age to Age shall last.
13. Thou'lt soon arise and Sion view
With an unclouded Face ;
For now her Time is come, thy own
Appointed Day of Grace.
14. Thy Saints, with Tenderneſs and Love,
Her scatter'd Ruines' spy ;

And

And grieve to see her lofty Spires
In Dust and Rubbish lie.

15, 16. The Name and Glory of the Lord
All Heathen Kings shall fear ;
When he shall *Sion* build again,
And in full state appear.

17, 18. When he regards the Poor's Request,
Nor flights their earnest Pray'r ;
His Praise for this recorded Grace,
Shall future Times declare.

19. For God, from his Abode on high,
His gracious Beams display'd ;
The Lord, from Heav'n his lofty Throne,
Has all the Earth survey'd.

20. He list'ned to the Captives Moans,
He heard their mournful Cry,
And freed by his resistless Pow'r
The Wretches doom'd to die.

21. That they in *Sion*, where he dwells,
Might celebrate his Fame,
And through the holy City sing
Loud Praises to his Name.

22. When all the Tribes, together met,
Their solemn Prayers address,
And neighb'ring Lands, with glad Consent,
The Lord their God confess.

23. But e'er my Journey ends, my Strength
Through his fierce Wrath decays ;
He has, when all my Wishes bloom'd,
Cut short my hopeful Days,

24. Lord,

24. Lord, end not thou my Life, said I,
When half is scarcely past ;
Thy Years from earthly Changes free,
To endless Ages last.
25. The strong Foundations of the Earth
Of old by Thee were laid ;
Thy Hands the beauteous Arch of Heav'n
With wond'rous Skill have made :
- 26, 27. Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
They soon shall pass away ;
And, like a Garment often worn,
Shall tarnish and decay.
- Like that, when thou their Change ordain'st,
To thy Command they bend ;
But Thou continu'st still the same,
Nor have thy years an End.
28. Thou to the Children of thy Saints
Shalt lasting Quiet give ;
Whose happy Race, securely fixt,
Shall in thy Presence live.

P S A L M CIII.

- 1, 2. **M**Y Soul, inspir'd with sacred Love,
God's holy Name for ever bless ;
Of all his Favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.
- 3, 4. 'Tis He that all thy Sins forgives,
And after Sickness makes thee sound:
Thy Life from Danger He retrieves,
By him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.
- 5, 6. He

- 5, 6. He with good things thy Mouth supplies,
And Eagle-like thy Youth renews ;
He when the guiltless Suff'rer cries,
His Foe with just Revenge pursues.
7. God made of old his righteous Ways
To *Moses* and our Fathers known ;
His Works, to his eternal Praise,
Were to the Sons of *Jacob* shown.
8. The Lord abounds with tender Love,
And unexampled Acts of Grace,
His waken'd Wrath does slowly move,
His willing Mercy flows apace.
- 9, 10. God will not always harshly chide,
But with his Anger quickly parts ;
And loves his Punishments to guide
More by his Love than our Deserts.
11. As high as Heav'n its Arch extends,
Above this little Spot of Clay ;
So much his boundless Love transcends
The small Respects that we can pay.
- 12, 13. As far as 'tis from East to West,
So far has he our Sins remov'd ;
Who with a Father's tender Breast
Has such as fear him always lov'd.
- 14, 15. For God, who all our Frame surveys,
Considers that we are but Clay ;
How fresh soe'er we seem, our Days
Like Grass or Flowers must fade away.
- 16, 17. Whilst they are nipt with sudden Blasts,
Nor can we find their former place ;

God's faithful mercy ever lasts,
To those that fear him, and their Race.

18. This shall attend on such as still
Proceed in his appointed way ;
And who not only know his Will,
But just obedience to it pay.
- 19, 20. The Lord, the universal King,
In Heav'n has fix'd his lofty Throne :
To him, ye Angels, praises sing
In whose great Strength his Pow'r is shown,
Ye that his just Commands obey,
And hear and do his sacred Will ;
21. Ye Hosts of his, this Tribute pay,
Who still what he ordains fulfil.
22. Let every Creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord : and thou, my Heart,
With grateful Joy thy Thanks express ;
And in this Consort bear thy part.

PSALM CIV.

1. Bless God my Soul ; Thou Lord alone
Possessest Empire without Bounds.
With Honour thou art crown'd, thy Throne
Eternal Majesty surrounds.
2. With Light thou dost thy self enrobe,
And Glory for a Garment take :
Heaven's Curtains stretch beyond the Globe
Thy Canopy of State to make.

3. He

3. He builds on liquid Air, and forms
His Palace-Chambers in the Skies ;
The Clouds his Chariot are, and Storms
The swift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies
4. Spirits he made his heav'nly Quire,
With speed his Orders to fulfil ;
His Ministers a flaming Fire,
To execute his dreadful Will.
- 5,6. Earth, on her Centre fixt, he set,
Her Face with Waters overspread ;
Nor proudest Mountains dar'd, as yet,
To lift above the Waves their Head.
7. But when thy awful Face appear'd,
Th' insulting Waves dispers'd ; they fled
When once thy Thunders Voice they heard,
And by their haste confess'd their Dread.
8. Thence up, by secret Tracks they creep,
And, gushing from the Mountains side,
Through Valleys travel to the Deep,
Appointed to receive their Tide.
9. There hast thou fix'd the Ocean bounds,
Her threatening Surges to repel ;
That she no more o'erpass her Mounds,
Nor to a second Deluge swell.

PART II.

10. Yet thence, in smaller Parties drawn,
The Sea recovers her lost Hills ;
And starting Springs from ev'ry Lawn,
Surprize the Vales in plenteous Rills.

11. The

11. The Field's tame Beasts are thither led,
Weary with Labour, faint with Drought ;
And Asses on wild Mountains bred,
Have sense to find these Currents out.
12. There shady Trees, from scorching Beams,
Yield shelter to the feather'd Throng ;
They drink, and to the bounteous Streams
Return the Tribute of their Song.
13. His Rains from Heav'n, parcht Hills recruit,
That soon transmit the liquid Store ;
Till Earth is burthen'd with her Fruit,
And Nature's Lap can hold no more.
14. Grass, for our Cattle to devour,
He makes the Growth of every Field ;
Herbs, for Man's use, of various Pow'r,
That either Food or Physick yield.
15. With cluster'd Grapes he crowns the Vine,
Whose Nectar mortal Cares subdues ;
Gives Oyl, that makes our Face to shine ;
And Corn, that wasted Strength renews.

P A R T III.

16. The Trees of God without the Care
Or Art of Man with Sap are fed ;
The Mountain Cedar looks as fair
As those in Royal Gardens bred.
17. Safe in the lofty Cedars Arms
The Wand'ers of the Air may rest,
The hospitable Pine from harms
Protects the Stork her pious Guest.

18. Wild

18. Wild Goats the craggy Rock ascend,
Its tow'ring Heights their Fortrefs make,
Whose Cells in Labyrinths extend
Where feebl' Creatures Refuge take.
19. The Moon's inconstant Aspect shows
Th' appointed Seasons of the Year;
Th' instructed Sun his Duty knows,
His Hours to rise and disappear.
- 20, 21. Darknefs he makes the Day to shroud,
When Forest-Beasts securely stray;
Young Lions roar their Wants aloud
To Providence that sends 'em Prey.
22. They range all Night, on Slaughter bent,
Till summon'd by the rising Morn,
To sculk in Dens with one consent
The conscious Ravagers return.
23. Forth to the Tillage of his Soil,
The Husbandman securely goes,
Commencing with the Sun his Toil,
With him returns to his Repose.
24. How various, Lord, thy Works are found
For which thy Wisdom we adore!
The Earth is with thy Treasure crown'd,
Till Nature's Hand can grasp no more.

PART IV.

25. But still thy vast unfathom'd Main
Of Wonders a new Scene supplies,
Whose Depths Inhabitants contain
Of every Form and every Size.

16. Full-freighted Ships from ev'ry Port,
There cut their unmolested way ;
Leviathan, whom there to sport
Thou mad'st, has compass there to play.
17. These various Troops of Sea and Land,
In sense of common Want agree ;
All wait on thy dispensing Hand,
And have their daily Alms from Thee.
18. They gather what thy Stores disperse,
Without their Trouble to provide ;
Thou op'st thy Hand, the Universe,
The craving World is all supply'd.
19. Thou for a moment hid'st thy Face,
The numerous Ranks of Creatures mourn :
Thou tak'st their Breath, all Nature's Race
Forthwith to mother Earth return.
20. Again thou send'st thy Spirit forth
To inspire the Mass with vital Seed,
Nature's restor'd, and Parent Earth
Smiles on her new-created Breed.
21. Thus through successive Ages stands
Firm fixt thy Providential Care ;
Pleas'd with the Work of thy own Hands,
Thou dost the Wastes of Time repair.
22. One Look of thine, one wrathful Look,
Earth's panting Breast with Terror fills ;
One Touch from Thee, with Clouds of
Smoak,
In Darkness shrouds the proudest Hills.
23. In praising him, while he prolongs
My Breath, I will that Breath employ ;
34. And

34. And join Devotion to my Songs,
Sincere, as is in him my Joy.
35. While Sinners from Earth's Face are hur'd,
My Soul, praise thou his holy Name,
Till, with thy Song, the listning World
Join consort, and his Praise proclaim,

P S A L M CV.

1. **O** Render Thanks, and bless the Lord,
Invoke his sacred Name :
Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,
His matchless Deeds proclaim.
2. Sing to his Praise, in lofty Hymns
His wond'rous Works rehearse ;
Make them the Theme of your Discourse,
And Subject of your Verse.
3. Boast in his sacred Name, a Name
Alone to be ador'd ;
And let their Heart o'erflow with Joy
That humbly seek the Lord.
4. Seek ye the Lord, his saving Strength
Devoutly still implore ;
And, where he's ever present, seek
His Face for evermore.
5. The Wonders that his Hands have wrought
Keep thankfully in mind ;
The righteous Statutes of his Mouth,
And Laws to us assign'd.

6. Know

6. Know ye his Servant *Abr'am's* Seed,
And *Jacob's* chosen Race,
7. He's still our God, his Judgments still
Throughout the Earth take place.
8. His Cov'nant he has kept in mind
For num'rous Ages past,
That yet, for thousand Ages more,
In equal Force shall last.
9. First sign'd to *Abr'am*, next by Oath
To *Isaac* made secure ;
10. To *Jacob* and his Heirs a Law
For ever to endure.
11. That *Canaan's* Land should be their Lot,
When yet but few they were ;
12. But few in number, and those few
Unfriended Strangers there.
13. In Pilgrimage from Realm to Realm
Uninjur'd they remov'd ;
14. Whilst proudest Monarchs for their sakes,
Severely he reprov'd.
15. These mine Anointed are, said he,
Let none my Servants wrong,
Nor treat the poorest Prophet ill
That does to me belong.
16. A Dearth at last, by his Command,
Did far and near prevail ;
Till Corn, the chief Support of Life,
Sustaining Corn did fail.
17. But his indulgent Providence
Had *Joseph* sent before,

Sold

- Sold into *Egypt*, but their Lives
Who sold him to restore.
18. His Feet with heavy Chains were crush'd,
With Calumny his Fame ;
19. Till God's appointed Time and Word
To his Acquittal came.
20. The King his Sov'reign Orders sent,
And rescu'd him with speed.
Whom private Malice had confin'd,
The People's Ruler freed.
21. His Court and Realm, Revenues, all
Subjected to his Will ;
22. His Princes to controul, and teach
His Politicians Skill.

P A R T II.

23. To *Egypt* then, invited Guests,
Half-famish'd *Israel* came ;
And *Jacob* held, by Royal Grant,
The fertile Soil of *Ham*.
24. Th' Almighty there with such Increase
His People multiply'd,
Till, both for Strength and Number, they
Their envious Foes defy'd.
25. His People's Growth *Egyptian* Hearts
With jealous Anger fir'd,
Till they his Servants to destroy
By treach'rous Arts conspir'd.
26. His Envoy *Moses* then he sent,
His chosen *Aaron* too ;
27. Empowr'd

27. Empowr'd with Signs and Miracles
To prove their Mission true.
28. He call'd for Darknes, Darknes came,
Nature his Summons knew. (Blood,
29. Each Stream and Lake, transform'd to
Their scaly Offspring flew.
30. In putrid Floods, throughout the Land,
The Pest of Frogs was bred ;
From noisome Fens preferr'd to croak
At *Pharaoh's* Board and Bed.
31. He gave the Signal, Swarms of Flies
Came down in cloudy Hosts ;
Whilst Earth's enliv'ned Dust below
Bred Lice through all their Coasts.
32. He sent 'em batt'ring Hail for Rain,
And Fire for cooling Dew.
33. He smote their Vines, their Forest-Plants,
And Gardens Pride o'erthrew.
34. He spake the word and Locusts came,
With Caterpillars join'd,
They prey'd upon the poor Remains
The Storm had left behind.
35. From Trees to Herbage they descend ;
No verdant thing they spare ;
But naked, as the fallow'd Field,
Leave all the Pastures bare.
36. From *Memphis* Soil to *Memphis* Sons,
Commission'd Vengeance flew,
One fatal Stroke their eldest Hopes
And Strength of *Egypt* flew.

K

37. He

37. He brought 'em forth, each one enrich'd
With *Egypt's* borrow'd Wealth;
And, what transcends all Treasures else,
Enrich'd with vig'rous Health.
38. *Egypt* rejoic'd, in hopes to find
Her Plagues with them remov'd;
Taught dearly now to fear worse Ills
By those already prov'd.
39. Their shrouding Canopy by day
A journeying Cloud was spread;
A fiery Pillar all the night
Their Desert-marches led.
40. They long'd for Flesh; with Ev'ning-Quails
He furnish'd ev'ry Tent;
From Heav'n's own Granary, each Morn,
The Bread of Angels sent.
41. He smote the Rock; her flinty Breast
A gushing Tide pour'd out, (march'd,
Whose following Stream, where-e'er they
Reliev'd the Desert's Drought.
42. For still he did on *Abr'am's* Faith
And ancient League reflect;
43. He brought his People forth with Joy,
With Triumph his Elect.
44. Extirpating their Heathen Foes,
From *Canaan's* Fertile Soil,
To them in cheap possession gave
The Fruit of others Toil.
45. That they his Statutes might observe,
His sacred Laws obey.
For Benefits so vast let us
Our Songs of Praise repay.

P S A L M CVI.

1. **O**R ender Thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal Love;
Whose Mercy firm through Ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
2. Who can his mighty Deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless;
What Mortal Eloquence can raise
His Tribute of immortal Praise ?
3. Happy are they, and only they
Who from thy Judgments never stray;
Who know what's right, nor only so,
But always practise what they know.
4. Extend to me that Favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'it, to set them free,
Let thy Salvation visit me.
5. O may I worthy prove to see
Thy Saints in full Prosperity !
That I that joyful Choir may join,
And count thy People's Triumph mine.
6. But ah can we expect such Grace,
Of Parents vile the viler Race,
Who their Misdeeds have acted o'er,
And with new Crimes increas'd the Score ?
7. Ingrateful, they no longer thought
On all his Works in *Egypt* wrought;
The Red-Sea yet is scarce in view,
When they their base Distrust renew.

8. Yet He, to vindicate his Name,
Once more to their Deliv'rance came,
To make his sov'reign Pow'r be known,
That He is God, and He alone.
9. To right and left, at his Command,
The parting Deep disclos'd her Sand ;
Where firm and dry the Passage lay,
As through some parcht and Desert way,
10. Thus sav'd from fronting Seas they were,
And Foes that press'd upon their Rear,
11. Whose Rage pursu'd 'em to those Waves
That prov'd the rash Pursuers Graves,
12. The pendant Waters sudden Fall
O'erwhelms proud *Pharaoh*, Host and all:
This Proof did stupid *Israel* raise
To trust God's Word, and sing his Praise.

PART II.

13. But soon relaps'd, they all forgot,
Nor on his Providence would wait ;
 14. But lusting in the Wilderness,
Their God with fresh Temptations press.
 15. Strong Food at their Request he lent,
But made their Sin their Punishment.
 16. God's Envoy *Moses* they oppose,
And *Aaron* whom the Lord had chose.
 17. But Earth, the Quarrel to decide,
Her vengeful Jaws extending wide,
Rash *Dathan* to her Centre drew.
With proud *Abiram's* factious Crew.
18. Bold

18. Bold *Korah*, who did next aspire
To kindle wild Sedition's Fire,
With all his impious Train became
Just Victims to devouring Flame.
19. Near *Horeb's* Mount, a Calf they made,
And to the molten Image pray'd;
The Law their God in Thunder spake
From *Sinai*, they near *Sinai* brake:
20. Adoring what their Hands did frame,
They chang'd their Glory to their Shame,
Into the Likeness made it pass
Of a brute Ox that feeds on Grass.
21. Their God and Saviour they forgot,
And all his Works in *Egypt* wrought;
22. His Terrors shewn through *Egypt's* Coast,
And where proud *Pharaoh's* Troops were
lost.
23. Thus urg'd, and from his Promise freed,
Their total Ruine he decreed;
His Hand for Execution rear'd:
But *Moses* in the Breach appear'd;
His Fav'rite *Moses* intercedes,
And to revoke their Sentence pleads:
Heav'n heard its faithful Servant pray,
And turn'd its kindled Wrath away.
24. Yet they his pleasant Land despis'd,
Nor his repeated Promise priz'd;
25. But in their Tents repining staid,
Nor the Almighty's Voice obey'd.
26. This seal'd their Doom without Redress,
To perish in the Wilderness;

27. And who escap'd the Defart Sands,
To live dispers'd through Heathen Lands.

PART III.

28. The next, but more degen'rate Race,
Baal Peor's Worship did embrace ;
Became his impious Guests, and sed
On Sacrifices to the Dead.
29. Thus they persisted to provoke
God's Vengeance to the final Stroke :
'Tis come :--- the deadly Pest is come
To execute their gen'ral Doom.
30. It spreads ; till *Phineab's* Zeal and Sword
A stronger Antidote afford ;
Two guilty Persons timely Fall,
Atonement makes and ransoms all.
31. As him Seraphick Zeal had mov'd,
So Heav'n the gen'rous Act approv'd,
To him confirming and his Race
The Priesthood he so well did grace.
32. At *Meribab* God's Wrath they mov'd,
Who *Moses* for their sakes reprov'd ;
33. Whose patient Soul they did provoke,
Till rashly the meek Prophet spoke.
34. Nor when possess'd of *Canaan's* Land,
Did they perform their Lords Command,
Nor his commission'd Sword employ
The guilty Nations to destroy.
35. Nor only spar'd the Pagan Crew,
But, mingling, learnt their Vices too ;
35. Their

36. Their Idols serv'd, the fatal Snare
Of which so oft fore-warn'd they were.
37, 38. To Hell's dark Pow'rs they Sacrifice
Their Children with relentless Eyes;
Approach their Altars through a Flood
Of their own Sons and Daughters Blood.
No cheaper Victims will appease
Canaan's remorseless Deities;
No Blood her Idols reconcile
But that which does the Land defile.

PART IV.

39. Nor yet will *Canaan's* Deities
Apostate *Israel's* Tribes suffice;
For lusting after More they went,
And did new Gods and Crimes invent.
40. But Sins of such infernal Hue
God's Wrath against his People drew,
Till he, their once indulgent Lord,
His own Inheritance abhor'd.
41. To Heathen Hands he them subjects,
Their guilty Friendships just Effects,
To rue and mourn too late, when they
Must those, who hate them most, obey.
42. Nor thus his Indignation ceas'd,
Their List of Tyrants he increas'd,
Till they, who God's mild Sway declin'd,
Were made the Vassals of Mankind.
43. Yet when, distressed, they did repent,
His Anger did as oft relent,

- But, rescu'd, they his Wrath provoke,
Renew their Sins, and he their Yoke.
44. Nor yet implacable he prov'd,
Nor heard their wretched Cries unmov'd,
45. But did to mind his Promise bring,
And Mercy's inexhausted Spring:
46. Surprising Pity too imparts
Ev'n to their Foes obdurate Hearts;
Compassion for their Suffrings bred
In those who them as Captives led.
47. Still save us, Lord, and *Israel's* Bands
Together bring from Heathen Lands,
Our Thanks in thy blest Name to raise,
And ever triumph in thy Praise.
48. Let *Israel's* God be ever blest,
His Name eternally address;
And all his Saints, with full Accord,
Sing loud *Amens*.--- *Praise ye the Lord.*

P S A L M CVII.

1. **T**O God your grateful Voices raise,
Who still to us did gracious prove;
And let your never-ceasing Praise
Keep pace with his eternal Love.
- 2, 3. Let those give thanks, whom he from Bands
Of proud oppressing Foes releas'd;
And brought them back from distant Lands,
From North and South and West and East.
- 4, 5. Through

- 4, 5. Through lonely Defart Ways they stray'd,
Nor could a peopled City find;
With Thirst and Hunger quite dismay'd,
Their fainting Soul within them pin'd.
6. Then soon to God's indulgent Ear
Did they their mournful Cry address;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep Distress.
7. From crooked Paths he led them forth,
And in the certain way did guide,
To wealthy Tow'rs of great resort,
Where all their Wants were well supply'd.
8. O then that all the Earth with me
Would God for this his Goodness praise!
And for the mighty Works which he
Throughout the wond'ring World displays!
9. For he from Heav'n the sad estate
Of longing Souls with Pity Eyes;
And hungry Souls that pant for Meat,
With envy'd Plenty He supplies.

P A R T II.

10. Those that with darkness compass'd round,
Sit down in Death's most dismal Shade;
Or lie with weighty Fetters bound,
By pressing Cares more heavy made;
- 11, 12. Because God's Counsel they defy'd,
And proudly scorn'd his holy Word;
He them with these Afflictions try'd;
They fell, and none could Help afford:

13. Then soon to God's indulgent Ear,
Did they their mournful Cry address;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep Distress.
14. From dismal Dungeons dark as Night,
And Shades as black as Death's Abode;
He brought them forth to chearful Light,
And welcom Liberty bestow'd.
15. O then that all the Earth with me,
Would God for this his Goodness praise!
And for the mighty Works which he
Throughout the wond'ring World displays.
16. For he with his almighty Hand
The Gates of Brass in pieces broke;
Nor could the massy Bars withstand,
Or temper'd Steel resist his Stroke.

P A R T III.

17. Remorseless Wretches, void of Sense
With bold Transgressions God defie;
And, for their multiply'd Offence,
Opprest with sore Diseases lie:
18. Their Soul, a Prey to Pain and Fear,
Abhors to taste the choicest Meats,
And they by faint Degrees draw near
To Death's uncomfortable Gates.
19. Then strait to Gods indulgent Ear
Do they their mournful Cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep Distress.

10. He all their sad Distempers heals,
His Word both Health and Safety gives;
And when all humane Succour fails,
From near Destruction them retrieves.
21. O then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodness praise!
And for the mighty Works which he
Through all the wond'ring World displays!
22. With Off'rings let the Altars flame,
Whilst they their grateful Thanks express!
And with loud Joy his holy Name
For all his wond'rous Actions bless!

P A R T IV.

- 23, 24. They that in Ships with Courage bold,
O'er swelling Waves their Trade pursue;
Do God's amazing Works behold,
And in the Deep his Wonders view.
25. No sooner his Command is past,
But forth a dreadful Tempest flies,
Which sweeps the Sea with rapid Haste,
And makes its stormy Billows rise:
26. Sometimes the Ships, toss'd up to Heav'n,
On Tops of mounting Waves appear;
Then down the vast Abyss are driv'n;
Whilst ev'ry Soul dissolves with fear.
27. They reel and stagger to and fro,
Like Men with Fumes of Wine oppress'd;
Nor do the skilful Seamen know
Which way to steer, what Course is best.

28. Then

28. Then strait to God's indulgent Ear
They do their mournful Cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to bear,
And frees them from their deep Distress.
- 29, 30. The stormy Tempest he allays,
And makes the Billows calm and still;
With Joy they see their Fury cease;
And he conducts them where they will.
31. O then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodness Praise!
And for the mighty Works which he
Throughout the wond'ring World displays!
32. Let them, where all the Tribes resort,
Advance to Heav'n his glorious Name,
And in the Elders sov'reign Court,
With one consent his Praise proclaim!

PART V.

- 33, 34. A fruitful Land, where Streams abound,
Gods just Revenge, if People sin,
Will turn to dry and barren Ground,
To punish those that dwell therein.
- 35, 36. The parcht and desert Heath he makes
To flow with Streams and springing Wells;
Which for his Lot the Hungry takes,
And in strong Cities safely dwells.
- 37, 38. He sows the Fields, and Vineyards plants,
Which all his Toil with Int'rest pay;
Nor can, whilst God his Blessing grants,
His fruitful Seed or Stock decay.

39. Bar

39. But when his Sins Heav'n's Wrath provoke,
He quickly fades and falls away;
He feels th' Oppressor's gauling Yoke,
Of Care and Grief the wretched Prey.
40. The Prince, that flights God's just Com-
mands,
Expos'd to scorn, must quit his Throne;
And over wild and desert Lands,
Where no Path offers, stray alone,
41. Whilst God, from all Afflicting Cares,
Sets up the humble Man on high;
And causes his increasing Heirs,
With his abounding Flocks to vie.
- 42, 43. Then Sinners shall have nought to say,
The just a decent Joy shall show;
The Wise the strange Events shall weigh,
And thence God's Goodness fully know.

PSALM CVIII.

1. **O** God, my Heart is fully bent,
To magnifie thy Name;
And of my cheerful Songs thy Praise
Shall be the glorious Theme.
2. Awake, my Lute; nor thou my Harp,
Thy warbling Notes delay;
Whilst I with early Hymns of Joy,
Prevent the dawning Day.
3. To all the list'ning Tribes, O Lord;
Thy wond'rous Works I'll tell;

And

- And to those Nations sing thy Praise
That round about us dwell :
4. Because thy Mercy's boundless Height
The Heav'ns themselves transcends ;
And far beyond th' aspiring Clouds
Thy faithful Truth extends.
5. Be thou exalted, Lord, by them,
Above the Starry Frame ;
O let the World, with one Consent,
Confess thy glorious Name.
6. That all thy chosen People Thee
Their Saviour may declare.
Let thy Right-hand protect me still,
And answer thou my Pray'r.
7. Since God, the God of Truth hath spoke,
My Arms shall sure prevail ;
With Joy I *Shechem* shall divide :
And measure *Succoth's* Vale :
8. *Gilead* is mine, *Manassah* too ;
And *Ephraim* owns my Cause :
Their Strength my Regal Pow'r supports,
And *Judah* gives my Laws.
9. *Moab* I'll make my servile Drudge,
On vanquish'd *Edom* tread ;
And o'er the proud *Philistine* Lands
Advance my lofty Head.
10. By whose Support and Aid shall I
Their well-fenc'd Towns invade ?
Who will my conqu'ring Troops conduct,
And into *Edom* lead ?

11. Lord, wilt not thou assist our Arms,
Tho late thou didst forsake?
And wilt not thou, of these our Hosts,
The happy Guidance take?
12. O to thy Servants in Distress
Thy speedy Succour send :
For vain it is on humane Aid
For Safety to depend.
13. Then valiant Acts shall we perform,
If thou thy Pow'r disclose ;
For God it is, and God alone,
That treads down all our Foes.

P S A L M CIX.

1. **O** God, whose former Mercies make
My constant Praise thy Due,
Hold not thy peace, but my sad State
With wonted Favour view.
2. For sinful Men, with lying Lips,
Deceitful Speeches frame,
And with their studied Slanders seek
To wound my spotless Fame.
3. Their envious Hatred prompts them still
Malicious Lies to spread ;
And all against my Life combine,
By causeless Fury led.
4. Those whom with tend'rest Love I us'd,
My chief Opposers are ;
Whilst I, of other Friends bereft,
Resort to Thee by Pray'r.
5. Since

5. Since Mischief, for the Good I did,
Their strange Reward does prove ;
And Hatred's the Return they make
For undissembled Love.
6. Their guilty Leader shall be made
To some bad Man a Slave ;
And when he's try'd, his mortal Foe
For his Accuser have.
7. His Guilt, when Sentence is pronounc'd,
Shall find a dreadful Fate ;
Whilst his rejected Pray'r but serves
To make his Crime more great.
8. He, snatcht by some untimely Fate,
Sha'n't live out half his Days ;
Another, by divine Decree,
Shall on his Office seize.
- 9, 10. His Seed shall Orphans be, his Wife
A Widow plung'd in Grief ;
His vagrant Children beg their Bread,
Where none can give Relief.
11. His ill-got Fortune shall be made
To Userers a Prey ;
The Fruit of all his Toil and Care
By Strangers born away.
12. None shall be found, that to his Wants
Their Mercy shall extend,
Or to his helpless Orphan Seed
The least Assistance lend.
13. A swift Destruction soon shall seize
On his unhappy Race ;

And

And the next Age his hated Name
Shall utterly deface.

14. The Vengeance of his Father's Sins
Upon his Head shall fall ;
God on his Mother's Crimes shall think,
And punish him for all.
15. All these, in horrid Order rank'd,
Before the Lord shall stand,
Till his fierce Anger quite cuts off
Their Mem'ry from the Land.

P A R T II.

16. Because he never Mercy shew'd,
But still the Poor oppress'd ;
And sought to slay the helpless Man,
With heavy Woes oppress'd ;
17. Therefore the Curse he lov'd to vent,
Shall his own Portion prove ;
And Blessing, which he always loath'd,
Shall far from him remove.
18. Since Cursing was his constant Pride,
Like Water it shall spread
Through all his Veins, and stick like Oyl,
With which his Bones are fed.
19. This like a poison'd Robe, shall still
His constant Cov'ring be,
Or an envenom'd Belt, from which
He never shall be free.
20. Thus shall the Lord reward all those
That Ill to me design ;

That

- That with malicious false Reports
Against my Life combine.
21. But for thy glorious Name, O God,
Do thou appear for me,
And for thy gracious Mercy's sake,
Preserve and set me free.
22. For I a poor and helpless Wretch
Am void of all Relief;
My Heart is wounded with Distress,
And quite pierc'd through with Grief.
23. I, like an Ev'ning Shade, am gone,
Which vanishes apace;
Like Locusts up and down I'm tost,
That have no certain place.
- 24, 25. My Knees with Fasting are grown weak,
My Body lank and lean;
All that behold me shake their Heads,
And treat me with Disdain.
- 26, 27. But for thy Mercy's sake, O Lord,
Do thou my Foes withstand;
That all may see 'tis thy own Act,
The Work of thy Right-hand.
28. Then let them curse, if thou but blest;
Their Portion shall be Shame,
When they against me rise; but I
With Joy shall praise thy Name.
29. Thus shall my Foe be cloath'd with Shame,
And spight of all his Pride,
His own Confusion, like a Cloak,
The guilty Wretch shall hide.

30. But I to Heav'n, in grateful Thanks,
My chearful Voice will raile;
And where the great Assembly meets,
Set forth God's noble Praise.
31. For him the Poor shall always find,
His sure and constant Friend;
And he shall from unrighteous Dooms
His guiltless Soul defend.

PSALM CX.

1. **T**HE Lord said to my Lord, Sit thou
At my Right-hand, till I subdue
And all thy Foes thy Foot-stool make.
2. Supream in *Sion* thou shalt be,
And thence extend thy Sov'reignty
O'er all who thy just Rights would take.
3. Thee, in thy Pow'rs triumphant Day,
The willing Nations shall obey,
And when thy rising Beams they view,
Redeem'd from Superstition's Night,
To Thee shall be assembled, bright
And numberless as Morning Dew.
4. The Lord has sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That, like *Melchizedech's*, thy Reign
And Priesthood shall no Period know:
5. No proud Competitor to sit
At thy Right-hand will he permit;
But in his Wrath Crown'd Heads o'erthrow.

6. The

-
6. The sentenc'd Heathen he shall slay,
And fill with Carcasses his way,
Till he has struck Earth's Tyrants dead:
 7. But in the High-way Brook shall first,
Like some poor Pilgrim slack his Thirst,
And then in Triumph lift his Head.
-

PSALM CXI.

1. **P**raise ye the Lord; our God to praise
My Soul her utmost Pow'rs shall raise,
'Mongst private Friends, and in the Throng
Of Saints, his Praise shall be my Song.
2. His Works, for Greatness tho renown'd,
His wond'rous Works with Ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious Search delight.
3. Glory and Majesty attend
On ev'ry Work he takes in hand;
His Truth, confirm'd through Ages past,
Shall to eternal Ages last.
4. By Precept he has us enjoin'd,
To keep his wond'rous Works in mind,
And to Posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord,
5. Whose Bounty's ever-flowing Tide
Their Wants, who fear'd his Name, supply'd;
For ever he will keep in mind
His Cov'nant with our Fathers sign'd.
6. At once astonisht and o'erjoy'd,
They saw his matchless Pow'r employ'd,
Whereby

Whereby the Heathen were suppress'd,
And we their Heritage possess'd.

7. Just are the Dealings of his Hands
Immutable are his Commands.
8. By Truth and Equity sustain'd,
And for eternal Rules ordain'd.
9. Deliv'rance to his Saints has sent,
And ratify'd his Covenant,
For ever to remain the same:
Awful and sacred is his Name.
10. God's Fear is Wisdom's Source: good skill
Have they obtain'd who do his Will;
This only can true Bliss procure,
And Praise that always shall endure.

PSALM CXII.

HALLELUJAH.

1. **T**HAT Man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred Law:
2. His Seed on Earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive Honours crown'd.
3. His House, the Seat of Wealth, shall be
An inexhausted Treasury;
Their Fathers Justice shall avail,
And Blessings on his Heirs entail.
4. The Soul that's fill'd with Vertue's Light,
Shines brightest in Affliction's Night:

To

- To pity the Distrest inclin'd,
As well as just to all Mankind.
5. His lib'ral Favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends :
Yet what his Charity impairs
Recruits by Prudence in Affairs.
6. The Storm of Angry Fate may threat,
But ne'er displace him from his Seat,
The sweet Memorial of the Just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.
7. Ill Tidings can't with Fear surprize
His Heart that, fix'd, on God relies :
8. On Safety's Rock he sits and sees
The Ship-wreck of his Enemies.
9. His Hands, while they his Alms bestow'd,
His Glory's future Harvest sow'd,
Whence he shall reap Wealth, Fame, Re-
A temp'ral and eternal Crown. (now,
10. The Wicked shall his Triumph see,
And gnash their Teeth in Agony,
While their unrighteous Hopes decay,
And vanish, with themselves, away.

P S A L M CXIII.

1. **Y**E Saints and Servants of the Lord,
The Triumphs of his Name record,
2. His sacred Name for ever bless.
3. Where-e'r the circling Sun displays,
His rising Beams or setting Rays,
Due Praise to his great Name address.
4. The Lord o'er Earth bears sov'reign Sway,
The Regions of eternal Day
Reflections of his Glory are.
5. To Him, whose Majesty excels,
Who made the Heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created Pow'r compare.
6. Affairs of highest Heav'n to know,
In him does Condescension show,
Yet he extends his Care to Earth.
7. The Poor and Needy from their Cell,
8. Prefers in Palaces to dwell
With Princes of high Rank and Birth.
9. When Childless Families despair,
He sends the Comfort of an Heir,
To rescue their expiring Fame ;
Grants her that barren was to bear,
And joyfully her Fruit to rear.
Praise ye the Lord's almighty Name.

PSALM CXIV.

1. **W**hen *Isr'el*, by th' Almighty led,
(Enrich'd with their Oppressors Spoil)
From *Egypt* march'd; and *Jacob's* Seed
From Bondage in a foreign Soil.
2. *Jehovah*, for his Residence,
Chose out imperial *Judab's* Tent,
His Mansion-Royal, and from thence
Through *Israel's* Camp his Orders sent.
3. The distant Sea with Terrour saw,
And from th' Almighty's Presence fled;
Old *Jordan's* Streams, surpriz'd with Aw,
Retreated to their Fountain's Head.
4. The taller Mountains skipp'd, like Rams,
When Danger near the Fold they spy;
To see their Fright, the Hills, like Lambs,
Leap'd after them, not knowing why.
5. O Sea, what made your Tide withdraw,
And naked leave your oozy Bed?
Why *Jordan*, against Nature's Law,
Recoil'dst thou to thy Fountain's Head?
6. Why Mountains did you skip like Rams,
When Danger does approach the Fold?
Why after you the Hills like Lambs
When they their Leaders Flight behold?
7. Earth tremble on; well may'st thou fear,
Thy Lord and Maker's Face to see;
When *Jacob's* awful God draws near,
'Tis time for Earth, and Seas to flee.

8. To

3. To flee from God, who Nature's Law
Repeals and cancels at his Will ;
Who Springs from flinty Rocks can draw,
And thirsty Vales with Water fill.

P S A L M CXV.

1. **L** Ord, not to us, we claim no Share,
But to thy sacred Name
Give Glory, for thy Mercy's sake,
And Truth's eternal Fame.
2. Why should the Heathen cry, where's now
The God whom we adore ?
3. Convince 'em that in Heav'n thou art,
And uncontroll'd thy Pow'r.
4. Their Gods but Gold and Silver are,
The Work of mortal Hands :
5. With speechless Mouth, and sightless Eyes
The molten Idol stands.
6. The Pageant-thing has Ears and Nose,
But neither hears nor smells.
7. Hands, Feet, but neither feels nor moves ;
No Breath within it dwells.
8. Such senseless Stocks, that to compare
With them we nothing find,
But those who on their Help rely,
And them for Gods design'd.
9. O *Isr'el*, make the Lord your Trust,
Who is your Help and Shield ;
10. Priests, Levites trust in him alone
Who only Help can yield.

L

11. Let

11. Let all who fear the Lord, for Aid,
On him they fear, rely;
Who them in Danger can defend,
And all their Wants supply.
- 12, 13. Of us he oft has mindful been,
And *Isr'el's* House will bless,
Priests, Levites, Profelytes, ev'n All
Who his great Name confess.
14. On you, and on your Heirs, increase
Of Blessings he will bring;
15. Thrice happy you, who Fav'rites are
Of this Almighty King.
16. Heav'n's highest Orb of Glory, He
His Empire's Seat design'd;
And gave this lower Globe of Earth
A Portion to Mankind.
17. They who in Death and Silence sleep
To him no Praise afford:
18. But we will bless for evermore
Our ever-living Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

1. **M**Y Soul with Ecstasies of Love
Intirely is posselt,
Because the Lord has deign'd to hear
The Voice of my Request.
2. Since he has now his Ear inclin'd,
I never will despair,
But, while my Life shall last, to him
Address my humble Pray'r.

3. With

3. With deadly Sorrows compast round,
With hellish Pangs oppress,
When Grief and Anguish fill'd my Heart,
And heav'd my throbbing Breast;
4. On God's Almighty Name I call'd,
And thus to him I pray'd ;
Lord, I beseech thee save my Soul,
With Sorrow quite dismaid.
- 5, 6. How just and merciful is God !
How gracious is the Lord !
Who saves the Simple, and to me
Does timely Help afford.
7. Then, free from racking Cares, my Soul,
Resume thy wonted Rest ;
For God has wond'rously to thee
His bounteous Love exprest.
8. He, when Death threat'ned, soon remov'd
My Dangers and my Fears ;
My Feet from falling he secur'd,
And dry'd my Eyes from Tears.
9. The whole remaining Stock of Life
Which he to me has lent,
Shall therefore in his Service be
With grateful Duty spent.
- 10, 11. In God I trusted, and of him
In greatest straits did boast ;
(For in my Flight all hopes of Aid
From faithless Man were lost :)
- 12, 13. Then what Return to him shall I
For all his Goodness make.

I'll praise his Name, and with glad Zeal
The Cup of Blessing take.

14, 15. The Vows I made to God, I'll pay
In all his People's fight.
Because by him his Servant's blood
Was never counted light.

16. Lord, by how many Ties must I
To thy Obedience bow?
Before, thy humble Handmaid's Son,
Thy ransom'd Captive now!

17, 18. To Thee I'll Off'rings bring of Praise;
And whilst I bless thy Name,
The just performance of my Vows
To all thy Saints proclaim.

19. They, in thy holy City met,
And in thy House shall join,
With one Consent thy Name to bless,
And mix their Praise with mine.

P S A L M CXVII.

1. **W**ith cheerful Notes let all the Earth
To Heav'n their Voices raise;
Let all, inspir'd with godly Mirth,
Sing solemn Hymns of Praise:
2. God's tender Mercy knows no bound,
His Truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing Nations round,
This grateful Tribute pay.

PSALM CXVIII.

- 1, 2. **O** Praise the Lord, for he is good,
His Mercies ne'er decay :
That his kind Favour ever last,
Let thankful *Isr'el* say.
- 3, 4. Their Sense of his eternal Love
Let *Aaron's* House express ;
And that it never fails, let all
That fear the Lord confess.
5. To God I made my humble Moan
With Troubles quite oppress'd ;
And he releas'd me from my Straits,
And granted my Request.
6. Since therefore God does on my side
So graciously appear,
What Man against me can contrive
I never need to fear.
7. Since God with those that aid my Cause
Himself a Party makes ;
I need not doubt, on all my Foes
A just Revenge to take.
- 8, 9. For better 'tis to trust in God,
And have the Lord our Friend,
Than on the greatest humane Pow'r
For Safety to depend.
- 10, 11. Tho many Nations, closely leagu'd
Did oft beset me round ;
Yet, by his boundless Pow'r sustain'd,
I did them all confound.

L 3

12. They

12. They swarm'd like Bees, and yet their Rage
Was but a short-liv'd Blaze;
For whilst on God I still rely'd,
I vanquish'd them with Ease.
13. When All together press'd me hard,
In hopes to make me fall;
The Lord vouchsaf'd to take my part
And sav'd me from them all.
14. The Honour of my strange Escape
To him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my Strength,
The Theme of all my Songs.
15. The Just's Abode resounds with Joy,
By him preserv'd from Harm;
For wond'rous things are brought to pass
By his almighty Arm.
16. He, by his vast resistless Pow'r,
Has endless Honour won;
The saving Strength of his Right-hand
Amazing Works has done.
17. God will not suffer me to fall
But yet prolong my Days;
That by declaring all his Works,
I may advance his Praise.
18. The Lord has chatt'ned me in Love
And great Afflictions laid;
But has not giv'n me o'er to those
That did my Life invade.
19. Then open wide the Temple-Gates
To which the Just repair;

That

- That I may enter in and praise
My great Deliv'rer there.
- 10, 11. Within those Gates of God's abode
To which the Righteous press;
Since thou hast heard and set me safe,
Thy holy Name I'll bless.
- 12, 13. That Stone is now the Corner's Head,
Which Builders did despise;
This is the Lord's amazing Act,
And wond'rous in our Eyes.
- 14, 15. This is God's Day; let all the Land
Exalt their cheerful Voice:
Lord, we beseech thee save us now,
And make us still rejoice.
16. Him that approaches in God's Name,
Let all th' Assembly bless;
We that belong to God's own House,
Have wish'd you good Success.
17. God is the Lord, through whom we all
Both Light and Comfort find;
With Cords unto the Altar's Horns,
The destin'd Victim bind.
18. Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
I'll praise thy holy Name;
Because Thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy Fame.
19. O then, with me, give Thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove;
And let the Tribute of our Praise
Be endless as his Love.

PSALM CXIX.

A L E P H.

1. **H**OW blest are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way!
Who never from the sacred Road
Of God's Commandments stray!
2. Thrice blest! who to his righteous Laws
Have still obedient been!
And warmly urg'd by hearty Zeal
His Favour seek to win!
3. Such Men, averse from Ill, abhor
To do a wicked Deed;
But in the Path which he prescribes
With constant Care proceed.
4. But 'tis to thy Commands, O Lord,
This Happiness we ow.
Thou bid'st us keep those upright Laws
From which such Comforts flow.
5. O then that thy most holy Will
Might o'er my Ways preside!
And I the course of all my Life
By thy Directions guide!
6. Then should I walk erect and bold,
From all Confusion free;
Convinc'd, with Joy, that all my Ways
With thy Commands agree.
7. My upright Heart shall my glad Mouth
With chearful Praises fill;

When

When, by thy righteous Judgments taught,
I fully learn thy Will.

8. So to thy sacred Laws shall I
All due observance pay ;
O then forsake me not, my God,
Nor cast me quite away.

B E T H.

9. How shall the young preserve their Ways
From vile Pollutions free ?
By making all their Course of Life
With thy Commands agree.
10. With hearty Zeal, for Thee I seek,
To Thee for Succour pray ;
O suffer not my careless Steps
From thy just Precepts stray.
11. Safe in my Heart, and closely hid
Thy Word, my Treasure, lies ;
And ready waits with timely Aid,
When sinful Passions rise.
12. Secur'd by that, my grateful Soul
Shall ever bleis thy Name :
O reach me then my Life to come
By thy just Laws to frame.
13. My Lips, unlockt by pious Zeal,
To others have declar'd,
How much the Judgments of thy Mouth
Deserve our high Regard.
4. Whilst in the Way of thy Commands
More solid Joy I found,

Than

Than had I been with vast Encrease
Of envy'd riches crown'd.

15. Therefore thy just and upright Laws,
Shall always fill my Mind;
And those sound Rules which thou prescrib'st
All due Respect shall find.
16. To keep thy Statutes undefac'd
Shall be my constant Joy;
The strict Remembrance of thy Word
Shall all my Thoughts employ.

G I M E L.

17. Be gracious to thy Servant, Lord,
Do thou my Life defend;
That I, according to thy Word,
My Time to come may spend.
18. Enlighten both my Eyes and Mind,
That so I may discern
The wond'rous things which they behold:
Who thy just precepts learn.
19. Tho, like a Stranger in the Land,
From place to place I stray,
Thy righteous Judgments from my sight
O hide thou not away.
20. My fainting Soul is almost pin'd,
With earnest Longing spent;
Whilst always on the eager Search
Of thy just Will, intent.
21. Thy sharp Rebuke shall crush the Proud,
Whom still thy Curse pursues;

Who

- Who in thy righteous Paths to walk
Presumptuously refuse.
12. But far from me do thou, O Lord,
Contempt and Shame remove;
For I thy sacred Laws affect
With undissembled Love.
13. Tho Princes oft, in Council met;
Against thy Servant spake;
Yet I, thy Statutes to observe,
My chiefest Bus'ness make.
14. For thy Commands have always been
My Comfort and Delight;
By them I learn with prudent Care,
And guide my Counsels right.

D A L E T H.

15. My Soul's oppress'd with deadly Care,
And to the Dust does cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
Thy promis'd Aid receive.
16. To thee I still declar'd my Ways,
And thou inclin'dst thine Ear:
O teach me then my future Life
By thy just Laws to steer.
17. If thou wilt make me know thy Laws,
And by their Guidance walk,
The wond'rous Works which thou hast
Shall be my constant Talk. (done)
18. But see my Soul within me sinks,
Prest down with weightry Care;

O make thy Promise good, and soon
My wasted Strength repair.

29. For far from me be all false Ways
And lying Arts remov'd !
But kindly grant I still may keep
The Path by thee approv'd.
30. Thy faithful Ways, thou God of Truth,
My happy Choice I've made ;
Thy Judgments, as my Rule of Life,
Before me always laid.
31. My Care has been to make my Life
With thy just Laws agree ;
O then preserve thy Servant, Lord,
From Shame and Ruine free.
32. So in the Ways of thy Commands
Shall I with Pleasure run,
And with a Heart enlarg'd with Joy
Successfully go on.

H E.

33. Instruct me in thy Statutes, Lord,
Thy righteous Paths display ;
And I from them, through all my Life,
Will ne'er perversly stray.
34. If thou true Wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect Laws, I'll still
Apply my zealous Heart.
35. Direct me in the sacred Ways
To which thy Precepts lead ;

Because

- Because my chief Delight has been
Thy Righteous Paths to tread.
36. Do thou to thy most just Commands
Incline my willing Heart ;
Let no Desire of Worldly Wealth
From them my Thoughts divert.
37. From thole vain Objects turn my Eyes
Which this false World displays ;
But active Life and Vigour give
To keep thy righteous Ways.
38. Confirm the Promise which thou mad'st,
And give thy Servant Aid,
Who to transgress thy sacred Laws
Is awfully afraid.
39. The foul Disgrace I've cause to fear
In mercy Lord remove ;
For all the Judgments thou ordain'st
Are full of Grace and Love.
40. Thou know'st how, after thy Commands,
My longing Heart does pant ;
O then make haste to raise me up,
And promis'd Succour grant.

V A U.

41. Thy constant Blessing, Lord, bestow,
To cheer my grateful Heart ;
To me according to thy Word,
Thy saving Health impart.
41. So shalt I, when my Foes upbraid,
This ready Answer make ;

In

In God I trust, who never will:
His faithful Promise break.

43. Then let not quite the Word of Truth
Be from my Mouth remov'd;
Since still my ground of stedfast Hope
Thy just Decrees have prov'd.
44. So I to keep thy righteous Laws.
Will all my Study bend;
From Age to Age, my time to come
In their Observance spend.
45. E'er long I trust to walk at large,
From all Incumbrance free;
Because I aim'd to make my Life
With thy Commands agree.
46. Thy Laws shall be my constant Talk;
And Princes shall attend,
Whilst I the Justice of thy Ways
With Confidence defend.
47. My longing Heart and ravish'd Soul
Shall both o'erflow with Joy;
When in thy lov'd Commandments I
My happy Hours employ.
48. Then will I to thy lov'd Decrees
Lift up my willing Hands;
My Care and Bus'ness then shall be
To study thy Commands.

2 A I N.

49. According to thy promis'd Grace,
Thy Favour, Lord, extend.

Make

- Make good to me the Word, on which
Thy Servants Hopes depend.
50. That, onely Comfort in Distress
Did all my Grievs controul;
Thy Word, when Troubles hem'd me round,
Reviv'd my fainting Soul.
51. Insulting Foes did proudly laugh,
And all my Hopes deride;
Yet from thy Law, not all their Taunts
Could make me turn aside.
52. Thy Judgments, Lord, of ancient date
I then recall'd to mind.
And, with such Thoughts refresh'd, my Soul
Did constant Comfort find.
53. Sometimes I stand amaz'd, like one
With deadly Horror strook,
To think how all my sinful Foes
Have thy just Laws forsook.
54. But I thy Statutes and Decrees
My cheerful Anthems made;
Whilst through strange Lands and desert
I like a Pilgrim stray'd. (Wilds
55. Thy Name, that cheer'd my Heart by day,
Has fill'd my Thoughts by night;
I then resolv'd by thy just Laws,
To guide my Steps aright.
56. That Peace of Mind, which has my Soul
In deep Distress sustain'd,
By strict Obedience to thy Will
I happily obtain'd.

C H E T H.

57. O Lord, my God, my Portion thou
And sure possession art ;
Thy Words I stedfastly resolve
To treasure in my Heart.
58. With all the strength of warm Desires
I did thy Grace implore ;
Disclose, according to thy Word,
Thy Mercies boundless store.
59. With due Reflection and strict Care
On all my Ways I thought ;
And so reclaim'd to thy just Paths
My wand'ring Steps I brought.
60. I lost no time, but made great haste,
Resolv'd, without delay,
To watch, that I might never more
From thy Commandments stray.
61. Tho num'rous Troops of sinful Men
To rob me have combin'd ;
Yet I thy pure and righteous Laws
Will ever keep in mind.
62. In dead of night will I arise,
To sing thy solemn Praise ;
Because convinc'd how much I ought
To love thy righteous Ways.
63. To such as fear thy holy Name
My self I'll closely join ;
To all who their obedient Wills
To thy Commands resign,

64. O'er

64. O'er all the Earth thy Mercy, Lord,
Abundantly is shed ;
O make me then exactly learn,
Thy sacred Paths to tread.

T E T H.

65. With me, thy Servant, thou hast dealt
Most graciously, O Lord,
Repeated Benefits bestow'd,
According to thy Word.
66. Teach me the sacred Skill, by which
Right Judgment is attain'd,
Who in belief of thy Commands
Have steadfastly remain'd.
67. Before Affliction stopp'd my Course,
My Footsteps went astray ;
But I have since been disciplin'd
Thy Precepts to obey.
68. Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,
And all thou do'st is so ;
On me, thy Statutes to discern,
The saving Skill bestow.
69. The Proud have forg'd malicious Lies
My spotless Fame to stain :
But my fixt Heart, without Reserve,
Thy Precepts shall retain.
70. While pamper'd they, with prosp'rous Ills,
In sensual Pleasures live,
My Soul can relish no Delight
But what thy Precepts give.

71. 'Tis

71. 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Severe Affliction's Rod,
That I may duly learn and keep
The Statutes of my God.
72. The Law that from thy Mouth proceeds
Of more esteem I hold,
Than untoucht Mines, than thousand Mines
Of Silver and of Gold.

J O D.

73. To me, who am the Workmanship
Of thy almighty Hands,
The Heav'nly Understanding give
To learn thy just Commands.
74. My Preservation to thy Saints
Strong Comfort will afford,
To see Success attend my Hopes
That trusted in thy Word.
75. That right thy Judgments are, I now
By sure Experience see,
And that in Faithfulness, O Lord,
Thou hast afflicted me.
76. Let thy kind Mercy Comfort bring
For all my Grievs at last,
According to thy gracious Word
To me thy Servant past.
77. To me thy saving Grace restore,
That I again may live ;
Whose Soul can relish no Delight
But what thy Precepts give.

78. Defeat the Proud, who unprovok'd,
To ruine me have sought,
Who only on thy sacred Laws
Employ my harmless Thought.
79. Let those that fear thy Name espouse
My Cause and those alone
Who have by strict and pious Search
Thy Testimonies known.
80. In thy blest Statutes let my Heart
Continue ever sound,
That Guilt and Shame, the Sinners Lor,
May never me confound.

C A P H.

81. My Soul with long Expectance faints
To see thy saving Grace ;
Yet still on thy unerring Word,
My Confidence I place.
82. My very Eyes consume and fail
With waiting for thy Word ;
Thy Comfort and long promis'd Aid
O when wilt thou afford ?
83. My Flesh like shriv'led Parchment shows
That long in Smoke is set ;
Yet no Affliction me can force
Thy Statutes to forget.
84. How many are thy Servant's Days ?
When wilt thou Lord redress
My Wrongs ? and Judgment execute
On them who me oppress ?

85. The

85. The proud have digg'd a Pit for me,
Who have no other Foes,
But who are Reprobates to Thee
And thy just Laws oppose.
86. All thy Commandments are compos'd
Of Truth and Equity :
Men persecute me without Cause,
Thou, Lord, my Helper be.
87. To snatch me from the Face of Earth
Their Spire almost prevail'd ;
Yet to thy righteous Precepts I
My Duty never fail'd.
88. Thy wonted Kindness, Lord, restore,
My drooping Heart to cheer ;
That by thy Testimonies, I
My Life's whole Course may steer.

L A M E D.

89. For ever and for ever, Lord,
Thou dost the same remain.
In Heav'n thy Word establish'd is,
And does that Heav'n sustain.
90. Thro circling Ages, Lord, thy Truth
Immoveably shall stand
As Earth, whose Fabrick is upheld
By thy almighty Hand.
91. All things the Course by Thee ordain'd
Ev'n to this day fulfil ;
They are thy faithful Subjects all,
And Servants of thy Will.

91. Unless

92. Unless thy sacred Law had been
My Comfort and Delight,
I must have fainted and expir'd
In dark Affliction's Night.
93. Thy Precepts therefore from my Thoughts
Shall never, Lord, depart;
For Thou, by them, hast to new Life
Restor'd my dying Heart.
94. As I am thine, intirely thine,
Protect me, Lord, from Harm;
Who have thy Precepts sought to know,
And carefully perform.
95. The Wicked have their Ambush laid
My guiltless Life to take;
But in the midit of Danger I
Thy Word my Study make.
96. I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below,
But thy Commandments, like thy self,
No Change or Period know.

M E M.

97. The Love that to thy Law I bear
No Language can display;
They with fresh Wonders entertain
My ravish'd Thoughts all day.
98. Thro thy Commands I wiser grow
Than all my subtle Foes;
For they are with me to direct
And all my Ways dispose,

99. From

99. From me my former Teachers now
May abler Counsel take;
Because thy Testimonies I
My constant Study make.
100. In Understanding I excel
The Sages of our days;
Because by thy unerring Rules
I order all my ways.
101. My Feet with Care I have refrain'd
From every sinful way,
That to thy sacred Word I might
Intire Obedience pay.
102. I have not from thy Judgments stray'd,
By vain Desires misled;
For, Lord, thou hast instructed me
Thy righteous Path to tread.
103. How sweet are all thy words to me;
O what divine Repast!
How more delicious to my Soul
Than Honey to my Taste.
104. Taught by thy sacred Precepts, I
With Heav'nly Skill am blest,
The treach'rous ways of Sin to shun,
And utterly detest.

N U N.

105. Thy Word is to my Feet a Lamp
The way of Truth to show;
A Watch-light to point out the Path,
In which I ought to go.

106. I swear, and to my solemn Oath
Resolve to prove sincere,
That to thy righteous Judgments I
Will stedfastly adhere.
107. Since I with Grievs am so oppress'd
That I can bear no more,
According to thy Word, do thou
My fainting Soul restore.
108. Let the Oblations of my Praise
With Thee Acceptance find,
And in thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
Instruct my willing Mind.
109. Tho Death and Danger me surround,
My Soul they cannot aw,
Nor with continual Terrors keep
From thinking on thy Law.
110. My wicked and inveterate Foes
For me their Snares have laid ;
Yet I have kept the upright Path,
Nor from thy Precepts stray'd.
111. Thy Testimonies I have made
My Heritage and Choice ;
For they, when other Comforts fail,
My drooping Heart rejoice.
112. My Heart thy Statutes to perform
With early Zeal begun,
And shall continue the same Course
Till that of Life is run.

SAMECH.

S A M E C H.

113. Deceitful Thoughts and Practices
I utterly detest;
But for thy Law Affection bear
Too great to be express.
114. My Hiding-Place, my Refuge-Tow'r
And Shield art thou, O Lord,
I firmly anchor all my Hopes
On thy unerring Word.
115. Hence ye that trade in Wickedness,
Approach not my Abode;
For firmly I resolve to keep
The Precepts of my God.
116. According to thy gracious Word,
From Danger set me free,
Nor make me of those Hopes ashamed
That I repose on Thee.
117. Uphold me, so shall I be safe;
And, rescu'd from Distress,
To thy Decrees continually
My just Respect address.
118. The wicked thou hast trod to Earth,
Who from thy Statutes stray'd;
Their vile Deceit the Recompence
Of their own Falshood made.
119. The Wicked from thy holy Land
Thou dost, like Dross, remove,
Charm'd with such Justice, therefore I
Thy Testimonies love.

120. Yet with that Love they make me dread
Left I should so offend,
When on Transgressors I behold
Thy Judgments thus descend.

A I N.

121. Judgment and Justice I have wrought,
O therefore, Lord, engage
In my Defence, nor give me up
To my Oppressors Rage.
122. The Surety for thy Servant be,
Converting this Distress
To Good for me ; nor let the Proud
My guiltless Soul oppress.
123. My Eyes, alas! begin to fail,
In long Expectance held,
Till thy Salvation they behold,
And righteous Word fulfill'd.
124. To me, thy Servant, in Distress
Thy wonted Grace display,
And discipline my willing Heart
Thy Statutes to obey.
125. On me, devoted to thy Fear,
The sacred Skill bestow,
That of thy Testimonies I
The full extent may know.
126. 'Tis time, high time for Thee, O Lord,
Thy Vengeance to employ,
When Men with open Violence
Thy sacred Law destroy.

M

127. Yet

117. Yet their Contempt of thy Commands
But makes their Value rise
With me, who Gold, refin'd with skill,
Compar'd with them despise.
118. Thy Precepts therefore I esteem
In all respects divine,
By them instructed to detest
And all false Ways decline.

P E.

119. Who can express how wonderful
Thy Testimonies are ?
Which therefore to perform my Soul
Employs her utmost Care.
120. The very Entrance to thy Word
Celestial Light displays ;
The Knowledge of true Happiness
To simplest Minds conveys.
121. With open Mouth I waiting stood,
And panted with Desire,
That of thy wise Commands I might
The sacred Skill acquire.
122. With Favour, Lord, look down on me
Thy Mercy who implore,
As thou art wont to visit them
Who thy blest Name adore.
123. Directed by thy heav'nly Word
Let all my Footsteps be ;
Nor Wickedness of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.

124. Re-

134. Release, intirely set me free
From persecuting Hands,
Thar, unmolested, I may learn,
And practise thy Commands.
135. On me, devoted to thy Fear,
Lord make thy Face to shine,
Thy Statutes both to know and keep
My Heart with Zeal incline.
136. My Eyes to weeping Fountains turn,
Whence briny Rivers press,
To see Mankind, without Remorse,
Thy sacred Law transgress.

T S A D E.

137. Thou art the righteous Judge, on whom
Wrong'd Innocence may truit ;
And, like thy self, thy Judgments, Lord,
In all respects are just.
138. As just those Testimonies were,
Which thou didst first decree,
So all with Faithfulness perform'd
Succeeding Times shall see.
139. With Zeal my Flesh consumes away,
My Soul with Anguish frets,
To see my Foes contemn, at once,
Thy Promises and Threats.
140. Yet each neglected Word of thine,
(Howe'er by them despis'd,)
Is pure, and for eternal Truth
By me, thy Servant priz'd.

141. Brought, for thy sake, to low Estate,
Contempt from All I find ;
Yet no Affronts or Wrongs can drive
Thy Precepts from my Mind.
142. Thy Righteousness shall then endure,
When Time it self is past ;
Thy Law is Truth it self, that Truth
Which shall for ever last.
143. Tho Trouble, Anguish, Doubts and Dread
To compass me unite,
Beset with Danger, till I make
Thy Precepts my Delight.
144. Eternal and unerring Rules
Thy Testimonies give :
Teach me the Wisdom that will make
My Soul for ever live.

K O P H.

145. With my whole Heart to God I call'd,
Lord hear my earnest Cry ;
And I, thy Statutes to perform,
Will all my Care apply.
146. Again more fervently I pray'd,
O save me, that I may
Thy Testimonies throughly know
And stedfastly obey.
147. My earlier Pray'r the dawning Day
Prevented, while I cry'd
To Him on whose engaging Word
My Hope alone rely'd.

148. With

148. With Zeal have I awak'd before
The Midnight Watch was set,
That I, of thy myſterious Word,
May perfect Knowledg get.
149. Lord, hear my ſupplicating Voice.
And wonted Favour ſhew ;
O quicken me, and ſo approve
Thy Judgments ever true.
150. My perſecuting Foes advance
And hourly nearer draw ;
What Treatment can I hope from them
Who violate thy Law ?
151. Tho they draw nigh, my Comfort is
Thou, Lord, art yet more near,
Thou, whoſe Commands are righteous all,
Thy Promiſes ſincere.
152. Concerning thy divine Decrees
My Soul has known of old,
How true they were, and ſhall their Truth
To endleſs Ages hold.

R E S C H.

153. Conſider my Affliction, Lord,
And me from Bondage draw ;
Think on thy Servant in Diſtreſs,
Who ne'er forgets thy Law.
154. Plead Thou my Cauſe ; to that and me
Thy timely Aid afford ;
With Beams of Mercy quicken me
According to thy Word.

135. From hard'ned Sinners thou remov'st
Salvation far away ; (them
'Tis just thou shouldst withdraw from
Who from thy Statutes stray.
136. As great thy tender Mercies are
To those who Thee adore ;
According to thy Judgments, Lord,
My fainting Hopes restore.
137. A num'rous Host of spiteful Foes
Against my Life combine ;
But all too few t'inforce my Soul
Thy Statutes to decline.
138. Those bold Transgressors I beheld,
And was with Grief oppress'd,
To see with what audacious Pride
Thy Cov'nant they transgress'd.
139. Yet while they slight, consider, Lord,
How I thy Precepts love ;
O therefore quicken me with Beams
Of Mercy from above. (Truth
140. As from Time's Birth thy Word's firm
Has held through Ages past,
Thy righteous Judgments shall, intire,
To endless Ages last.

S C H I N.

141. Tho mighty Tyrants, without Cause,
Conspire my Blood to shed,
Thy sacred Word has only Pow'r
To strike my Heart with Dread.

162. Yet

161. Yet that same Word my Breast with Beams
Of joyful Rapture warms ;
Not Conquest, Spoil and Triumph have
More bright transporting Charms.
163. Perfidious Practices and Lies
I utterly derest ;
But to thy Laws affection bear
Too vast to be exprest.
164. Sev'n times a day, with Voice and Heart,
Thy Praises I resound,
Because I find thy Judgments all
With Truth and Justice crown'd.
165. Secure, substantial Peace have they
Who truly love thy Law ;
No smiling Mischief them can tempt,
Nor frowning Danger aw.
166. For thy Salvation I have hop'd,
And tho so long delay'd,
With cheerful Zeal and strictest Care
All thy Commands obey'd.
167. Thy Testimonies I have kept,
More dear to me than Light ;
So lov'd and priz'd, they were at once
My Duty and Delight.
168. I kept thy Laws in view, lest I
Thy Precepts should decline.
Thy Ways observing, as I knew
Strict watch thou kept on mine.

T A U.

169. To my Request and earnest Cry
Attend, O gracious Lord ;
Inspire my Heart with heav'nly Skill,
According to thy Word.
170. Let my repeated Pray'r at last
Before thy Throne ascend ;
According to thy plighted Word .
To me Deliv'rance send.
171. Then shall my grateful Lips return
The Tribute of their Praise,
When Thou thy Counsels hast reveal'd,
And taught me thy just Ways.
172. My Tongue the Praises of thy Word
Shall thankfully resound,
Because thy Promises are all
With just performance crown'd.
173. Let thy Almighty Arm appear
And bring me timely Aid ;
Protect me as thy Precepts I
My Heart's free Choice have made.
174. My Soul has waited long to see
Thy saving Grace restor'd ;
Nor Comfort knew, but what thy Laws,
Thy heav'nly Laws afford.
175. Prolong my Life, that I may sing
My great Restorer's Praise ;
My Soul, that guiltless is oppress'd,
Let thy just Judgments raise.
176. Like

175. Like some lost Sheep, I've stray'd so long
 Till I despair to find
 My home-ward Way ; thy Servant seek,
 Who keeps thy Laws in Mind.

P S A L M CXX.

1. **D**istrest, I oft have cry'd
 To God, who ne'er deny'd
 To rescue me from Wrongs :
2. Once more Deliv'rance send,
 From lying Lips defend,
 And from the stand'ring Tongue.
3. What Profit can accrue ?
 What Punishment is due,
 Perfidious Tongue, to thee ?
4. Thy Sting on thee shall turn ;
 Of Flames, that fiercely burn,
 The Fuel thou shalt be.
5. How wretched is my Doom,
 A Sojourner become,
 In *Mesech's* desert Soil !
 With *Kedar's* Tents inclos'd,
 To Salvages expos'd,
 Who live on Theft and Spoil.
6. My Dwelling is with those
 Who are to Peace sworn Foes,
 And Pleasure take in Harms ;

M 5

7. Sweet

7. Sweet Peace is all I seek,
But when of Peace I speak ;
They strait call out to Arms.

P S A L M CXXI.

1. **T**O *Sion's* Hill I lift my Eyes,
From thence expecting Aid ;
2. From *Sion's* Hill and *Sion's* God,
Who Heav'n and Earth has made.
3. Thy Throne and Person both are safe,
Thy Guardian will not sleep ;
4. His Watchful Care that *Isr'el* guards
Will *Isr'el's* Monarch keep.
5. Sheltred beneath th' Almighty's Wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
6. Where Noonday Suns nor Midnight Moons
With Heat or Cold molest.
7. From common Accidents of Life
His Care shall guard thee still ;
From the blind Strokes of Chance, and Foes
That lie in wait to kill.
8. At home, abroad, in Peace, in War,
Thy God shall thee defend ;
Conduct thee through Life's Pilgrimage
Safe to thy Journey's End.

P S A L M CXXII.

1. **O** 'Twas a joyful Sound to hear
Our Tribes devoutly say,
Up *Isr'el*, to the Temple halte,
And keep your Festal Day.
2. At *Salem's* Courts we must appear
With our united Pow'rs ;
3. In strong and beauteous Order rang'd
Like her compacted Tow'rs.
4. 'Tis thither, by divine Command
The Tribes of God repair,
Before his Ark to celebrate
His Name with Praise and Pray'r.
5. Tribunals stand erected there ;
Where Equity takes place ;
There stand the Courts and Palaces
Of royal *David's* Race.
6. O, pray for *Salem's* Peace, all you
That happy wish to be,
For they shall prosper best who bear
Most cordial Love to Thee.
7. May Peace within thy sacred Walls
A constant Guest be found,
With Plenty and Prosperity
Thy Palaces be crown'd.
8. For my dear Brethren's sake, and Friends
No less than Brethren dear,
I'll pray,---May Peace in *Salem's* Tow'rs
A constant Guest appear.

9. But most of all I'll seek thy Good,
And ever wish thee well,
For *Sion* and the Temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

P S A L M CXXIII.

1. **T**O Thee, who dwell'st above the Skies,
I lift my supplicating Eyes ;
2. As Servants watch their Masters Hands,
And Maids their Mistresses Commands.
Ev'n so, on our Almighty Lord,
Wait we till Mercy he afford.
3. Have mercy, Lord, on us, chastis'd,
Nor only wretched but despis'd.
4. Our Soul no longer can sustain
The double Load of Scorn and Pain,
While they grow proud by our distress.
And roll in Ease who us oppress.

P S A L M CXXIV.

1. **L** E T *Isr'el* say, had not the Lord
 Been pleas'd to interpose,
2. Had God himself not took our Part
 When Men against us rose.
- 3, 4, 5. Their Wrath had swallow'd us alive,
 Devour'd without controul ;
 Their Spite and Pride's united Flood
 Had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul.
6. But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
 Who rescu'd us that Day,
 Nor to their salvage Jaws gave up
 Our threat'ned Lives a Prey.
7. Our Soul is like a Bird escap'd
 From out the Fowler's Net ;
 The Snare is broke, their Hopes are crost,
 And we at Freedom set.
8. Secure in his Almighty Name,
 Our Confidence remains,
 Who, as he made both Heav'n and Earth,
 Of both sole Monarch reigns.

P S A L M

P S A L M CXXV.

1. **W** H O place on *Sion's* God their Trust,
Like *Sion's* Rock shall stand.
Like her unmoveably be fixt
By his Almighty Hand.
2. Look how the Hills of *Solyma*
Jerusalem inclose,
So stands the Lord around his Saints
To guard 'em from their Foes.
3. The Wicked may afflict the Just,
But ne'er too long oppress,
Nor force him by Despair to seek
Base means for his Redress.
4. Be good, O righteous God, to those
Who Righteousness affect;
The Heart that Innocence retains
Let Innocence protect.
5. Who turn aside to crooked Paths,
The Lord shall them destroy;
Cut off th' Unjust, but crown the Saints
With lasting Peace and Joy.

PSALM CXXVI.

WHEN *Sion's* God her Sons recall'd:
From long Captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing Dream
Of what we wish'd to see.

2. But soon with unaccustom'd Mirth
Our Voice we did employ,
And sung our great Restorer's Praise
In thankful Hymns of Joy.

Our Heathen Foes repining stood,
Yet were compell'd to own
That great and wond'rous was the Work
Our God for us had done. (great

3. 'Twas great, say they; 'twas wond'rous
Much more should we confess;
The Lord has done great things, whereof
We reap the glad Success.

4. To us bring back the Remnant, Lord,
Of *Isr'el's* Captive Bands,
More welcome than refreshing Show'rs
To parcht and thirsty Lands.

5. That we, whose Work commenc'd in Tears,
May see our Labours thrive,
Till finish'd with Success, to make
Our drooping Hearts revive.

6. Tho he despond that sows his Grain,
Yet doubtless he shall come
To bind his full-ear'd Sheaves, and sing
A joyful Harvest-home.

PSALM

PSALM CXXVII.

1. **W**E build with fruitless Cost, unless
The Lord the Pile sustain,
Unless the Lord the City keep,
The Watchman wakes in vain.
2. In vain we rise before the Day,
And late to Rest repair,
Allow no Respite to our Toil,
And eat the Bread of Care :
Supplies of Life, with little Pains,
He on his Saints bestows ;
He crowns their Labour with Success,
Their Nights with sound Repose.
3. So Children are an Heritage
Sent from th' Almighty Lord,
A teeming Womb, his Favour's Gift,
And virtuous Life's Reward.
4. As Arrows in a Giant's Hand
With dreadful Grace appear,
Ev'n so the Sons of vig'rous Youth
Their Parents Glory are.
5. Happy the Man whose Quiver's fill'd
With these defensive Arms ;
He need's not fear to meet his Foe,
At War or Law's Alarms.

PSALM

PSALM CXXVIII.

1. **T**H E Man is blest who fears the Lord,
Nor Worship only pays,
But keeps his Steps confin'd with Care,
To his appointed Ways.
2. Thou shalt upon the sweet Returns
Of thy own Labour seed ;
Without Dependance live, and see
Thy Wishes all succeed.
3. Thy Wife, like a domestick Vine ;
Her gen'rous Fruit shall bring ;
Thy Children, like young Olive-plants,
About thy Table spring :
4. Who fears the Lord shall thus be blest ;
5. From *Sion* God shall bless,
And grant him all his Days to see
Jerusalem's Success.
6. Survive till Heirs of Heirs from him
Descend with vast Increase :
Twice blest ; in his own prosperous State,
And more in *Isr'el's* Peace.

PSALM

PSALM CXXIX.

1. UP from my Youth, may *Isr'el* say,
They oft have me assail'd,
2. Reduc'd me oft to heavy Straits,
But never yet prevail'd.
3. They oft have plow'd my patient Back
With Furrows deep and long.
4. But our just God has broke their Chains,
And rescu'd us from Wrong.
5. Defeat, Confusion, shameful Rout
Be still the Doom of those,
Their righteous Doom, who *Sion* hate,
And *Sion's* God oppose.
6. With too much Heat, and want of Roor;
Untimely let 'em fade,
Like Corn upon our Houses Tops,
That withers in the Blade.
7. With which no Reaper fills his Arms,
But unregarded leaves ;
Nor Binder thinks it worth his Pains
To fold it into Sheaves.
8. No Traveller that journeys by
Vouchsafes a Minute's Stop
T' afford it one kind Look, or wish
Heav'n's Blessing on the Crop.

PSALM

PSALM CXXX.

1. **F**rom lowest Regions of Despair,
To God I sent my Cry,
2. Lord, hear my supplicating Voice
And graciously reply.
3. Should'st thou severely mark our Faults,
Who can the Tryal bear ?
4. But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy Fear.
5. My Soul does with Impatience wait
For Thee the living Lord ;
My Hopes are on thy Promise built,
Thy never-failing Word.
6. For Thee I look with longing Eyes,
Impatient of Delay ;
Ev'n more than Watchmen of the Night
To spy the dawning Day.
7. Let *Isr'el* on the Lord depend,
No Bounds his Mercy knows ; (whence
The plenteous Source and Spring from
Eternal Succour flows.
8. Whose friendly Currents kind supplies
To us in Want convey ;
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanse,
And wash our Guilt away.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXI

1. **O** Lord, I am not proud of Heart,
Nor cast a scornful Eye ;
Nor my aspiring Thoughts employ
In things for me too high.
2. With Infant-Innocence, thou know'st
I have my self demean'd ;
Lull'd into Quiet like a Babe,
That from the Breast is wean'd.
3. Like me let *Isr'el* hope in God
His Aid alone implore ;
Both now and ever trust in him
Who lives for evermore.

PSALM CXXXII

1. **L**ET *David*, Lord, a constant Place
In thy Remembrance find ;
Let all the Sorrows he endur'd
Be ever in thy mind.
2. Remember what a solemn Oath
To Thee, his Lord, he swore ;
How to the mighty God he vow'd,
Whom *Jacob's* Sons adore.
- 3, 4. I will not go into my House,
Nor to my Bed ascend ;
No soft Repose shall close my Eyes
Nor Sleep my Ey-lids bend ;

5. Till

5. Till for the Lord's design'd Abode
I mark the destin'd Ground ;
Till I a decent place of Rest
For *Jacob's* God have found.
6. Th' appointed Place, with Shouts of Joy,
At *Ephratab* we found,
And made the Fields, throughout the Wood,
Our glad Applause resound.
7. O with due Rev'rence let us then
To his Abode repair ;
And prostrate at his Foot-stool fal'n
Pour out our humble Pray'r.
8. Arise, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant Place of Rest,
Be that, not only with thy Ark,
But with thy Presence blest.
- 9, 10. Cloath thou thy Priest with Righteousness,
And make thy Saints rejoice ;
For *David's* sake, thy Servant, hear
Thy own Anointed's Voice.
11. God sware to *David* in his Truth,
(Nor shall his Oath be vain)
One of thy Offspring after thee
Upon thy Throne shall reign :
12. And if thy Seed my Cov'nant keep,
And to my Laws submit ;
Their Children too upon thy Throne
For evermore shall sit.
- 13, 14. For *Sion's* God's peculiar Choice,
By him approv'd of well ;

His

286 P S A L M cxxxii, cxxxiii.

- His place of everlasting Rest,
Where he desires to dwell.
- 15, 16. Her Store, says he, I will increase,
Her Poor with Plenty cloy;
I'll with Salvation cloath her Priests,
Her Saints shall shout for Joy.
17. There *David's* Horn shall bud and breed
A long successive Line,
And my anointed Servants there
Shall with fresh Lustre shine.
18. The Faces of his vanquish't Foes
Confusion shall o'er-spread;
Whilst blest with good Success, his Crown
Shall flourish on his Head.
-

P S A L M CXXXIII.

1. **H**OW vast must their advantage be!
How great their Pleasure prove!
Who live like Brethren, and consent
In Offices of Love!
2. Friendship is like that pretious Oyl
Which, pour'd on *Aaron's* Head,
Ran down his Beard, and o'er his Robes
It's costly Moisture shed.
3. Like cool refreshing Dew, which does
On *Hermion's* Top distil;
Or like the early Drops that fall
On *Sion's* fruitful Hill.

For

For God to all, whose friendly Hearts
With mutual Love abound ;
Has firmly promis'd length of Days
With constant Blessings crown'd.

PSALM CXXXIV.

1. Bless God, ye Servants that attend
Upon his solemn State ;
That in his Temple night by night
With humble Rev'rence wait :
- 2, 3. Within his House lift up your hands,
And bless his Holy Name ;
From *Sion* bless thy *Isr'el*, Lord,
Who Earth and Heav'n didst frame.

PSALM CXXXV.

1. O Praise the Lord with one Consent
And magnify his Name ;
Let all the Servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.
2. All ye that in the House of God
Attend with constant Care ;
With those that to his outmost Courts
With humble Zeal repair.
3. For this our truest Int'rest is,
Glad Hymns of Praise to sing ;
And with loud Songs to bless his Name's
A most delightful thing.
4. For

4. For God his own peculiar choice
The Sons of *Jacob* makes ;
And *Isr'el*'s Offspring for his own,
As precious Treasure takes.
5. For oft have we, that God is great,
By glad Experience found ;
And seen how he with wond'rous Pow'r
Above all Gods is crown'd.
6. For he with unresisted Strength
Performs what e'er he will,
In Heav'n and Earth and watry Stores
That Earth's deep Caverns fill.
7. He raises Vapours from the Ground,
Which pois'd in liquid Air,
Fall down at last in Show'rs, through which
His dreadful Lightnings glare :
He from his Store-house brings the Winds ;
8. And he, with vengeful Hand,
The First-born slew of Man and Beast,
Through *Egypt*'s mourning Land.
9. He dreadful Signs and Wonders shew'd
In *Egypt*'s stubborn Coasts ;
Nor *Pharaoh* could his Plagues escape,
Nor all his num'rous Hosts.
- 10, 11. 'Twas he that various Nations smote,
And mighty Kings oppress'd ;
Sihon and *Og*, and all besides
That *Canaan*'s Land possess'd.
- 12, 13. He for his People of their Lands
A firm possession made ;

For

- For which his Fame shall always last,
His glory never fade.
14. For God shall soon his People's Cause
With tender Favour weigh ;
Repent him of his Wrath, and turn
His kindled Rage away.
15. Those Idols, whose false Worship spreads
O'er all the Heathen Lands,
Are made of Silver and of Gold,
The Work of humane Hands.
- 16, 17. They speak not with fictitious Tongues,
Nor see with polish'd Eyes ;
Nor hear with fashion'd Ears ; no Breath
Their empty Mouth supplies.
18. As senseless as themselves are they
That all their Skill apply
To make them, or in dang'rous Times,
On them for Aid rely.
19. Their just Returns of Thanks to God,
Let grateful *Isr'el* pay ;
Nor let the Priests of *Aaron's* Stock
To bless the Lord delay ;
20. Their Sense of his unbounded Love
Let *Levi's* House express ;
And let all those that fear the Lord
His Name for ever bless :
21. Let all with Thanks his wond'rous Works
In *Sion's* Courts proclaim,
And in *Jerus'lem*, where he dwells,
Exalt his Holy Name.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

1. **T**O God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful Thanks repeat
To him due Praise afford
As good as he is great:
For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No time shall end
His boundless Love.
- 2, 3. To him whose wond'rous Pow'r
All other Gods obey,
Whom earthly Kings adore,
This grateful Homage pay:
For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.
- 4, 5. By his Almighty Hand
Amazing Works are wrought;
The Heav'ns by his Command
Were to perfection brought.
For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.
6. He spread the Ocean round,
About the spacious Land;
And made the rising Ground
Above the Waters stand,

For

For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

7, 8, 9. His matchless Pow'r displays
The great and lasting Lights;
The Sun to rule by Days,
The Moon and Stars by Nights.
For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

10, 11, 12. He struck the First-born dead
Of Egypt's stubborn Land;
And thence his People led
With his resistless Hand.
For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

13, 14. By him the raging Sea,
As if in pieces rent,
Disclos'd a middle way
Through which his People went.
For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

15. Where soon he overthrew
Proud Pharaoh and his Host,

N 2

Who

Who seeking to pursue
Were in the Billows lost.

For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

16, 17, 18. Through Desarts vast and wild
He led the chosen Seed;
And famous Princes foil'd,
And made great Monarchs bleed.

For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

19, 20. *Sihon*, whose potent Hand
Great *Ammon's* Sceptre sway'd,
And *Og*, whose stern Command
Rich *Bashan's* Land obey'd.

For he will prove
Our constant Friend;
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

21, 22. And of his wond'rous Grace,
Their Lands, whom he destroy'd,
He gave to *Is'el's* Race,
To be by them enjoy'd.

For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

23, 24. He

23, 24. He, in our depth of Woes,
On us with Favour thought;
And from our cruel Foes
In Peace and Safety brought.
For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

25, 26. By him the Food is giv'n
On which all Creatures live:
To God who reigns in Heav'n
Eternal Praises give.
For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

PSALM CXXXVII.

1. **W**Hen we, our weary'd Limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud *Euphrates* Stream,
We wept, with doleful Thoughts oppress'd,
And *Sion* was our mournful Theme.
2. Our Harps, that when with Joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful Parts to bear,
With silent Strings neglected hung
On barren Trees that wither'd there.
3. Mean while our Foes, with Pride inspir'd,
The Authors of our slavish Wrongs,
Musick and Mirth of us requir'd,
"Come, sing us one of *Sion's* Songs.

N. 3

4. How

4. How shall we tune our Voice to sing?
Or touch our Harps with skilful Hands?
Shall Hymns of Joy to God our King,
Be sung by Slaves in foreign Lands?
5. *Jerusalem*, our happy Seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling Hand forget
The speaking Strings with Art to move!
6. If I forget thee, let my Tongue
To my parcht Roof, quite useless cleave;
Or if I count not thee among
The chiefest Joys I can receive!
7. Remember, Lord, how *Edom's* Race,
In thy own City's fatal Day,
Cry'd out, "It's stately Walls deface,
"And with the Ground quite level lay.
8. Proud *Babel's* Daughter, against whom
God's stern Decrees severely run;
Blest shall he be that pays thee home,
The Ills which thou to us hast done!
9. Thrice blest, who, by just Fury led,
Shall from the Breast thy Children take,
And, with proud Rage, their tender Head,
Against the rugged Pavement break.

P S A L M CXXXVIII.

1. **W**ith my whole Heart, my God and King,
Thy Praises I'll proclaim ;
Before the Gods with Joy I'll sing,
And bleſs thy holy Name.
2. I'll worship tow'rds thy ſacred Seat ;
And, raviſht with thy Love,
The Praises of thy Truth repeat,
Which thou doſt moſt approve.
3. Thou graciously inclin'd'ſt thine Ear,
When I to thee did cry ;
And, when my Soul was preſs'd with Fear,
Didſt inward Strength ſupply.
4. Therefore ſhall ev'ry earthly Prince
Thy Name with Praise purſue,
Whom theſe admir'd Events convince
That all thy Works are true.
5. They, walking in his ways, the Lord
With chearful Songs ſhall bleſs ;
And all his glorious Acts record,
And his great Pow'r confeſs.
6. For God, tho he's enthron'd on high,
Does thence the Poor reſpect ;
The proud far off, his ſcornful Eye
Beholds with juſt neglect.
7. Tho I'm with Troubles compaſs'd round,
Yet he will me revive,
Thy Hand ſhall all my Foes confound,
And keep my Soul alive.

8. The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
 Shall fix my happy state ;
 And mindful of his favours past,
 Shall his own work complete.

PSALM CXXXIX.

- 1,2. **T**Hou, Lord, by strictest search hast
 My rising up and lying down; (known
 My secret Thoughts are known to Thee,
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.
 3. Thine Eye my Bed and Path surveys,
 My publick Haunts and private Ways ;
 4. Thou know'st what 'tis my Lips would
 My yet un-utter'd Words intent, (vent,
 5. Beset by Thee, before, behind,
 On ev'ry side thy Hand I find.
 6. O Skill, for human reach too high !
 Too dazzling bright for mortal Eye !
 7. O cou'd I so perfidious be
 To think of once deserting Thee,
 Where, Lord, could I thy Influence shun,
 Or whither from thy presence run ?
 8. If up to Heav'n I take my flight,
 'Tis there Thou dwell'st enthron'd in Light:
 Or dive to Hell's infernal Plains,
 'Tis there Almighty Vengeance reigns.
 9. If I the Morning's Wings cou'd gain,
 And fly beyond the Western Main,
 10. Thy nimbler Hand wou'd first arrive
 And there arrest thy Fugitive.

11. Or

11. Or should I sculk to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable Wings of Night;
One glance from Thee, one piercing Ray
Would kindle Darkness into Day.
12. The Veil of Night is no Disguise,
No Umbrage to all-seeing Eyes; (way,
Through mid-night Shades thou find'st thy
As in the blazing Noon of Day.
- Thou know'st the Lab'rins of my Heart,
13. My Reins and ev'ry vital part;
Thou cloath'd'st 'em early, or the Womb,
Where Life they took, had prov'd their Tomb.
14. I'll praise Thee from whole Hands I came,
A work of such stupendious Frame!
That Wonders Thou in me hast shown
To my admiring Soul is known.
15. Thine Eyes my Substance did survey
While yet a lifeless Mass it lay,
How curiously in secret wrought (brought,
E'er on the World's great Stage 'twas
16. Thou didst the shapeless Embryo see,
Its Parts were registred by Thee;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.
17. Let me acknowledg too, O God,
That since this Maze of Life I trod,
Thy thoughts of Love to me surmount
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.
18. For sooner could I reckon o'er
The Sands upon the Ocean's shore :

Each Morn reviving what I've done,
I find th'Account but new begun.

19. The wicked shalt thou slay, O God:
Depart from me, ye Men of Blood,
20. Whose Tongues Heav'ns Majesty profane,
And take th' Almighty Name in vain.
21. Lord, hate I not their impious Crew
Who Thee with Enmity pursue?
And does not Grief my Heart oppress,
When Reprobates thy Laws transgress?
22. Who practise Enmity to Thee
Shall utmost Hatred have from me,
Such Men I utterly detest
As if they were my Foes profest. (Heart.
- 23, 24. Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and
If Mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

P S A L M CXL.

1. **P**reserve me, Lord, from cruel Foes
Of villanous intent,
2. Whole Hearts on mischievous Designs
With restless Spight are bent.
3. Their sharpen'd Tongue the Serpent's sting
In Virulence exceeds;
Between their Lips the Gaul of Asps
And Adders Venom breeds.
4. Preserve

4. Preserve me, Lord, from wicked Hands
Nor leave my Soul forlorn;
A Prey to Sons of Violence
Who have my Ruin sworn.
5. The proud for me have laid their Snare,
And spread their wily Net,
With Traps and Gins where e'er I move,
I find my Steps beset.
6. But thus environ'd with Distress
Thou art my God, I said,
Lord, hear my supplicating Voice
That calls to Thee for aid.
7. O Lord, the God whose saving Strength
Kind Succour did convey,
And cover'd my advent'rous Head,
In Battle's doubtful Day :
8. Permit not their unjust Designs,
But disappoint their Rage ;
Lest prosp'rous Wickedness their Pride
In bolder Crimes engage.
9. Let first their Chiefs the sad effects
Of their Injustice mourn ;
The blast of their envenom'd Breath
Upon themselves return.
10. Let them who kindled first the Flame
Its Victims first become ;
The Pit they dig'd for me be made
Their everlasting Tomb.
11. Though Slander's Breath may raise a Storm
It quickly will decay ;

Their

Each Morn reviving what I've done,
I find th'Account but new begun.

19. The wicked shalt thou slay, O God:
Depart from me, ye Men of Blood,
20. Whose Tongues Heav'ns Majesty profane,
And take th' Almighty Name in vain.
21. Lord, hate I not their impious Crew
Who Thee with Enmity pursue?
And does not Grief my Heart oppress,
When Reprobates thy Laws transgress?
22. Who practise Enmity to Thee
Shall utmost Hatred have from me,
Such Men I utterly detest
As if they were my Foes profest. (Heart.
23, 24. Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and
If Mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

P S A L M CXL.

1. **P**reserve me, Lord, from cruel Foes
Of villanous intent,
2. Whole Hearts on mischievous Designs
With restless Spight are bent.
3. Their sharpen'd Tongue the Serpent's sting
In Virulence exceeds;
Between their Lips the Gaul of Asps
And Adders Venom breeds.
4. Preserve

4. Preserve me, Lord, from wicked Hands
Nor leave my Soul forlorn;
A Prey to Sons of Violence
Who have my Ruin sworn.
5. The proud for me have laid their Snare,
And spread their wily Net,
With Traps and Gins where e'er I move,
I find my Steps beset.
6. But thus environ'd with Distress
Thou art my God, I said,
Lord, hear my supplicating Voice
That calls to Thee for aid.
7. O Lord, the God whose saving Strength
Kind Succour did convey,
And cover'd my advent'rous Head,
In Battle's doubtful Day:
8. Permit not their unjust Designs,
But disappoint their Rage;
Lest prosp'rous Wickedness their Pride
In bolder Crimes engage.
9. Let first their Chiefs the sad effects
Of their Injustice mourn;
The blast of their envenom'd Breath
Upon themselves return.
10. Let them who kindled first the Flame
Its Victims first become;
The Pit they dig'd for me be made
Their everlasting Tomb.
11. Though Slander's Breath may raise a Storm
It quickly will decay;

Their

Their Rage does but the Torrent swell
That bears themselves away.

12. God will assert the poor Mans Cause,
Relief to th' injur'd give :
The just shall celebrate his Praise
And in his Presence live.

P S A L M CXLI.

1. **T**O thee, O Lord, my Cries ascend,
O hatt to my relief :
And with accustom'd Pity hear
The Accents of my Grief
2. Without Oblations let my Pray'r
Like Morning Incense rise ;
My innocent up-lifted Hands
Like Evening Sacrifice.
3. From rash Efforts restrain my Tongue
With constant watch and ward,
And keep the Portal of my Lips
With wary silence barr'd.
4. From wicked Deeds and wicked Men
My Heart and Hands restrain ;
Nor let me in the Booty share
Of their unrighteous Gain.
5. Let righteous Men reprove my Faults
And I shall think 'em kind,
Like Balm that heals a wounded Head
I their Reproof shall find ;

And

And, in return, my fervent Pray'r
On their behalf address,
When they are tempted and reduc'd
Like me to sore Distress,

6. When sculking in *Engeddi's* Rock
(I to themselves appeal)
If one reproachful Word I spake,
When in my pow'r to kill.
7. Yet us they persecute to Death,
Our scatter'd Ruins lie
As thick as from the Hewer's Ax
The sever'd Splinters flie.
8. But, Lord, to Thee I still direct
My supplicating Eyes,
O leave not destitute my Soul,
Whose Trust on Thee relies.
9. Preserve me from the Snares and Gins
That wicked Hands have laid;
Let them in their own Nets be caught,
While my Escape is made.

P S A L M CXLII.

1. **T**O God with mournful Voice
In deep distress I pray'd ;
2. Made him the Umpire of my Cause,
My Wrongs before him laid.
3. Thou knew'st my way to 'scape
When my griev'd Soul despair'd ;
For where I thought to walk secure,
They had their Gins prepar'd,

4. I look'd, but found no Friend
To own me in Distress;
All Refuge fail'd, no Man vouchsaf'd
His Pity or Redress.
5. To God at last I pray'd,
Thou, Lord, my Refuge art,
My Portion in the Land of Life,
Till Life it self depart.
6. Lord, hear my Cry, reduc'd
To last extremity!
Save me from Persecutors Rage
Too powerful grown for me.
That I may praise thy Name,
7. My Soul from Prison bring;
Whilst of thy bounteous Care to me
Assembled Saints shall sing.

PSALM CXLIII.

1. **L**ORD, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry
Thy wonted Audience lend;
In thy accustom'd Faith and Truth
A gracious Answer send.
2. Nor at thy strict Tribunal bring
Thy Servant to be try'd;
For in thy sight no living Man
Can e'er be justifi'd.
3. The Foe pursues my Life, a Life
Whose Comforts all are fled;
To Darkness chas'd and forc'd to seek
A Mansion with the Dead.

4. My

4. My Spirit therefore is o'er-whelm'd,
And sinks within my Brest ;
My Vitals fail, my Heart it self
That should support the rest.
5. I call to mind the Days of old ;
The Wonders thou hast wrought-
For my Deliv'rance heretofore
Employ my musing Thought.
6. To Thee my supplicating Hands
Are eagerly stretch'd out ;
My Soul for thy Refreshment thirsts
Like Land oppress'd with Drought.
7. Hear me with speed ; my Spirit fails,
Thy Face no longer hide,
Lest I become forlorn like them
That in the Grave reside.
8. Thy Kindness early let me hear,
Whose Trust on Thee depends ;
Teach me the way where I should go :
My Soul to Thee ascends
9. Thou art my God, Thy righteous Will
Instruct me to obey :
Let thy good Spirit conduct and keep
My Soul in thy right way.
10. For thy Name's sake with quick'ning Grace,
From Mercy's healing Spring
Revive me, and for thy Truth's sake
My Soul from Trouble bring.
11. In pity to my Suff'rings, Lord,
Reduce my Foes to Shame ;

Stay

Stay them that persecute a Soul
Devoted to thy Name.

PSALM CXLIV.

1. **F**Orever blest be God the Lord,
Who does his needful Aid impart,
At once both Strength and Skill afford
To wield my Arms with warlike Art.
2. His Goodness is my Fort and Pow'r,
My strong Deliverer and Shield;
In him I trust whose matchless Tow'r
Makes to my sway fierce Nations yield.
3. Lord, what's in Man that Thee should move
Such tender Care of him to take?
Or what's Man's Son that thou should'st love
Such great account of him to make?
4. The Life of Man does quickly fade,
His Thoughts but empty are and vain;
His Days are like a flying Shade,
Of which, when past, no Signs remain.
5. In solemn state, O God, descend,
Whilst Heav'n its lofty Head inclines;
The smoking Hills asunder rend,
Of thy approach the awful Signs.
6. Discharge thy dreadful Lightnings round,
And make my scatter'd Foes retreat;
Them with thy martial Arrows wound,
And their Destruction soon complete.

7, 8. Do

- 7, 8. Do thou, from Heav'n above engage
Thy boundless Pow'r my Foes to quell;
And snatch me from the stormy Rage
Of threat'ning Waves that proudly swell.
Fight thou against my foreign Foes
Whose Mouth vent Speeches false and vain,
Who, tho in solemn Leagues they close,
That firm Engagement ne'er maintain.
9. So I to Thee, the King of Kings,
In joyful Hymns my Voice shall raise
And Instruments of various Strings
Shall help me thus to sing thy Praise:
10. "God does to Kings his Aid afford,
"To them his sure Salvation sends
"'Tis he that from the hurtful Sword
"His Servant *David* still defends.
11. Fight thou against my foreign Foes,
Whose Mouths vent Speeches false and vain,
Who, tho in solemn Leagues they close,
Their firm Engagement ne'er maintain.
12. Then our young Sons like Trees shall grow,
Well planted in some fruitful place;
Our Daughters shall like Pillars show,
Design'd some Royal Court to grace.
13. Our Garners, fill'd with various Store,
Shall us and ours with Plenty feed,
Our Sheep, increasing more and more,
Shall thousands and ten thousands breed.
14. Our lab'ring Oxen strong may grow,
Nor in their constant Labour faint,

Whilst

- Whilst we no War nor Slav'ry know,
And in our Streets hear no Complaint.
15. Thrice happy is that People's Case,
Whose various Blessings thus abound,
Who God's true Worship still embrace,
With his Protection always crown'd.

P S A L M CXLV.

- 1, 2. **T**H E E I'll extol, my God and King,
Thy endless Praise proclaim;
This Tribute daily I will bring
And ever bless thy Name.
3. Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd;
Thy Majesty, with boundless Height,
Above our Knowledge rais'd.
4. Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame
To future Times extends;
From Age to Age thy glorious Name
Successively descends.
5, 6. Whilst I thy Glory and Renown,
And wond'rous Works express;
The World with me thy Might shall own,
And thy great Pow'r confess.
7. The Praise that to thy Love belongs
They shall with Joy proclaim;
Thy Truth of all their grateful Songs
Shall be the constant Theme.

8. The

8. The Lord abounds with Acts of Grace,
Which Pity still supplies;
His Anger moves with leisure pace:
His willing Mercy flies.
- 9, 10. Thou, Lord, art good to all; thy Love
To all thy Works exprest;
By them still prais'd thy Name shall prove,
And by thy Servants blest.
11. They, with the glorious Prospect fir'd,
Shall of thy Kingdom speak;
And thy great Pow'r, by all admir'd,
Their lost Subject make.
12. God's glorious Works of antient date
Shall thus to all be known;
And thus his Kingdom's Royal State,
With publick Splendor shown.
13. His stedfast Throne, from Changes free,
Shall stand for ever fast;
His boundless Sway no end shall see,
But Time it self out-last.

PART II.

- 14, 15. The Lord does them support that fall,
And makes the prostrate rise;
For his kind Aid all Creatures call,
Who timely Food supplies.
16. What e'er their frequent Wants require
With open hand he gives;
And so fulfils the just Desire
Of ev'ry thing that lives.

17, 18. How

- 17, 18. How holy is the Lord, how just !
How righteous all his Ways !
How nigh to him, who with firm Trust,
For his Assistance prays.
19. He'll grant the full Desires of those
Who him with Fear adore ;
And all their Troubles soon compose
When they his Aid implore.
20. The Lord preserves all those with Care
Whom grateful Love employs ;
But Sinners who his Vengeance dare,
With furious Rage destroys.
21. My Time to come in Praises spent,
Shall celebrate his Fame :
And all Mankind with one Consent
Shall ever bless his Name,

PSALM CXLVI.

- 1, 2. **O** Praise the Lord, and thou, my Soul,
For ever bless his Name :
His wond'rous Love, while Life shall last,
My constant Praise does claim.
3. On Kings, the greatest Sons of Men,
For Succour ne'er rely ;
They can't defend in dang'rous times,
Nor timely Help apply.
4. Form'd out of Dust, their Breath once gone
Again in Dust they lie ;
And all their Thoughts and vain Designs
Together with them die,
5. Then

5. Then happy he, who *Jacob's* God
For his Protector takes ;
Who still, with well-plac'd Hope, the Lord
His constant Refuge makes.
6. The Lord, who made both Heav'n and
And all that both contain, (Earth
Will never quit his stedfast Truth,
Nor make his promise vain.
7. The poor oppress'd, from all their Wrongs,
Are eas'd by his Decree ;
He gives the Hungry needful Food,
And sets the Pris'ners free.
8. By him the Blind receive their Sight,
The weak and fall'n he rears :
With kind Regard, and tender Love
He for the righteous cares.
9. The Strangers he preserves from Harm,
The Widow kindly treats,
He guards the Orphan, and the Wiles
Of wicked men defeats.
10. The God that does in *Sion* dwell,
Is our eternal King :
From Age to Age his Reign endures.
Let all his Praises sing.

P S A L M CXLVII.

1. **O** Praise the Lord with Hymns of Joy,
And celebrate his Fame ;
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
To praise his Holy Name.
2. His holy City God will build,
Tho levell'd with the Ground ;
And bring his People back, dispers'd
O'er all the Nations round.
- 3, 4. He kindly heals the broken Hearts,
And all their Wounds does close ;
He tells the Number of the Stars
Their sev'ral Names he knows.
- 5, 6. Great is the Lord, and great his Pow'r ;
His Wisdom knows no Bound.
The meek he raises and throws down
The Wicked to the Ground.
7. To God, the Lord, a Hymn of Praise
With grateful Voices sing ;
To Songs of Triumph tune the Harp,
And strike each warbling string.
8. He covers Heav'n with Clouds, and thence
Refreshing Rain bestows,
Thro' him, on Mountain-tops, the Grass
With wond'rous Plenty grows.
9. He, salvage Beasts, that loosely range
With timely Food supplies.
He feeds the Raven's tender Brood,
And stops their hungry Cries.

10. He

10. He values not the warlike Steed,
Nor in his Strength delights;
The nimble Foot, that swiftly runs,
With just Disdain he flights.
11. But he, to him that fears his Name,
His tender Love extends;
To him that on his boundless Grace
With stedfast Hope depends.
- 12, 13. Let *Sion* and *Jerusalem* then,
To God their Praise address;
Who fenc'd their Gates with massie Bars,
And does their Children bless.
- 14, 15. He makes in all their Borders Peace,
With finest Wheat they're fed,
He speaks the Word, and what he wills
Is done as soon as said.
16. Large Flakes of Snow, like fleecy Wool,
Descend at his Command;
And Hoary Frost, like Ashes spread,
Is scatter'd o'er the Land.
17. When he does, join'd to these, his Ice
In little Morfels break,
Who can against his piercing Cold
Secure Defences make?
18. He sends his Word, and strait it melts;
He makes his Wind to blow,
And soon the Streams, congeal'd before
In plenteous Currents flow.
19. By Him his Statutes and Decrees
To *Jacob's* Sons were shown;

And

312 PSALM cxlvii, cxlviii.

And still to *Ifr'el's* chosen Seed
His righteous Laws are known.
20. No other Nation this can boast,
Nor did he e'er afford
To heathen Lands his Oracles,
And Knowledge of his Word,

Hallelujah,

PSALM CXLVIII.

1. **Y**E boundless Realms of Joy
Exalt your Maker's Fame;
His Praise your Song employ
Above the starry Frame :
2. Your Voices raise,
Ye Cherubims
And Seraphims
To sing his Praise.
3, 4. Thou Moon, that rul'st the Night,
And Sun that guid'st the Day,
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light
To him your Homage pay :
His Praise declare
Ye Heav'ns above
And Clouds that move
In liquid Air.
5, 6. Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy Name,
By whose Almighty Word
They all from Nothing came.

And

And so shall last,
From Changes free,
His firm Decree
Stands ever fast.

7, 8. Let Earth her Tribute pay;
Praise him, ye dreadful Whales,
And Fish that through the Sea
Glide swift with glitt'ring Scales.
Fire, Hail, and Snow,
And misty Air,
And Winds that, where
He bids them, blow.

9, 10. By Hills and Mountains (all
In grateful Consort join'd)
By Cedars stately tall,
And Trees for Fruit design'd.
By ev'ry Beast,
And creeping thing,
And Fowl of Wing,
His Name be blest.

11, 12. Let all of Royal Birth,
With those of humbler Frame,
And Judges of the Earth,
His matchless Praise proclaim.
In this Design
Let Youths with Maids,
And hoary Heads
With Children join.

13. United Zeal be shown,
His wond'rous Fame to raise,
O Whose

314 PSALM cxlviii, cxlix.

Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless Praise.
Earth's utmost Ends
His Pow'r obey :
His glorious Sway
The Skies transcends.

14. His chosen Saints to grace
He sets their Horn on high,
And favours *Isr'l's* Race
Who still to him are nigh.
O therefore raise
Your grateful Voice
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

PSALM CXLIX.

- 1, 2. **O** Praise ye the Lord,
prepare your glad Voice
His Praise in the great
Assembly to sing.
In our great Creator
let *Isr'l* rejoice,
And Children of *Sion*
be glad in their King.
- 3, 4. Let them his great Name
extol in the Dance ;
With Timbrel and Harp
his Praises express,
Who always takes pleasure
his Saints to advance,

And

And with his Salvation
the Humble to bless.

- 5, 6. With Glory adorn'd
his People shall sing
To God, who their Beds
With Safery does shield;
Their Mouth fill'd with Praises
of him their great King;
Whilst a two-edged Sword
in their Hand they shall wield,
- 7, 8. Just Vengeance to take
for Injuries past;
To punish those Lands
that know not his Mind;
With Chains, as their Captives,
to tie their Kings fast,
With Fetters of Iron
their Nobles to bind.
9. Thus shall they make good,
when them they destroy,
The dreadful Decree
which God does proclaim:
Such Honour and Triumph
his Saints shall enjoy.
O therefore for ever
exalt his great Name.

PSALM CL.

1. **O** Praise the Lord in that blest Place,
From whence his Goodness largely flows,
Praise him in Heav'n where he his Face
Unveil'd in perfect Glory shows.
2. Praise him for all the mighty Acts
Which he in our behalf has done ;
His Kindness this Return exacts,
With which our Praise should equal run.
3. Let the Shrill Trumpet's warlike Voice
Make Rocks and Hills his Praise rebound ;
Praise him with Harp's melodious Noise,
And gentle Psaltry's silver Sound.
4. Let Virgin-Troops soft Timbrels bring,
And some with graceful Motion dance ;
Let Instruments of various Strings,
With Organs join'd, his Praise advance.
5. Let them who joyful Hymns compose
To Cymbals set their Songs of Praise ;
Cymbals of common Use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn Days.
6. Let all things with glad Zeal contend
The Breath he does to them afford
In just Returns of Praise to spend ;
Let ev'ry Creature praise the Lord.

The END of the PSALMS.

Gloria Patri, &c.

Common Measure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

As Psalm 100, &c.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Be Glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

As Psalm 29, &c.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all Eternity.

Adver-

George Peck, Sec.

George Peck, Sec.
of the
Board of
Education,
City of New York,
has the honor to
acknowledge the
receipt of your
letter of the
10th inst., and
in reply to inform
you that the same
has been forwarded
to the proper
authorities for
their consideration.
Very respectfully,
George Peck, Sec.

Advertisement.

HAVING design'd to make such
a Version of the Psalms
as may be fit for Common Use we
have endeavour'd it by the following
Methods,

1. By keeping strictly to the
Text, and where the Sense was
doubtful, determining it by the Scope
and Occasion of the Psalm.

2. By taking care to make the
whole Version easie and intelligible.

3. By endeavouring to express
the Spirit and Genius of every
Psalm, and suiting our Style to the
several Passions of the Author.

4. By retaining the Connexion
throughout each Psalm, which does
not

not always appear in the Prose Translation.

5. By rendring the Hebraisms in their plain Sense and Meaning, as agreed on by the best Commentators.

6. By adapting our Measures to the Tunes that are best received, turning several Psalms to those that are most Musical, such as that of 100, 113, 148, and others.

N. T. N. B.

FINIS.

IN THE COURT OF THE COMMONS
OF THE KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
THE PETITION OF
THE EAST INDIA COMPANY
SHUNTH THAT THE SAME MAY BE
ORDERED TO BE GRANTED

AND THAT THE SAME MAY BE
ORDERED TO BE GRANTED
AND THAT THE SAME MAY BE
ORDERED TO BE GRANTED
AND THAT THE SAME MAY BE
ORDERED TO BE GRANTED

AND THAT THE SAME MAY BE
ORDERED TO BE GRANTED
AND THAT THE SAME MAY BE
ORDERED TO BE GRANTED

AND THAT THE SAME MAY BE
ORDERED TO BE GRANTED
AND THAT THE SAME MAY BE
ORDERED TO BE GRANTED

AND THAT THE SAME MAY BE
ORDERED TO BE GRANTED
AND THAT THE SAME MAY BE
ORDERED TO BE GRANTED

AND THAT THE SAME MAY BE
ORDERED TO BE GRANTED
AND THAT THE SAME MAY BE
ORDERED TO BE GRANTED